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FACT AND FICTION.

FACT AND FICTION:

A Collection

OF

STORIES.

BY

L. MARIA CHILD.

AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM NEW YORK;" "PHILOTHEA;" "HISTORY OF WOMEN;" "FLOWERS FOR CHILDREN;" ETC., ETC.

"Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream,
The calm unclouded sky,
Still mingle Music with my dream,
As in the days gone by."

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TO

ANNA LORING,

THE CHILD OF MY HEART,

This Volume

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

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FACT AND FICTION.

possible to conjecture. The shepherd shouted aloud, but heard only echoes in the solitude of the mountains. He took the child tenderly in his arms, and conveyed it to Arisba, who received it gladly, as an answer to her prayers. They nurtured him with goat's milk, and brought him up among the breezes of the hills, and the boy grew in strength and beauty. Arisba cherished him with exceeding love, but still her heart was not quite satisfied.

"If he had but a sister to play with him," said she, "it would be so pleasant here under the trees."

The boy was three years old, and beautiful as a morning in spring, when his foster-parents carried him down to the plains, to a great festival of Bacchus, held during the vintage. It was a scene of riot and confusion; but the shepherd loved thus to vary the loneliness of his mountain life, and Arisba fondly desired to show her handsome boy, with his profusion of dark glossy curls bound in a fillet of ivy and grape leaves. Her pride was abundantly satisfied; for everywhere among the crowd the child attracted attention. When the story was told of his being found in the mountain forest, the women said he must have been born of Apollo and Aurora, for only they could produce such beauty. This gossip reached the ears of an old woman, who came hobbling on her crutch, to look at the infant prodigy.

"By the Adorable! he *is* a handsome boy," said she; "but come with me, and I too will show you something for the Mother of Love to smile upon."

She led the way to her daughter, who, seated under a tree, apart from the multitude, tended a sleeping babe.

"By the honey sweet! isn't *she* pretty, too?" exclaimed the old woman, pointing to the lovely infant, whose rosy lips were slowly moving, as if she suckled in her dreams. "My son, who hunts among the hills, found her on the banks of the Cebrenus, with one little foot dipped in the stream. Methinks the good Mountain Mother scatters children on our Phrygian hills, as abundant as the hyacinths."

"Then she is not your own?" eagerly inquired Arisba.

"No; and, pretty as she is, I do not want her, for I have ten. But what can I do? One must not leave babes to be devoured by wild beasts."

"Oh, give her to me," cried Arisba: "My boy so needs a playmate."

The transfer was readily made; and the child-loving matron, rejoicing in her new treasure, soon after left the revellers, and slowly wended her way back to the silent hills.

A cradle of bark and lichen, suspended between two young olive trees, held the babe, while Arisba, seated on a rock, sung as she plied the distaff. The boy at her side built small altars of stones, or lay at full length on the grass, listening to the gurgling brook, or watching the shadows at their play. Thus peacefully grew these little ones, amid all harmonies of sight and sound; and the undisturbed beauty of nature, like a pervading soul, fashioned their outward growth into fair proportions and a gliding grace.

For a long time they had no names. They were like unrecorded wild flowers, known at sight, on which the heart heaps all sweet epithets. Their fos-

ter-parents spoke of them to strangers as the Forest-found, and the River-child. A lovelier picture could not be imagined, than these fair children, wreathing their favourite kid with garlands, under the shadow of the trees, or splashing about, like infant Naiades, in the mountain brook. On the hill side, near their rustic home, was a goat's head and horns, bleached by sun and winds. It had been placed on a pole to scare the crows; and as it stood there many a year, the myrtle had grown round it, and the clematis wreathed it with flowery festoons, like the architectural ornaments of a temple. A thrush had built her nest between the horns; and a little rill gushed from the rock, in a cleft of which the pole was fastened. Here the boy loved to scoop up water for his little playmate to drink from his hand; and as they stood thus under the vines, they seemed like children of the gods. But the most beautiful sight was to see them kneeling hand in hand before the altar of Cybele, in the grove, with wreaths about their heads and garlands in their hands, while the setting sun sprinkled gold among the shadow-foliage on the pure white marble. Always they were together. When the boy was strong enough to bend a bow, the girl ran ever by his side to carry his arrows; and then she had a smaller arrow for herself, with which she would shoot the flowers from their stems, as skilfully as Cupid himself.

As they grew older, they came under the law of utility; but this likewise received a poetic charm from their free and simple mode of life. While the lad tended the flocks, the maiden sat on a rock at his feet, spinning busily while she sang summer melodies to

the warblings of his flute. Sometimes, when each tended flocks on separate hills, they relieved the weary hours by love messages sent through the air on the wings of music. His Phrygian flute questioned her with bold bright voice, and sweetly answered her Lydian pipe, in mellow tones, taking their rest in plaintive cadences. Sometimes they jested sportively with each other; asking mischievous questions in fragments of musical phrases, the language of which could be interpreted only by themselves. But more frequently they spoke to each other deeper things than either of them comprehended; struggling aspirations towards the infinite, rising and lowering like tongues of flame; half uttered, impassioned prophecies of emotions not yet born; and the wailing voice of sorrows as yet unknown.

In the maiden especially was the vague but intense expression of music observable. In fact, her whole being was vivacious and impressible in the extreme; and so transparent were her senses, that the separation between earthly and spiritual existence seemed to be of the thinnest and clearest crystal. All noises were louder to her than to others, and images invisible to them were often painted before her on the air, with a most perfect distinctness of outline and brilliancy of colouring. This kind of spirit-life was indicated in her face and form. Her exquisitely beautiful countenance was remarkably lucid, and her deep blue eyes, shaded with very long dark fringes, had an intense expression, as if some spirit from the inner shrine looked through them. Her voice was wonderfully full of melodious inflexions, but even in its happiest utter-

ance had a constant tendency to slide into sad modulations. The outline of her slight figure swayed gracefully to every motion, like a young birch tree to the breath of gentle winds; and its undulations might easily suggest the idea of beauty born of the waves.

Her companion had the perfection of physical beauty. A figure slender but vigorous; a free, proud carriage of the head, glowing complexion; sparkling eyes, voluptuous mouth, and a pervading expression of self-satisfaction and joy in his own existence. A nature thus strong and ardent, of course exercised a powerful influence over her higher but more ethereal and susceptible life. Then, too, the constant communion of glances and sounds, and the subtle influence of atmosphere and scenery, had so intertwined their souls, that emotions in the stronger were felt by the weaker, in vibrations audible as a voice. Near or distant, the maiden felt whether her companion's mood were gay or sad; and she divined his thoughts with a clearness that sometimes made him more than half afraid.

Of course they loved each other long before they knew what love was; and with them innocence had no need of virtue. Placed in outward circumstances so harmonious with nature, they were drawn toward each other by an attraction as pure and unconscious as the flowers. They had no secrets from their good foster-mother; and she, being reverent towards the gods, told them that their union must be preceded by offerings to Juno, and solemnized by mutual promises. She made a marriage feast for them, in her humble way, and crowned the door-posts with garlands. Life

passed blissfully there, in the bosom of the deeply wooded hills. Two souls that are sufficient to each other; sentiments, affections, passions, thoughts, all blending in love's harmony, are earth's most perfect medium of heaven. Through them the angels come and go continually, on missions of love to all the lower forms of creation. It is the halo of these heavenly visitors that veils the earth in such a golden glory, and makes every little flower smile its blessing upon lovers. And these innocent ones were in such harmony with nature in her peaceful spring time! The young kids, browsing on the almond blossoms, stopped and listened to their flutes, and came ever nearer, till they looked in the eyes of the wedded ones. And when the sweet sounds died away into silence, the birds took up the strain and sang *their* salutation to the marriage principle of the universe.

Thus months passed on, and neither heart felt an unsatisfied want. They were known to each other by many endearing names, but the foster-parents usually called them Corythus and Œnone. These names were everywhere cut into the rocks, and carved upon the trees. Sometimes, the child-like girl would ask, nothing doubting of the answer, "Will you love me thus when I am as old as our good Arisba?" And he would twine flowers in the rich braids of her golden hair, as he fondly answered, "May the Scamander flow back to its source, if ever I cease to love my Œnone." That there were other passions in the world than love, they neither of them dreamed. But one day Corythus went down into the plains in search of a milk-white bull, that had strayed from the herd.

He was returning with the animal, when he encountered a troop of hunters, from the city on the other side of the river. The tramp of their horses and the glitter of their spears frightened the bull, and he plunged madly into the waves of the Scamander. The uncommon beauty of the powerful beast, and his fiery strength, attracted attention. Some of the hunters dismounted to assist in bringing him out of the river, and with many praises, inquired to whom he belonged. The shepherd answered their questions with a graceful diffidence, that drew some admiration upon himself. As the troop rode away, he heard one of them say, "By Apollo's quiver! that magnificent bull must be the one in which Jupiter disguised himself to carry off Europa."

"Yes," replied another, "and that handsome rustic might be Ganymede in disguise."

A glow of pleasure mantled the cheeks of Corythus. He stood for a moment proudly caressing the neck and head of the superb animal, and gazed earnestly after the hunters. The adventure made a strong impression on his mind; for by the brazen helmets and shields, richly embossed with silver, he rightly conjectured that they who had spoken thus of him were princes of Ilium. From that day he dressed himself more carefully, and often looked at the reflection of himself in the mountain pool. Instead of hastening to Œnone, when they had by any chance been separated for a few hours, he often lingered long, to gaze at the distant towers of Ilium, glittering in the setting sun. The scene was indeed surpassingly fair. The Scamander flowed silverly through a verdant valley

girdled by an amphitheatre of richly wooded mountains. Europe and Asia smiled at each other across the bright waters of the Ægean, while the lovely islands of Imbros and Tenedos slept at their feet. But it was not the beauty of the scene which chiefly attracted his youthful imagination. The spark of ambition had fallen into his breast, and his shepherd life now seemed unmanly and dull. Œnone soon felt this; for the usually quick perception of love was rendered still more keen by her peculiar impressibility to spiritual influence. For the first time, in her innocent and happy life, came conscious sadness without a defined reason, and unsatisfied feelings that took no name. She gave out the whole of her soul, and not being all received, the backward stroke of unabsorbed affection struck on her heart with mournful echoes. It made her uneasy, she knew not why, to hear Corythus talk of the princes of Ilium, with their dazzling crests and richly embroidered girdles. It seemed as if these princes, somehow or other, came between her and her love. She had always been remarkable for the dreaming power, and in her present state of mind this mysterious gift increased. Her senses, too, became more acute. A nerve seemed to be thrust out at every pore. She started at the slightest sound, and often, when others saw nothing, she would exclaim—

"Look at that beautiful bird, with feathers like the rainbow!"

The kind foster-mother laid all these things to her heart. Something of reverence, tinged with fear

mixed with her love for this dear child of her adoption. She said to her husband—

"Perhaps she is the daughter of Apollo, and he will endow her with the gift of prophecy, as they say he has the beautiful princess Cassandra, in the royal halls of Ilium."

The attention of Corythus was quite otherwise employed. All his leisure moments were spent in making clubs and arrows. He often went down into the plains, to join the young men in wrestling matches, running, leaping, throwing of quoits. In all games of agility or strength, he soon proved his superiority so decidedly that they ceased to excite him. Then he joined hunting parties, and in contests with wild beasts he signalized himself by such extraordinary boldness and skill, that in all the country round he came to be known by the name of Alexander, or the Defender.

The echo of his fame flattered the pride of his foster-father, who often predicted for him a career of greatness; but poor Œnone wept at these periods of absence, which became more and more frequent. She concealed her tears from him, however, and eagerly seized every little moment of sunshine to renew their old happiness. But of all the sad tasks of poor humanity, it is the most sorrowful to welcome ghosts of those living joys that once embraced us with the warmest welcome. To an earnest and passionate nature it seems almost better to be hated, than to be less beloved. Œnone would not believe that the sympathy between them was less perfect than it had

been; but the anxious inquiry and the struggling hope were gradually weakening her delicate frame; and an event occurred which completely deranged her nervous organization. One day they had both been tending flocks on the hills, and had fallen asleep in the shade of a gigantic oak. When they awoke, the flock had wandered away, and they went in search of them. Twilight drew her cloud-curtain earlier than usual, and only a solitary star was here and there visible. Bewildered by the uncertain light, they lost their way, and were obliged to trust to the sagacity of their dog. The sky, through the thickly interlacing boughs of gigantic trees, looked down upon them solemnly; bushes here and there started forth, like spectral shadows, across their path; and their faithful dog now and then uttered a long howl, as if he felt the vicinity of some evil beast. Œnone was overcome with exceeding fear. The wind among the trees distressed her with its wailing song; and her acute senses detected other sounds in the distance, long before they reached the ear of her companion.

"Ha! what is that?" she exclaimed, clinging more closely to his arm.

"'Tis only the evening wind," he replied.

"Don't you hear it?" she said: "It is a horrible noise, like the roar of lions. Ah, dear Corythus, the wild beasts will devour us."

He stood and listened intently.

"I hear nothing," said he, "but the Dryads whispering among the trees, and pulling green garlands from the boughs. Your ears deceive you, dearest."

There was silence for a few moments; and then, with a faint shriek, she exclaimed:

"Oh, did'nt you hear that frightful clash? The dog heard it. Hark! how he growls."

For some time, Corythus insisted that there were no other sounds than those common to evening. But at last a deep roar, mingled with howls, came through the air too distinctly to be mistaken. Œnone trembled in every joint, and the perspiration stood in large drops on her lips and forehead. The sounds grew louder and louder. Booming timbrels were answered with the sharp clash of cymbals, and at every pause of the rolling drums the Phrygian pipe moaned on the winds. The roars, shrieks and howls of a furious multitude rent the air with fierce discords, and the earth shook as with the tramp of an army. As they passed by, the glare of their torches came up from below, and cast fantastic gleams on the dark foliage of the firs.

"The gods be praised," said Corythus, "these are no wild beasts; but the Corybantes on their way to the temple of Cybele. The sounds are awful indeed; but the Mountain Mother has been kind to us, dear Œnone; for by the route they have taken I see that the good dog has guided us right, and we are not far from our home."

He received no answer and could hear no breathing. He felt the arm that clutched him so convulsively, and found it cold and rigid. Fitful flashes of lurid light gleamed ever and anon in the distance; the hills echoed the roar of Cybele's lions, and the passionate clang of cymbals pierced into the ear of night. There

was no hope of making his voice heard through the uproar; so he tenderly lifted his fair burthen and bore it vigorously down the steep hill, pausing now and then to take breath. At last, his eyes were greeted by the welcome sight of Mygdomus with a torch, anxiously looking out for them. Œnone's terror, and its consequences, were briefly explained, and quickly as possible they carried her into the dwelling.

The swoon continued so long, that it seemed like death; but at last she opened her eyes, gazed around with an unconscious stare, and soon fell into a deep sleep. The next morning she appeared exceedingly weak, and there was a strange expression about her eyes. She so earnestly besought Corythus not to leave her, that the old shepherd and his wife proposed to go forth with the flocks; and it was agreed to call them, in case of need, by a shrill summons on the pipe. But Œnone, though much exhausted, and nervously sensitive to light and sound, slept most of the time quietly. Corythus had in his hand a branch of laurel; and to amuse her waking moments, he wove a garland of the leaves and playfully wreathed it round her head. Her eyes lighted up with a singular inward radiance, and she exclaimed joyfully, "I like that. It makes me feel strong."

Corythus gazed anxiously into her eyes, and a superstitious fear crossed his mind that she had in some way offended the dread goddess Cybele, and been punished with insanity. But she smiled so sweetly on him, and spoke so coherently, that he soon dismissed the fear. An insect buzzed about her

head, and he moved his hand slowly up and down, to keep it away. When he paused, she said:

'Do that again. It is soothing and pleasant."

He continued the motion, and with a delighted smile, she said:

"Ah, the laurel bough has golden edges, and there are rays about your head, like a shining crown."

The smile was still on her lips, when she sunk into a profound slumber. But when he rose and attempted to go out, she said, imploringly:

"Oh, don't leave me!"

Yet she still seemed in the deepest possible sleep.

"Œnone, do you see me?" he asked.

"Yes, I see you on a hill where there is a marble temple. There are three very beautiful women, and they all beckon to you."

"What do they ask of me?" said he.

"They ask of you to say which is the fairest. One offers you a king's crown if you decide for her; another holds forth a glittering spear, and says she will make you the most renowned warrior in the world; the other offers a myrtle wreath, and says, 'Decide in my favour, and you shall marry the most beautiful princess in the world.'"

"I choose the myrtle," said Corythus; "but this is an odd dream."

"It is not a dream," replied Œnone.

"Are you not asleep, then?"

"Yes, I am asleep; the motion of your hands put me to sleep, and if you move that hazel twig over my face, it will wake me."

He waved the twig, and her eyes opened immediately; but when questioned, she said she had seen no marble temple, and no beautiful women.

This incident made an indelible impression on the mind of Corythus. He merely told the foster-parents that she had talked in her sleep, and had at times looked very strangely. But, within himself, he pondered much upon what she had said concerning the beautiful princess. Some days after, when he and Œnone were out on the hill-side, he told her what she had said of the motion of his hands, and the effect of the hazel twig; but an undefined feeling led him to forbear mentioning her prophecy that he would marry the most beautiful princess in the world.

She answered, playfully:

"Move your hands over my head again, and see if I shall fall asleep."

He did so, and in a few minutes, she said:

"Ah, all the leaves on the trees now wear a golden edge, the flowers radiate light, there is a shining crown around your head, and from your fingers dart lines of fire. Dear Corythus, this is like what the minstrel sung of the Argonauts, when they were benighted, and Apollo's bow cast bright gleams along the shore, and sparkled on the waves."

She continued to talk of the beautiful appearance more and more drowsily, and in a few minutes sunk into slumber. Corythus watched the statue-like stillness of her features, and the singularly impressive beauty of their expression. It was unlike anything he had ever seen. A glorious light beamed from the countenance, but it shone *through*, not *on* it; like a

rose-coloured lamp within a vase of alabaster. For a few moments, he was too much awed to interrupt the silence. There was something divine in her loveliness, as she lay there peacefully under the whispering foliage, while the breezes gently raised her golden ringlets. But curiosity was too powerful to be long subdued by reverence; and Corythus at last asked:

"Œnone, where *is* the beautiful princess whom I shall marry?"

After a pause, she replied:

"In a fair city girdled by verdant hills, far south from here, toward the setting sun."

"Do you see her?" he asked.

"Yes. She is in a magnificent palace, the walls of which are ivory inlaid with golden vines, and grapes of amber. Beneath her feet is spread a rich green cloth, embroidered with flowers. A handmaid is kneeling before her, with a shining silver vase, twined round with golden serpents, and heaped with fine purple wool. Another sits at her feet, with the infant princess in her arms."

"She is married, then?"

"She is the famous Helena, of whose many lovers the minstrels sing, and who was married to Menelaus, king of Laconia."

"How does she look?"

"Majestic as Juno, and beautiful as Venus. She has large dark glowing eyes, a proud but very beautiful mouth, and neck and shoulders as white as ivory. Her glossy brown hair is bound round the forehead with a golden fillet, and falls in waves almost to her feet. She is very beautiful, and very vain of her beauty."

"How then is it that she will consent to marry me, a poor shepherd?"

"You are the son of a king; and when she sees you, she will think you the most beautiful of men."

"*I* the son of a king! Dearest Œnone, tell me of what king?"

"Of Priam, king of Troy."

"How then came I on Mount Ida?"

"The night you were born, your mother dreamed of a torch that set all Ilium on fire. The dream troubled her, and she told it to the king, her husband. He summoned the soothsayers, and they told him that the babe which was born would cause the destruction of the city. While your mother slept, the king gave you to his favourite slave, Archelaus, with orders to strangle you. But he had not the heart to do it, and so he left you under a plane tree on Mount Ida, and prayed the gods to send some one to save you."

"Shall I be happy with the beautiful princess?"

"You shall have joy, but much, much more sorrow. She will bring destruction on you; and you will come to Œnone to die."

Being further questioned, she said she knew the healing virtues of all herbs, and the antidotes for all poisons.

Corythus walked slowly back and forth, with folded arms, revolving all that had been uttered. Could it be that those handsome princes of Ilium were his brothers? And the lovely Helena, the renown of whose beauty had even reached the ears of shepherds on these distant hills, could she ever be *his* wife?

He paused and gazed on Œnone, and compared in his mind her innocent spiritual beauty with the voluptuous picture she had given of Helena; and there arose within him a vague longing for the unknown one.

"Wake me! wake me!" exclaimed the sleeper: "there is a strange pain in my heart."

Marvelling much, and blushing at his own thoughts, he hastily woke her. He felt an unwillingness to reveal what she had uttered; and she was satisfied when told that she had talked incoherently of the splendours of a palace. From that day he often tried the experiment, and was never satisfied with hearing of her visions.

It was a sad task of this fair prophetess, thus unconsciously to paint the image of a rival in the heart of him she loved. And though there remained in the waking state no remembrance of the revelations made, yet the effect of them gave a more plaintive tone to her whole existence. The angelic depth of expression increased in her beautiful eyes, and evermore looked out through a transparent veil of melancholy; for she *felt* the estrangement of her beloved Corythus, though she *knew* it not. In fact, his wayward behaviour attracted the attention of even good old Arisba. Moody and silent, or irritable and impetuous, he no longer seemed like the loving and happy youth, whom she had doated on from his infancy. Sometimes he would hurl the heaviest stones, with might and main, down the sides of the mountain, or wrench the smaller trees up by the roots. He was consumed by a feverish restlessness, that could find no sufficient outward ex-

pression; a fiery energy that knew not how to expend itself. Into the smallest occasions of play or labour he threw such vehemence and volcanic force, that Arisba jestingly said, "We will call you no more Corythus, but Cœculus, who is said to have been born of a spark from Vulcan's forge."

To Œnone, his conduct was wayward in the extreme. Sometimes he seemed to forget that she was in existence; and then, as if reproaching himself, he treated her with a lavishness of love that laid her weeping on his bosom. Then she would look up, smiling through her tears, and say, "You *do* love me, still? I know not what to make of you, dear Corythus. Your love seems like the Scamander, that has two sources, one warm and the other cold. But you *do* love me; do you not?"

The allusion to two sources brought a faint flush to his cheek; and when he kissed her, and said "I do," her listening spirit heard a broken echo in the answer.

Thus was life passing with them, when a messenger from king Priam came to obtain the white bull, which had been so much admired by the hunters. There was to be a gladiatorial contest in Ilium, and the king had promised to the victor the most beautiful bull that could be found on Mount Ida. Corythus proudly replied that he would not give up the noble animal, unless he were allowed to enter the lists for the prize. Mygdomus, fearing the royal displeasure, remonstrated with him, and reminded him that the contest was for princes and great men, and not for shepherds and rustics. But Corythus persisted that on such terms only would he send away the pride of

their herds. The courier departed, and returned next day with a message from the king, saying he liked the bold spirit of the youth, and would gladly admit into the lists one so famous for courage and skill.

Poor Œnone could not overcome her reluctance to have him go. There had always been in her mind an uncomfortable feeling with regard to those princes of Ilium; and now it returned with redoubled force. But, alas, in those mysterious sleeps she prophesied victory and glory, and thus kindled higher than ever the flame of ambition within his breast.

At last the important day arrived; and with throbbing hearts the shepherd-family saw their young gladiator depart for the contest. He drew Œnone to his heart and kissed her affectionately; but when they parted, he did not stop to look back, as he used to do in those blissful days when their souls were fused into one. With vigorous, joyful leaps, he went bounding down the sides of the mountain. Œnone watched his graceful figure as he swung lightly from the trunk of a young olive tree, down into the plain below. When she could no longer see even a moving speck in the distance, she retired tearfully, to tend the flocks alone. All that day her eyes were fixed sadly on the towers of Ilium, and the thought ever present was, "He did not look back upon me, when we parted."

He promised to return on the third day; but the fourth, and the fifth, and the sixth passed, and still he came not. Mournfully, mournfully, wailed Œnone's pipe, and there came no answer now, but sad echoes from the hills.

"What can have become of him?" said Arisba,

when the evening of the fourth day closed. "Surely, if harm had happened to him, they would send a messenger."

"He is either dead, or he has tasted the waters of Argyra, which make people forget those they love," said Œnone; and as she spoke, hot tears fell on the thread she spun.

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How had it fared meanwhile with Corythus? Victor in all the games, his beauty and his strength called forth shouts of applause. One after another of the king's sons were obliged to yield to his superior vigour and skill. At last came the athletic and hitherto unconquered Hector. After a fierce protracted struggle, the shepherd of Ida overthrew him also. Enraged at being conquered by a youth of such inferior birth, he started on his feet and rushed after him, in a paroxysm of wrath. Corythus, to elude his fury, passed through a gate which led into the inner court of the palace. It chanced that queen Hecuba and her daughter Cassandra were there, when he rushed in, and panting threw himself upon the altar of Jupiter for protection. Hecuba flung her mantle over him, and summoned a slave to bring him water. Cassandra, gazing earnestly at the youthful stranger, exclaimed,

"How like he is to my mother, as I first remember her!"

The queen inquired his age, and Cassandra, listening to his answer, said,

"If my brother Paris had lived, such also would have been his years."

"Fair Princess," replied Corythus, "an oracle has

told me that I am he. Is Archelaus yet alive? If so, I pray you let him be summoned, and inquire of him whether he destroyed the infant Paris."

The old slave, being questioned, fell on his knees and confessed that he had left the babe under a plane tree, on Mount Ida, and that he had afterward seen him in the hut of Mygdomus. With a cry of joy, Hecuba threw herself into the arms of her beautiful, her long-lost son. Slaves brought water for his feet and spread rich carpets before him. They clothed him in royal robes, and there was feasting and rejoicing, and magnificent processions to the temples, and costly sacrifices to the gods. Brothers and sisters caressed him, and he was attended by beautiful bondwomen, whose duty it was to obey his every wish. Electra, a handsome Greek girl, with glowing cheeks and eyes of fire, brought water for his hands in vases of silver; while Artaynta, a graceful Persian, with kiss-inviting lips, and sleepy oriental eyes, always half-veiled by their long silken fringes, knelt to pour perfumes on his feet. Thus surrounded by love and splendour, the dazzled youth forgot Œnone. It was not until the fourth day of his residence in the palace, that the new prince began to think how anxious must be the humble hearts that loved him on Mount Ida. Should he raise Œnone to his own royal rank? She was unquestionably lovely enough to grace a throne; but the famous Spartan queen had taken possession of his imagination, and he was already devising some excuse to visit the court of Menelaus. He had not courage to reveal these feelings to Œnone; and a selfish wish to screen himself from embarrassment and

pain induced him to send Archelaus to convey the news, with munificent presents to his foster-parents and his wife, and a promise that he would come hereafter.

When Œnone heard the unexpected tidings, she fell into a swoon more deadly than the one she had experienced on the night of Cybele's procession. She knew that her feelings could not have changed toward Corythus, had the Fates offered her the throne of the world; but she felt that it might be otherwise with him. Weary weeks passed, and still he came not. Œnone, wakeful and nervous, at last asked the foster-mother to try to soothe her into sleep, as Corythus had formerly done. Under this influence all the objects around her again radiated light; and when the mysterious slumber veiled her senses, she entered the royal palace of Priam, and saw her beloved. Sometimes she described him as reclining on a crimson couch, while Electra brought him wine in golden goblets. At other times, Artaynta knelt before him and played on her harp, while he twined the long ringlets of her glossy hair. At last she said he was fitting out a fleet, and would soon sail away.

When Arisba asked where he would go, she answered:

"He says he is going to Salamis to redeem the Princess Hesione, who was carried away prisoner by the Greeks; but his real object is to visit the beautiful queen of Sparta, whom I told him he would marry."

"Poor child," thought Arisba, "then it was thou thyself that kindled strange fires in his bosom. What wrong hast thou done, in thy innocent life, that the gods should thus punish thee?"

In her waking hours, Œnone asked eager questions concerning all she had said in her state of inner consciousness.

"Oh, if I could only see him again!" she would exclaim with mournful impatience. "To have these painted visions, and to retain no memory of them—this is worse than the doom of Tantalus. Oh, how *could* he forget me so easily? We who have slept in the same cradle, and so often folded each other in mutual love. I could not thus have forgotten *him*."

She invented many projects of going to Ilium in disguise, that she might at least look upon him once more. But timidity and pride restrained her.

"The haughty ones will scorn a poor shepherd girl," she said; "and he will be ashamed to call me his wife. I will not follow him who wishes to leave me. It would break my heart to see him caressing another's beauty. Yet if I could only *see* him, even with another folded to his heart! Oh, ye gods, if I could only *see* him again!"

Arisba listened to these ravings with deep compassion.

"Poor child," she would say, "when thou wert born, the Loves sneezed to thee from the unlucky side."

Œnone would fain have been in her mysterious sleep half the time; so eager was she to receive tidings from Corythus. But Arisba had not the leisure to spare, nor did she think such constant excitement favourable to the health of her darling child. Already her thin form was much attenuated, and her complexion had the pale transparency of a spirit. But the restlessness, induced by hearing no news of her

beloved, had a worse effect upon her nerves than the excitement caused by her visions. So day by day, Arisba tried to soothe her wretchedness, by producing the sleep, and afterward repeating to her what she had said. In this strange way, all that occurred at the palace in Ilium was known in the hut on Mount Ida. The departure of the young prince for Salamis, the gorgeous fleet, with gay streamers and gilded prows, the crowd about the shores waving garlands, were all described in the liveliest manner. But Œnone's sadness was not deepened by this event. Corythus had been previously separated from her, more completely than if he had already passed into the world of spirits. One only hope consoled her misery; her own prophecy that he would come to her to die.

Arisba was rejoiced to discover that her darling would soon become a mother. She trusted this would resuscitate withering affections, by creating a visible link between her desolate heart and the being she so fondly loved. And the first glance of the young mother upon her innocent babe did seem to renew the fountains of her life. She named the boy Corythus, and eagerly watched his growing beauty, to catch some likeness of his father. But the child had been born under influences too sad to inherit his father's vigorous frame, or his bounding, joyous, volatile spirit. His nature was deep and loving, like his mother's, and he had her plaintive, prophetic eyes. But his rosy mouth, the very bow of Cupid, was the image of his father's. And oh, with what a passionate mixture of maternal fondness and early romantic love, did poor Œnone press it to her own pale lips!

Less frequently now she sought the relief of supernatural sleep; and when she did, it was not always followed by visions. But at various times she saw her beloved in Sparta, weaving garlands for the beautiful queen, or playing upon his flute while he reclined at her feet.

"She loves him not," said the sleeper; "but his beauty and his flattery please her, and she will return with him. It will prove a fatal day for him, and for Ilium."

When little Corythus was a year old, the fleet returned from Greece, bearing Paris and his beautiful Spartan queen. Œnone was, of course, aware of this event, long before the rumour was reported to Mygdomus by neighbouring shepherds. A feverish excitement returned upon her; the old intense desire to see the loved one. But still she was restrained by fear and womanly pride. She made unseen visits to the palace, as before, and told of Paris forever at the feet of his queenly bride, playing upon his silver lyre, while she decorated his curling tresses with garlands.

Again and again, the question rose in Œnone's mind, whether the forgetful one would love her fair child, if he could see him; and month by month, the wish grew stronger to show him this son of their love. Little Corythus was about two years old, when she foretold immediate war with the Grecian states, enraged at the abduction of queen Helena. When this was repeated to her, she said to herself,

"If I go not soon, the plain will be filled with warriors, and it will be dangerous to venture there."

She kept her purpose secret; but one morning,

when she and the little one were out alone upon the hills, she disguised herself in some of Arisba's old robes, and went forth to Ilium, hoping to gain entrance to the palace under the pretence of having herbs to sell. But when she came within sight of the stately edifice, her resolution almost failed. A slave, who was harnessing two superb white horses to a glittering chariot, demanded what she wanted; and when she timidly told her errand, he showed her an inner quadrangular court, and pointed out the apartments of the women. As she stood hesitating, gazing on the magnificent marble columns and gilded lattices, Paris himself came down the steps, encircling Helen with his arm. It was the first time she had looked upon him since he left her, in rustic garb, without pausing to look back upon her. Now, he wore sparkling sandals, and a mantle of Tyrian purple, with large clasps of gold. His bride was clothed in embroidered Sidonian garments, of the richest fashion, and a long flowing veil, of shining texture, was fastened about her head by a broad band of embossed gold. Poor Œnone slunk away, abashed and confounded in the presence of their regal beauty; and her heart sank within her, when she saw those well-remembered eyes gazing so fondly upon her splendid rival. But when the slave brought the chariot to the gate, she tried to rouse her courage and come forward with the child. Paris carefully lifted his bride into the chariot, and leaped in, to seat himself by her side. In the agony of her feelings, the suffering mother made a convulsive movement, and with a shrill hysteric shriek, exclaimed,

"Oh Corythus, do look once upon our child!"

The frightened horses reared and plunged. The chariot, turning rapidly, struck Œnone and she fell. The wheels merely grazed her garments, but passed over the body of the child. Paris being occupied with soothing Helen's alarm, was not aware of this dreadful accident. The slave reined in the startled horses with a strong hand, and drove rapidly forward. Œnone was left alone outside the gates, with the lifeless body of her babe.

It was evening when she returned weary and heart-broken to Arisba. A compassionate rustic accompanied her, bearing her melancholy burden. The sad story was told in a few wild words; and the old shepherds bowed down their heads and sobbed in agony. Œnone's grief was the more fearful, because it was so still. It seemed as if the fountains of feeling were dried up within her heart.

There was a painfully intense glare about her eyes, and she remained wakeful late into the night. At last, the good foster-mother composed her into an artificial sleep. She talked less than usual in such slumbers, and evinced an unwillingness to be disturbed. But, in answer to Arisba's question, she said,

"He did not know a child was killed, nor did he see us. In the confusion he thought only of Helen, and did not recognise Œnone's voice. His sister Cassandra, who sees hidden things by the same light that I do, has told him that the child killed at the gates was his own. But Helen and her handmaids are dancing round him, laughing and throwing perfumes as they

go, and he thinks not of us. He would have loved our little Corythus, if he had known him."

"Thank the gods for that," said Arisba within herself; "for I would not like to hate the nursling I reared so fondly."

They buried the child in the shade of a gigantic oak, on which, in happier days, had been carved, with the point of an arrow, the united names of Corythus and Œnone. A beautiful Arum lily held its large white cup over the grave; and the sorrowing mother covered the broken soil with anemonies and the delicate blossoms of the crocus. There she would sit hours together, gazing on the towers of Ilium. But her desire to visit the palace, visibly or invisibly, seemed to have subsided entirely. No feeling of resentment against Corythus came into her gentle heart; but her patient love seemed to have sunk into utter hopelessness. Sometimes, indeed, she would look up in Arisba's face, with a heart-touching expression in her deep mournful eyes, and say, in tones of the saddest resignation,

"He will come to me to die."

Thus years passed on. War raged in all its fury in the plains below. Their flocks and herds were all seized by the rapacious soldiery, and the rushing of many chariots echoed like thunder among the hills. The nervous wakefulness of Œnone was still occasionally soothed by supernatural sleep; though she never sought it now from curiosity. At such times, she often gave graphic accounts of the two contending armies; but these violent scenes pained her in her sleep, and left her waking strength extremely exhaust-

ed. Sometimes she described Paris in the battle-field, in shining armour, over which a panther's skin was gracefully thrown, with a quiver of arrows at his shoulder, and a glittering spear balanced in his hand, brave and beautiful as the god of day. But more frequently she saw him at Helen's feet, playing on harp or flute, while she wove her gay embroidery. In the latter time, she often spoke of his handsome brother Deiphobus, standing near them, exchanging stolen amorous glances with the vain and treacherous Spartan.

"She is false to him," murmured the sleeper, mournfully. "But he will come to Œnone to die."

At last, the predicted hour arrived. The towers of Ilium were all in flames, and the whole atmosphere was filled with lurid light, as the magnificent city sank into her fiery grave. The wretched inhabitants were flying in all directions, pursued by the avenging foe. In the confusion, Paris was wounded by a poisoned arrow. In this hour of agony, he remembered the faithful, the long-forgotten one, and what she had said of her skill in medicine. In gasping tones, he cried out,

"Carry me to Œnone!"

His terrified slaves lifted him on a litter of boughs, and hastened to obey his orders.

Œnone sat by the grave of her child, watching the blazing towers of Ilium, when they laid Corythus at her feet. She sprang forward, exclaiming,

"Dear, dear Corythus, you have come to me at last!"

Bending over him, she kissed the lips, which, cold

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as marble, returned no answer to the fond caress. She gazed wildly on the pale countenance for an instant—placed her trembling hand upon his heart—and then springing upward convulsively, as if shot by an arrow, she uttered one long shrill shriek, that startled all the echoes, and fell lifeless on the body of him she loved so well.

The weeping foster-parents dug a wide grave by the side of little Corythus, and placed them in each other's arms, under the shadow of the great oak, whose Dryad had so often heard the pure whisperings of their early love.

THE YOUTHFUL EMIGRANT.

A True Story of the Early Settlement of New Jersey.

A being breathing thoughtful breath;
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill.
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.—WORDSWORTH.

THE latter part of the seventeenth century saw rapid accessions to the Society of Friends, called Quakers. The strong humility, the indwelling life, which then characterised that peculiar sect, attracted large numbers, even of the wealthy, to its unworldly doctrines. Among these were John Haddon and his wife Elizabeth, well-educated and genteel people, in the city of London. Like William Penn, and other proselytes from the higher classes, they encountered much ridicule and opposition from relatives, and the grossest misrepresentations from the public. But this, as usual, only made the unpopular faith more dear to those who had embraced it for conscience' sake.

The three daughters of John Haddon received the best education then bestowed on gentlewomen, with the exception of ornamental accomplishments. The spinnet and mandolin, on which their mother had

played with considerable skill, were of course banished; and her gay embroidery was burned, lest it should tempt others to a like expenditure of time. The house was amply furnished, but with the simplest patterns and the plainest colours. An atmosphere of kindness pervaded the whole establishment, from father and mother down to the little errand-boy; a spirit of perfect gentleness, unbroken by any freaks of temper, or outbursts of glee; as mild and placid as perpetual moonlight.

The children, in their daily habits, reflected an image of home, as children always do. They were quiet, demure, and orderly, with a touch of quaintness in dress and behaviour. Their playthings were so well preserved, that they might pass in good condition to the third generation; no dogs' ears were turned in their books, and the moment they came from school, they carefully covered their little plain bonnets from dust and flies. To these subduing influences, was added the early consciousness of being pointed at as peculiar; of having a cross to bear, a sacred cause to sustain.

Elizabeth, the oldest daughter, was by nature strong, earnest, and energetic, with warm affections, uncommon powers of intellect, and a lively imagination. The exact equal pressure on all sides, in strict Quaker families, is apt to produce too much uniformity of character; as the equal pressure of the air makes one globule of shot just like another. But in this rich young soul, the full stream, which under other circumstances might have overleaped safe barriers, being gently hemmed in by high banks, quietly made for it-

self a deeper and wider channel, and flowed on in all its fulness. Her countenance in some measure indicated this. Her large clear blue eye "looked out honest and friendly into the world," and there was an earnest seriousness about her mouth, very unusual in childhood. She was not handsome; but there was something extremely pleasing in her fresh healthy complexion, her bright intelligent expression, and her firm elastic motions.

She early attracted attention, as a very peculiar child. In her usual proceedings, her remarks, and even in her play, there was a certain individuality. It was evident that she never *intended* to do anything strange. She was original merely because she unconsciously acted out her own noble nature, in her own free and quiet way. It was a spontaneous impulse with her to relieve all manner of distress. One day, she brought home a little half-blind kitten in her bosom, which her gentle eloquence rescued from cruel boys, who had cut off a portion of its ears. At another time, she asked to have a large cake baked for her, because she wanted to invite some little girls. All her small funds were expended for oranges and candy on this occasion. When the time arrived, her father and mother were much surprised to see her lead in six little ragged beggars. They were, however, too sincerely humble and religious to *express* any surprise. They treated the forlorn little ones very tenderly, and freely granted their daughter's request to give them some of her books and playthings at parting. When they had gone, the good mother quietly said, "Elizabeth, why didst thou invite strangers, instead of thy schoolmates?"

There was a heavenly expression in her eye, as she looked up earnestly, and answered, "Mother, I wanted to invite *them*, they looked *so* poor."

The judicious parents made no circumstance of it, lest it should create a diseased love of being praised for kindness. But they gave each other an expressive glance, and their eyes filled with tears; for this simple and natural action of their child seemed to them full of Christian beauty.

Under such an education, all good principles and genial impulses grew freely and took vigorous root; but the only opening for her active imagination to spread its wings, was in the marvellous accounts she heard of America and the Indians. When she was five or six years old, William Penn visited her father's house, and described some of his adventures in the wilderness, and his interviews with red men. The intelligent child eagerly devoured every word, and kept drawing nearer and nearer, till she laid her head upon his knees, and gazed into his face. Amused by her intense curiosity, the good man took her in his lap, and told her how the squaws made baskets and embroidered moccasons; how they called a baby a pappoos, and put him in a birch-bark cradle, which they swung on the boughs of trees. The little girl's eyes sparkled, as she inquired, "And didst thou ever see a pappoos-baby thyself? And hast thou got a moccason-shoe?"

"I have seen them myself, and I will send thee a moccason," he replied; "but thou mayst go to thy mother now, for I have other things to speak of."

That night, the usually sedate child scampered

across the bed-room with but one sleeve of her night-gown on, and tossed up her shoe, shouting, "Ho, ho! Friend Penn is going to send me an Indian moccason! Mother, art thou glad? Hannah, art thou glad?"

This unwonted ebullition was not rebuked in words, but it soon subsided under the invisible influence of unvarying calmness.

From that time, a new character was given to all her plays. Her doll was named Pocahontas, and she swung her kitten in a bit of leather, and called it a pappoos. If she could find a green bough, she stuck it in the ground for a tree, placed an earthen image under it for William Penn, and sticks with feathers on them for Indian chiefs. Then, with amusing gravity of manner, she would unfold a bit of newspaper and read what she called Friend Penn's treaty with the red men. Her sisters, who were a of far less adventurous spirit, often said, "We are tired of always playing Indian. Why not play keep school, or go to see grandfather?"

But Elizabeth would answer, "No; let us play that we all go settle in America. Well, now suppose we are in the woods, with great, great, big trees all round us, and squirrels running up and down, and wolves growling."

"I don't like wolves," said little Hannah, "they will bite thee. Father says they will bite."

"I shouldn't be afraid," replied the elder sister; "I would run into the house and shut the door, when they came near enough for me to see their eyes. Here are plenty of sticks. Let us build a house; a wigwam, I mean. Oh, dear me, how I should love to go

to America! There must be such grand great woods to run about in; and I should love to swing the little pappooses in the trees."

When Elizabeth was eleven years old, she went with her parents to Yearly Meeting, and heard, among other preachers, a young man seventeen years of age, named John Estaugh. He was a new proselyte, come from Essex county, to join the annual assembly of the Friends. Something in his preaching arrested the child's attention, and made a strong impression on her active mind. She often quoted his words afterwards, and began to read religious books with great diligence. John Haddon invited the youth home to dine, but as there was no room at the table for the children, Elizabeth did not see him. Her father afterward showed her an ear of Indian corn, which John Estaugh had given him. He had received several from an uncle settled in New England, and he brought some with him to London as curiosities. When the little girl was informed that the magnificent plant grew taller than herself, and had very large waving green leaves, and long silken tassels, she exclaimed, with renewed eagerness, "Oh, how I do wish I could go to America!"

Years passed on, and as the child had been, so was the maiden; modest, gentle and kind, but always earnest and full of life. Surrounding influences naturally guided her busy intellect into inquiries concerning the right principles of human action, and the rationality of customary usages. At seventeen, she professed to have adopted, from her own serious conviction, the religious opinions in which she had been

educated. There was little observable change in outward manner; for the fresh spontaneousness of her character had been early chastened by habitual calmness and sobriety. But her views of life gradually became tinged with a larger and deeper thoughtfulness. She often spoke of the freedom of life away from cities, and alone with nature; of mutual helpfulness in such a state of society, and increased means of doing good.

Perhaps her influence, more than anything else, induced her father to purchase a tract of land in New Jersey, with the view of removing thither. Mechanics were sent out to build a suitable house and barns, and the family were to be transplanted to the New World as soon as the necessary arrangements were completed. In the meantime, however, circumstances occurred which led the good man to consider it his duty to remain in England. The younger daughters were well pleased to have it so; but Elizabeth, though she acquiesced cheerfully in her father's decision, evidently had a weight upon her mind. She was more silent than usual, and more frequently retired to her chamber for hours of quiet communion with herself. Sometimes, when asked what she had upon her mind, she replied, in the concise solemn manner of Friends, "It is a great thing to be a humble waiter upon the Lord; to stand in readiness to follow wheresoever He leads the way."

One day, some friends, who were at the house, spoke of the New Jersey tract, and of the reasons which had prevented a removal to America. Her father replied, that he was unwilling to have any property

lying useless, and he believed he should offer the tract to any of his relatives who would go and settle upon it. His friends answered, "Thy relatives are too comfortably established in England, to wish to emigrate to the wilds of America."

That evening, when the family were about to separate for the night, Elizabeth begged them to remain a while, as she had something of importance to say. "Dear parents and sisters," said she, "it is now a long time since I have had a strong impression on my mind that it is my duty to go to America. My feelings have been greatly drawn toward the poor brethren and sisters there. It has even been clearly pointed out to me what I am to do. It has been lately signified that a sign would be given when the way was opened; and to-night when I heard thy proposition to give the house and land to whoever would occupy it, I felt at once that thy words were the promised sign."

Her parents, having always taught their children to attend to inward revealings, were afraid to oppose what she so strongly felt to be a duty. Her mother, with a slight trembling in her voice, asked if she had reflected well on all the difficulties of the undertaking, and how arduous a task it was for a young woman to manage a farm of unbroken land in a new country.

Elizabeth replied, "Young women have governed kingdoms; and surely it requires less wisdom to manage a farm. But let not that trouble us, dear mother. He that feedeth the ravens will guide me in the work whereunto he has called me. It is not to cultivate the farm, but to be a friend and physician to the people in that region, that I am called."

Her father answered, "Doubt not, my child, that we shall be willing to give thee up to the Lord's disposings, however hard the trial may be. But when thou wert a very little girl, thy imagination was much excited concerning America; therefore, thou must be very careful that no desire for new adventures, founded in the will of the creature, mislead thee from the true light in this matter. I advise thee for three months to make it a subject of solid meditation and prayer. Then, if our lives be spared, we will talk further concerning it."

During the prescribed time, no allusion was made to the subject, though it was in the thoughts of all; for this highly conscientious family were unwilling to confuse inward perceptions by any expression of feeling or opinion. With simple undoubting faith, they sought merely to ascertain whether the Lord required this sacrifice. That their daughter's views remained the same, they partly judged by her increased tenderness toward all the family. She was not sad, but thoughtful and ever-wakeful, as toward friends from whom she was about to separate. It was likewise observable that she redoubled her diligence in obtaining knowledge of household affairs, of agriculture, and the cure of common diseases. When the three months had expired, she declared that the light shone with undiminished clearness, and she felt, more strongly than ever, that it was her appointed mission to comfort and strengthen the Lord's people in the New World.

Accordingly, early in the spring of 1700, arrangements were made for her departure, and all things

were provided that the abundance of wealth, or the ingenuity of affection, could devise. A poor widow of good sense and discretion accompanied her, as friend and housekeeper, and two trusty men servants, members of the Society of Friends. Among the many singular manifestations of strong faith and religious zeal, connected with the settlement of this country, few are more remarkable than the voluntary separation of this girl of eighteen years old from a wealthy home and all the pleasant associations of childhood, to go to a distant and thinly inhabited country, to fulfil what she considered a religious duty. And the humble, self-sacrificing faith of the parents, in giving up their beloved child, with such reverend tenderness for the promptings of her own conscience, has in it something sublimely beautiful, if we look at it in its own pure light. The parting took place with more love than words can express, and yet without a tear on either side. Even during the long and tedious voyage, Elizabeth never wept. She preserved a martyr-like cheerfulness and serenity to the end.

The house prepared for her reception stood in a clearing of the forest, three miles from any other dwelling. She arrived in June, when the landscape was smiling in youthful beauty; and it seemed to her as if the arch of heaven was never before so clear and bright, the carpet of the earth never so verdant. As she sat at her window and saw evening close in upon her in that broad forest home, and heard, for the first time, the mournful notes of the whippo-wil and the harsh scream of the jay in the distant woods, she was oppressed with a sense of vastness, of infinity, which

she never before experienced, not even on the ocean. She remained long in prayer, and when she lay down to sleep beside her matron friend, no words were spoken between them. The elder, overcome with fatigue, soon sank into a peaceful slumber; but the young enthusiastic spirit lay long awake, listening to the lone voice of the whippo-wil complaining to the night. Yet notwithstanding this prolonged wakefulness, she rose early and looked out upon the lovely landscape. The rising sun pointed to the tallest trees with his golden finger, and was welcomed with a gush of song from a thousand warblers. The poetry in Elizabeth's soul, repressed by the severe plainness of her education, gushed up like a fountain. She dropped on her knees, and with an outburst of prayer exclaimed fervently, "Oh, Father, very beautiful hast thou made this earth! How bountiful are thy gifts, O Lord!"

To a spirit less meek and brave, the darker shades of the picture would have obscured these cheerful gleams; for the situation was lonely and the inconveniences innumerable. But Elizabeth easily triumphed over all obstacles, by her practical good sense and the quick promptings of her ingenuity. She was one of those clear strong natures, who always have a definite aim in view, and who see at once the means best suited to the end. Her first inquiry was, what grain was best adapted to the soil of her farm; and being informed that rye would yield best, "Then I shall eat rye bread," was her answer. The ear of Indian corn, so long treasured in her juvenile museum, had travelled with her across the Atlantic, to

be planted in American soil. When she saw fields of this superb plant, she acknowledged that it more than realized the picture of her childish imagination.

But when winter came, and the gleaming snow spread its unbroken silence over hill and plain, was it not dreary then? It would have been dreary indeed to one who entered upon this mode of life from mere love of novelty, or a vain desire to do something extraordinary. But the idea of extended usefulness, which had first lured this remarkable girl into a path so unusual, sustained her through all its trials. She was too busy to be sad, and she leaned too trustingly on her Father's hand to be doubtful of her way. The neighbouring Indians soon loved her as a friend, for they found her always truthful, just, and kind. From their teachings, she added much to her knowledge of simple medicines. So efficient was her skill and so prompt her sympathy, that for many miles round, if man, woman, or child were alarmingly ill, they were sure to send for Elizabeth Haddon; and wherever she went, her observing mind gathered some new hint for the improvement of farm or dairy. Her house and heart were both large; and as her residence was on the way to the Quaker meeting-house in Newtown, it became a place of universal resort to Friends from all parts of the country travelling that road, as well as an asylum for benighted wanderers. When Elizabeth was asked if she were not sometimes afraid of wayfarers, she quietly replied, "Perfect love casteth out fear." And true it was that she, who was so bountiful and kind to all, found none to injure her.

The winter was drawing to a close, when late one evening, the sound of sleigh-bells was heard, and the crunching of snow beneath the hoofs of horses, as they passed into the barn-yard gate. The arrival of travellers was too common an occurrence to excite or disturb the well-ordered family. Elizabeth quietly continued her knitting, merely saying to one of the men, "Joseph, wilt thou put more wood on the fire? These friends, whoever they may be, will doubtless be cold; for I observed at nightfall a chilly feeling, as of more snow in the air."

Great logs were piled in the capacious chimney, and the flames blazed up with a crackling warmth, when two strangers entered. In the younger, Elizabeth instantly recognised John Estaugh, whose preaching had so deeply impressed her at eleven years of age. This was almost like a glimpse of home—her dear old English home! She stepped forward with more than usual cordiality, saying:

"Thou art welcome, Friend Estaugh; the more so for being entirely unexpected."

"And I am glad to see thee, Elizabeth," he replied, with a friendly shake of the hand. "It was not until after I landed in America, that I heard the Lord had called thee hither before me; but I remember thy father told me how often thou hadst played the settler in the woods, when thou wast quite a little girl."

"I am but a child still," she replied, smiling.

"I trust thou art," he rejoined; "and as for these strong impressions in childhood, I have heard of many cases where they seemed to be prophecies sent of the Lord. When I saw thy father in London, I

had even then an indistinct idea that I might sometime be sent to America on a religious visit."

"And hast thou forgotten, Friend John, the ear of Indian corn which my father begged of thee for me? I can show it to thee now. Since then I have seen this grain in perfect growth; and a goodly plant it is, I assure thee. See," she continued, pointing to many bunches of ripe corn, which hung in their braided husks against the walls of the ample kitchen: "all that, and more, came from a single ear, no bigger than the one thou didst give my father. May the seed sown by thy ministry be as fruitful!"

"Amen," replied both the guests; and for a few moments no one interrupted the silence. Then they talked much of England. John Estaugh had not seen any of the Haddon family for several years; but he brought letters from them, which came by the same ship, and he had information to give of many whose names were familiar as household words.

The next morning, it was discovered that snow had fallen during the night in heavy drifts, and the roads were impassable. Elizabeth, according to her usual custom, sent out men, oxen and sledges, to open pathways for several poor families, and for households whose inmates were visited by illness. In this duty, John Estaugh and his friend joined heartily, and none of the labourers worked harder than they. When he returned, glowing from this exercise, she could not but observe that the excellent youth had a goodly countenance. It was not physical beauty; for of that he had little. It was that cheerful, child-like, out-beaming honesty of expression, which we not

unfrequently see in Germans, who, above all nations, look as if they carried a crystal heart within their manly bosoms.

Two days after, when Elizabeth went to visit her patients, with a sled-load of medicines and provisions, John asked permission to accompany her. There, by the bedside of the aged and the suffering, she saw the clear sincerity of his countenance warmed up with rays of love, while he spoke to them words of kindness and consolation; and there she heard his pleasant voice modulate itself into deeper tenderness of expression, when he took little children in his arms.

The next First Day, which we call the Sabbath, the whole family, as usual, attended Newtown meeting; and there John Estaugh was gifted with an outpouring of the spirit in his ministry, which sank deep into the hearts of those who listened to him. Elizabeth found it so marvellously applicable to the trials and temptations of her own soul, that she almost deemed it was spoken on purpose for her. She said nothing of this, but she pondered upon it deeply. Thus did a few days of united duties make them more thoroughly acquainted with each other, than they could have been by years of fashionable intercourse.

The young preacher soon after bade farewell, to visit other meetings in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Elizabeth saw him no more until the May following, when he stopped at her house to lodge, with numerous other Friends, on their way to the Quarterly Meeting at Salem. In the morning, quite a cavalcade started from her hospitable door, on horse-

back; for wagons were then unknown in Jersey. John Estaugh, always kindly in his impulses, busied himself with helping a lame and very ugly old woman, and left his hostess to mount her horse as she could. Most young women would have felt slighted; but in Elizabeth's noble soul the quiet deep tide of feeling rippled with an inward joy. "He is always kindest to the poor and the neglected," thought she; "verily he *is* a good youth." She was leaning over the side of her horse, to adjust the buckle of the girth, when he came up on horseback, and inquired if anything was out of order. She thanked him, with slight confusion of manner, and a voice less calm than her usual utterance. He assisted her to mount, and they trotted along leisurely behind the procession of guests, speaking of the soil and climate of this new country, and how wonderfully the Lord had here provided a home for his chosen people. Presently the girth began to slip, and the saddle turned so much on one side, that Elizabeth was obliged to dismount. It took some time to re-adjust it, and when they again started, the company were out of sight. There was brighter colour than usual in the maiden's cheeks, and unwonted radiance in her mild deep eyes. After a short silence, she said, in a voice slightly tremulous, "Friend John, I have a subject of great importance on my mind, and one which nearly interests thee. I am strongly impressed that the Lord has sent thee to me as a partner for life. I tell thee my impression frankly, but not without calm and deep reflection; for matrimony is a holy relation, and should be entered into with all sobriety. If thou

hast no light on the subject, wilt thou gather into the stillness, and reverently listen to thy own inward revealings? Thou art to leave this part of the country to-morrow, and not knowing when I should see thee again, I felt moved to tell thee what lay upon my mind."

The young man was taken by surprise. Though accustomed to that suppression of emotion, which characterizes his religious sect, the colour went and came rapidly in his face, for a moment; but he soon became calmer, and replied, "This thought is new to me, Elizabeth; and I have no light thereon. Thy company has been right pleasant to me, and thy countenance ever reminds me of William Penn's title-page, 'Innocency with her open face.' I have seen thy kindness to the poor, and the wise management of thy household. I have observed, too, that thy warm-heartedness is tempered by a most excellent discretion, and that thy speech is ever sincere. Assuredly, such is the maiden I would ask of the Lord, as a most precious gift; but I never thought of this connexion with thee. I came to this country solely on a religious visit, and it might distract my mind to entertain this subject at present. When I have discharged the duties of my mission, we will speak further."

"It is best so," rejoined the maiden; "but there is one thing disturbs my conscience. Thou hast spoken of my true speech; and yet, Friend John, I have deceived thee a little, even now, while we conferred together on a subject so serious. I know not from what weakness the temptation came; but I will not hide it

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from thee. I allowed thee to suppose, just now, that I was fastening the girth of my horse securely; but, in plain truth, I was loosening the girth, John, that the saddle might slip, and give me an excuse to fall behind our friends; for I thought thou wouldst be kind enough to come and ask if I needed thy services."

This pure transparency of motive seemed less wonderful to John Estaugh, than it would to a man more accustomed to worldly ways, or less familiar with the simplicity of primitive Quakers. Nevertheless, the perfect guilelessness of the maiden endeared her to his honest heart, and he found it difficult to banish from his thoughts the important subject she had suggested. It was observable in this singular courtship, that no mention was made of wordly substance. John did not say, "I am poor, and thou art rich;" he did not even think of it. And it had entered Elizabeth's mind only in the form of thankfulness to God that she was provided with a home large enough for both.

They spoke no further concerning their union; but when he returned to England, in July, he pressed her hand affectionately, as he said, "Farewell, Elizabeth. If it be the Lord's will, I shall return to thee soon." He lingered, and their hands trembled in each other's clasp; then drawing her gently toward him, he imprinted a kiss on her open innocent forehead. She looked modestly into his clear honest eyes, and replied in the kindest tones, "Farewell, Friend John; may the Lord bless thee and guide thee."

In October, he returned to America, and they were soon after married, at Newtown meeting, according to the simple form of the Society of Friends. Neither

of them made any change of dress for the occasion, and there was no wedding feast. Without the aid of priest or magistrate, they took each other by the hand, and, in the presence of witnesses, calmly and solemly promised to be kind and faithful to each other. Their mutual promises were recorded in the church books, and the wedded pair quietly returned to their happy home, with none to intrude upon those sacred hours of human life, when the heart most needs to be left alone with its own deep emotions.

During the long period of their union, she three times crossed the Atlantic, to visit her aged parents, and he occasionally left her for a season, when called abroad to preach. These temporary separations were felt as a cross, but the strong-hearted woman always cheerfully gave him up to follow his own convictions of duty. In 1742, he parted from her, to go on a religious visit to Tortola, in the West Indies. He died there, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. A friend, in a letter informing her of the event, says: "A shivering fit, followed by fever, seized him on the first day of the tenth month. He took great notice that it ended forty years since his marriage with thee; that during that time you had lived in much love, and had parted in the same; and that leaving thee was his greatest concern of all outward enjoyments. On the sixth day of the tenth month, about six o'clock at night, he went away like a lamb." She published a religious tract of his, to which is prefixed a preface, entitled "Elizabeth Estaugh's testimony concerning her beloved husband, John Estaugh." In this preface, she says, "Since it pleased Divine Providence so high

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ly to favour me, with being the near companion of this dear worthy, I must give some small account of him. Few, if any, in a married state, ever lived in sweeter harmony than we did. He was a pattern of moderation in all things; not lifted up with any enjoyments, nor cast down at disappointments. A man endowed with many good gifts, which rendered him very agreeable to his friends, and much more to me, his wife, to whom his memory is most dear and precious."

Elizabeth survived her excellent husband twenty years, useful and honoured to the last. The Monthly Meeting of Haddonfield, in a published testimonial, speak of her thus: "She was endowed with great natural abilities, which, being sanctified by the spirit of Christ, were much improved; whereby she became qualified to act in the affairs of the church, and was a serviceable member, having been clerk to the women's meeting nearly fifty years, greatly to their satisfaction. She was a sincere sympathiser with the afflicted, of a benevolent disposition, and in distributing to the poor, was desirous to do it in a way most profitable and durable to them, and if possible not to let the right hand know what the left did. Though in a state of affluence as to this world's wealth, she was an example of plainness and moderation. Her heart and house were open to her friends, whom to entertain seemed one of her greatest pleasures. Prudently cheerful, and well knowing the value of friendship, she was careful not to wound it herself, nor to encourage others in whispering supposed failings or weaknesses. Her last illness brought great bodily pain, which she bore with much calmness of mind

and sweetness of spirit. She departed this life as one falling asleep, full of days, like unto a shock of corn, fully ripe."

The town of Haddonfield, in New-Jersey, took its name from her; and the tradition concerning her courtship is often repeated by some patriarch among the Quakers. She laid out an extensive garden in rear of the house, which during her day was much celebrated for its herbs, vegetables and fruits, liberally distributed all round the neighbourhood. The house was burned down years ago; but some fine old yew trees, which she brought from England, are still pointed out on the site where the noble garden once flourished. Her medical skill is so well remembered, that the old nurses of New-Jersey still recommend Elizabeth Estaugh's salve as the "sovereignest thing on earth."

The brick tomb in which John Estaugh was buried at Tortola, is still pointed out to Quaker travellers; one of whom recently writes, "By a circuitous path, through a dense thicket, we came to the spot where Friends once had a meeting-house, and where are buried the remains of several of our valued ministers, who visited this island about a century ago, from a sense of gospel love. Time has made his ravages upon these mansions of the dead. The acacia spreads thickly its thorny branches over them, and near them the century-blooming aloe is luxuriantly growing."

THE QUADROONS.

"I promised thee a sister tale,
Of man's perfidious cruelty:
Come then and hear what cruel wrong
Befell the dark Ladie." COLERIDGE.

NOT far from Augusta, Georgia, there is a pleasant place called Sand-Hills, appropriated almost exclusively to summer residences for the wealthy inhabitants of the neighbouring city. Among the beautiful cottages that adorn it was one far retired from the public roads, and almost hidden among the trees. It was a perfect model of rural beauty. The piazzas that surrounded it were wreathed with Clematis and Passion Flower. Magnificent Magnolias, and the superb Pride of India, threw shadows around it, and filled the air with fragrance. Flowers peeped out from every nook, and nodded to you in bye-places, with a most unexpected welcome. The tasteful hand of Art had not learned to *imitate* the lavish beauty and harmonious disorder of Nature, but they lived together in loving unity, and spoke in according tones. The gateway rose in a Gothic arch, with graceful tracery in iron-work, surmounted by a Cross, around which fluttered and played the Mountain Fringe, that lightest and most fragile of vines.

The inhabitants of this cottage remained in it all

the year round, and peculiarly enjoyed the season that left them without neighbours. To one of the parties, indeed, the fashionable summer residents, that came and went with the butterflies, were merely neighbours-in-law. The edicts of society had built up a wall of separation between her and them; for she was a quadroon. Conventional laws could not be reversed in her favour, though she was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, was highly cultivated in mind and manners, graceful as an antelope, and beautiful as the evening star. She had early attracted the attention of a handsome and wealthy young Georgian; and as their acquaintance increased, the purity and bright intelligence of her mind, inspired him with far deeper interest than is ever excited by mere passion. It was genuine love; that mysterious union of soul and sense, in which the lowliest dew-drop reflects the image of the highest star.

The tenderness of Rosalie's conscience required an outward form of marriage; though she well knew that a union with her proscribed race was unrecognised by law, and therefore the ceremony gave her no legal hold on Edward's constancy. But her high poetic nature regarded the reality, rather than the semblance of things; and when he playfully asked how she could keep him if he wished to run away, she replied, "Let the church that my mother loved sanction our union, and my own soul will be satisfied, without the protection of the state. If your affections fall from me, I would not, if I could, hold you by a legal fetter."

It was a marriage sanctioned by Heaven, though

unrecognised on earth. The picturesque cottage at Sand-Hills was built for the young bride under her own direction; and there they passed ten as happy years as ever blessed the heart of mortals. It was Edward's fancy to name their eldest child Xarifa; in commemoration of a quaint old Spanish ballad, which had first conveyed to his ears the sweet tones of her mother's voice. Her flexile form and nimble motions were in harmony with the breezy sound of the name; and its Moorish origin was most appropriate to one so emphatically "a child of the sun." Her complexion, of a still lighter brown than Rosalie's, was rich and glowing as an autumnal leaf. The iris of her large, dark eye had the melting, mezzotinto outline, which remains the last vestige of African ancestry, and gives that plaintive expression, so often observed, and so appropriate to that docile and injured race.

Xarifa learned no lessons of humility or shame, within her own happy home; for she grew up in the warm atmosphere of father's and mother's love, like a flower open to the sunshine, and sheltered from the winds. But in summer walks with her beautiful mother, her young cheek often mantled at the rude gaze of the young men, and her dark eye flashed fire, when some contemptuous epithet met her ear, as white ladies passed them by, in scornful pride and ill-concealed envy.

Happy as Rosalie was in Edward's love, and surrounded by an outward environment of beauty, so well adapted to her poetic spirit, she felt these incidents with inexpressible pain. For herself, she cared but

little; for she had found a sheltered home in Edward's heart, which the world might ridicule, but had no power to profane. But when she looked at her beloved Xarifa, and reflected upon the unavoidable and dangerous position which the tyranny of society had awarded her, her soul was filled with anguish. The rare loveliness of the child increased daily, and was evidently ripening into most marvellous beauty. The father rejoiced in it with unmingled pride; but in the deep tenderness of the mother's eye there was an indwelling sadness, that spoke of anxious thoughts and fearful forebodings.

When Xarifa entered her ninth year, these uneasy feelings found utterance in earnest solicitations that Edward would remove to France, or England. This request excited but little opposition, and was so attractive to his imagination, that he might have overcome all intervening obstacles, had not "a change come o'er the spirit of his dream." He still loved Rosalie, but he was now twenty-eight years old, and, unconsciously to himself, ambition had for some time been slowly gaining an ascendency over his other feelings. The contagion of example had led him into the arena where so much American strength is wasted; he had thrown himself into political excitement, with all the honest fervour of youthful feeling. His motives had been unmixed with selfishness, nor could he ever define to himself when or how sincere patriotism took the form of personal ambition. But so it was, that at twenty-eight years old, he found himself an ambitious man, involved in movements which his frank nature

would have once abhorred, and watching the doubtful game of mutual cunning with all the fierce excitement of a gambler.

Among those on whom his political success most depended, was a very popular and wealthy man, who had an only daughter. His visits to the house were at first of a purely political nature; but the young lady was pleasing, and he fancied he discovered in her a sort of timid preference for himself. This excited his vanity, and awakened thoughts of the great worldly advantages connected with a union. Reminiscences of his first love kept these vague ideas in check for several months; but Rosalie's image at last became an unwelcome intruder; for with it was associated the idea of restraint. Moreover Charlotte, though inferior in beauty, was yet a pretty contrast to her rival. Her light hair fell in silken profusion, her blue eyes were gentle, though inexpressive, and her delicate cheeks were like blush-rose-buds.

He had already become accustomed to the dangerous experiment of resisting his own inward convictions; and this new impulse to ambition, combined with the strong temptation of variety in love, met the ardent young man weakened in moral principle, and unfettered by laws of the land. The change wrought upon him was soon noticed by Rosalie.

> "In many ways does the full heart reveal
> The presence of the love it would conceal;
> But in far more the estranged heart lets know
> The absence of the love, which yet it fain would show."

At length the news of his approaching marriage met her ear. Her head grew dizzy, and her heart

fainted within her; but, with a strong effort at composure, she inquired all the particulars; and her pure mind at once took its resolution. Edward came that evening, and though she would have fain met him as usual, her heart was too full not to throw a deep sadness over her looks and tones. She had never complained of his decreasing tenderness, or of her own lonely hours; but he felt that the mute appeal of her heart-broken looks was more terrible than words. He kissed the hand she offered, and with a countenance almost as sad as her own, led her to a window in the recess, shadowed by a luxuriant Passion Flower. It was the same seat where they had spent the first evening in this beautiful cottage, consecrated to their youthful loves. The same calm, clear moonlight looked in through the trellis. The vine then planted had now a luxuriant growth; and many a time had Edward fondly twined its sacred blossoms with the glossy ringlets of her raven hair. The rush of memory almost overpowered poor Rosalie; and Edward felt too much oppressed and ashamed to break the long, deep silence. At length, in words scarcely audible, Rosalie said, "Tell me, dear Edward, are you to be married next week?" He dropped her hand, as if a rifle-ball had struck him; and it was not until after long hesitation, that he began to make some reply about the necessity of circumstances. Mildly, but earnestly, the poor girl begged him to spare apologies. It was enough that he no longer loved her, and that they must bid farewell. Trusting to the yielding tenderness of her character, he ventured, in the most soothing accents, to suggest that as he still

loved her better than all the world, she would ever be his real wife, and they might see each other frequently. He was not prepared for the storm of indignant emotion his words excited. Hers was a passion too absorbing to admit of partnership; and her spirit was too pure and kind to enter into a selfish league against the happiness of the innocent young bride.

At length this painful interview came to an end. They stood together by the Gothic gate, where they had so often met and parted in the moonlight. Old remembrances melted their souls. "Farewell, dearest Edward," said Rosalie. "Give me a parting kiss." Her voice was choked for utterance, and the tears flowed freely, as she bent her lips toward him. He folded her convulsively in his arms, and imprinted a long, impassioned kiss on that mouth, which had never spoken to him but in love and blessing.

With effort like a death-pang, she at length raised her head from his heaving bosom, and turning from him with bitter sobs, she said, "It is our *last*. God bless you. I would not have you so miserable as I am. Farewell. A *last* farewell." "The *last!*" exclaimed he, with a wild shriek. "Oh, Rosalie, do not say that!" and covering his face with his hands, he wept like a child.

Recovering from his emotion, he found himself alone. The moon looked down upon him mild, but very sorrowful; as the Madonna seems to gaze on her worshipping children, bowed down with consciousness of sin. At that moment he would have given worlds to have disengaged himself from Charlotte; but he had gone so far, that blame, disgrace, and duels

with angry relatives, would now attend any effort to obtain his freedom. Oh, how the moonlight oppressed him with its friendly sadness! It was like the plaintive eye of his forsaken one; like the music of sorrow echoed from an unseen world.

Long and earnestly he gazed at that dwelling, where he had so long known earth's purest foretaste of heavenly bliss. Slowly he walked away; then turned again to look on that charmed spot, the nestling-place of his young affections. He caught a glimpse of Rosalie, weeping beside a magnolia, which commanded a long view of the path leading to the public road. He would have sprung toward her, but she darted from him, and entered the cottage. That graceful figure, weeping in the moonlight, haunted him for years. It stood before his closing eyes, and greeted him with the morning dawn.

Poor Charlotte! had she known all, what a dreary lot would hers have been; but fortunately, she could not miss the impassioned tenderness she had never experienced; and Edward was the more careful in his kindness, because he was deficient in love. Once or twice she heard him murmur, "dear Rosalie," in his sleep; but the playful charge she brought was playfully answered, and the incident gave her o real uneasiness. The summer after their marriage, she proposed a residence at Sand-Hills; little aware what a whirlwind of emotion she excited in her husband's heart. The reasons he gave for rejecting the proposition appeared satisfactory; but she could not quite understand why he was never willing that their afternoon drives should be in the direction of those plea

sant rural residences, which she had heard him praise so much. One day, as their barouche rolled along a winding road that skirted Sand-Hills, her attention was suddenly attracted by two figures among the trees by the way-side; and touching Edward's arm, she exclaimed, "Do look at that beautiful child!" He turned, and saw Rosalie and Xarifa. His lips quivered, and his face became deadly pale. His young wife looked at him intently, but said nothing. There were points of resemblance in the child, that seemed to account for his sudden emotion. Suspicion was awakened, and she soon learned that the mother of that lovely girl bore the name of Rosalie; with this information came recollections of the "dear Rosalie," murmured in uneasy slumbers. From gossiping tongues she soon learned more than she wished to know. She wept, but not as poor Rosalie had done; for she never had loved, and been beloved, like her, and her nature was more proud. Henceforth a change came over her feelings and her manners; and Edward had no further occasion to assume a tenderness in return for hers. Changed as he was by ambition, he felt the wintry chill of her polite propriety, and sometimes in agony of heart, compared it with the gushing love of her who was indeed his wife.

But these, and all his emotions, were a sealed book to Rosalie, of which she could only guess the contents. With remittances for her and her child's support, there sometimes came earnest pleadings that she would consent to see him again; but these she never answered, though her heart yearned to do so. She pitied his fair young bride, and would not be

tempted to bring sorrow into their household by any fault of hers. Her earnest prayer was that she might never know of her existence. She had not looked on Edward since she watched him under the shadow of the magnolia, until his barouche passed her in her rambles some months after. She saw the deadly paleness of his countenance, and had he dared to look back, he would have seen her tottering with faintness. Xarifa brought water from a little rivulet, and sprinkled her face. When she revived, she clasped the beloved child to her heart with a vehemence that made her scream. Soothingly she kissed away her fears, and gazed into her beautiful eyes with a deep, deep sadness of expression, which Xarifa never forgot. Wild were the thoughts that pressed around her aching heart, and almost maddened her poor brain; thoughts which had almost driven her to suicide the night of that last farewell. For her child's sake she conquered the fierce temptation then; and for her sake, she struggled with it now. But the gloomy atmosphere of their once happy home overclouded the morning of Xarifa's life.

> "She from her mother learnt the trick of grief,
> And sighed among her playthings."

Rosalie perceived this; and it gave her gentle heart unutterable pain. At last, the conflicts of her spirit proved too strong for the beautiful frame in which it dwelt. About a year after Edward's marriage, she was found dead in her bed, one bright autumnal morning. She had often expressed to her daughter a wish to be buried under a spreading oak, that sha-

ded a rustic garden-chair, in which she and Edward had spent many happy evenings. And there she was buried; with a small white cross at her head, twined with the cypress vine. Edward came to the funeral, and wept long, very long, at the grave. Hours after midnight, he sat in the recess-window, with Xarifa folded to his heart. The poor child sobbed herself to sleep on his bosom; and the convicted murderer had small reason to envy that wretched man, as he gazed on the lovely countenance, which so strongly reminded him of his early and his only love.

From that time, Xarifa was the central point of all his warmest affections. He hired an excellent old negress to take charge of the cottage, from which he promised his darling child that she should never be removed. He employed a music master, and dancing master, to attend upon her; and a week never passed without a visit from him, and a present of books, pictures, or flowers. To hear her play upon the harp, or repeat some favourite poem in her mother's earnest accents and melodious tones, or to see her pliant figure float in the garland-dance, seemed to be the highest enjoyment of his life. Yet was the pleasure mixed with bitter thoughts. What would be the destiny of this fascinating young creature, so radiant with life and beauty? She belonged to a proscribed race; and though the brown colour on her soft cheek was scarcely deeper than the sunny side of a golden pear, yet was it sufficient to exclude her from virtuous society. He thought of Rosalie's wish to carry her to France: and he would have fulfilled it, had he been unmarried. As it was, he inwardly resolved to make

some arrangement to effect it in a few years, even if it involved separation from his darling child.

But alas for the calculations of man! From the time of Rosalie's death, Edward had sought relief for his wretched feelings in the free use of wine. Xarifa was scarcely fifteen, when her father was found dead by the road-side; having fallen from his horse, on his way to visit her. He left no will; but his wife, with kindness of heart worthy of a happier domestic fate, expressed a decided reluctance to change any of the plans he had made for the beautiful child at Sand-Hills.

Xarifa mourned her indulgent father; but not as one utterly desolate. True, she had lived "like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft;" but the sunshine of love had already peeped in upon her. Her teacher on the harp was a handsome and agreeable young man of twenty, the only son of an English widow. Perhaps Edward had not been altogether unmindful of the result, when he first invited him to the flowery cottage. Certain it is, he had more than once thought what a pleasant thing it would be, if English freedom from prejudice should lead him to offer legal protection to his graceful and winning child. Being thus encouraged, rather than checked, in his admiration, George Elliot could not be otherwise than strongly attracted toward his beautiful pupil. The lonely and unprotected state in which her father's death left her, deepened this feeling into tenderness. And lucky was it for her enthusiastic and affectionate nature; for she could not live without an atmosphere of love. In her innocence, she knew nothing of the dangers in

her path; and she trusted George with an undoubting simplicity, that rendered her sacred to his noble and generous soul. It seemed as if that flower-embosomed nest was consecrated by the Fates to Love. The French have well named it *La Belle Passion;* for without it life were "a year without spring, or a spring without roses." Except the loveliness of infancy, what does earth offer so much like Heaven, as the happiness of two young, pure, and beautiful beings, living in each other's hearts?

Xarifa inherited her mother's poetic and impassioned temperament; and to her, above others, the first consciousness of these sweet emotions was like a golden sunrise on the sleeping flowers.

> "Thus stood she at the threshold of the scene
> Of busy life. * * * *
> How fair it lay in solemn shade and sheen!
> And he beside her, like some angel, posted
> To lead her out of childhood's fairy land,
> On to life's glancing summit, hand in hand."

Alas, the tempest was brooding over their young heads. Rosalie, though she knew it not, had been the daughter of a slave, whose wealthy master, though he remained attached to her to the end of her days, yet carelessly omitted to have papers of manumission recorded. His heirs had lately failed, under circumstances which greatly exasperated their creditors; and in an unlucky hour, they discovered their claim on Angelique's grand-child.

The gentle girl, happy as the birds in spring-time, accustomed to the fondest indulgence, surrounded by all the refinements of life, timid as a fawn, and with

a soul full of romance, was ruthlessly seized by a sheriff, and placed on the public auction-stand in Savannah. There she stood, trembling, blushing, and weeping; compelled to listen to the grossest language, and shrinking from the rude hands that examined the graceful proportions of her beautiful frame. "Stop that!" exclaimed a stern voice. "I bid two thousand dollars for her, without asking any of their d—d questions." The speaker was probably about forty years of age, with handsome features, but a fierce and proud expression. An older man, who stood behind him, bid two thousand five hundred. The first bid higher; then a third, a dashing young man, bid three thousand; and thus they went on, with the keen excitement of gamblers, until the first speaker obtained the prize, for the moderate sum of five thousand dollars.

And where was George, during this dreadful scene? He was absent on a visit to his mother, at Mobile. But, had he been at Sand-Hills, he could not have saved his beloved from the wealthy profligate, who was determined to obtain her at any price. A letter of agonized entreaty from her brought him home on the wings of the wind. But what could he do? How could he ever obtain a sight of her, locked up as she was in the princely mansion of her master? At last, by bribing one of the slaves, he conveyed a letter to her, and received one in return. As yet, her purchaser treated her with respectful gentleness, and sought to win her favour, by flattery and presents; but she dreaded every moment, lest the scene should change, and trembled at the sound of every footfall. A plan was laid for escape. The slave agreed to

drug his master's wine; a ladder of ropes was prepared, and a swift boat was in readiness. But the slave, to obtain a double reward, was treacherous. Xarifa had scarcely given an answering signal to the low cautious whistle of her lover, when the sharp sound of a rifle was followed by a deep groan, and a heavy fall on the pavement of the court-yard. With frenzied eagerness she swung herself down by the ladder of ropes, and, by the glancing light of lanthorns, saw George, bleeding and lifeless at her feet. One wild shriek, that pierced the brains of those who heard it, and she fell senseless by his side.

For many days she had a confused consciousness of some great agony, but knew not where she was, or by whom she was surrounded. The slow recovery of her reason settled into the most intense melancholy, which moved the compassion even of her cruel purchaser. The beautiful eyes, always pensive in expression, were now so heart-piercing in their sadness, that he could not endure to look upon them. For some months, he sought to win her smiles by lavish presents, and delicate attentions. He bought glittering chains of gold, and costly bands of pearl. His victim scarcely glanced at them, and her attendant slave laid them away, unheeded and forgotten. He purchased the furniture of the Cottage at Sand-Hills, and one morning Xarifa found her harp at the bedside, and the room filled with her own books, pictures, and flowers. She gazed upon them with a pang unutterable, and burst into an agony of tears; but she gave her master no thanks, and her gloom deepened.

At last his patience was exhausted. He grew

weary of her obstinacy, as he was pleased to term it; and threats took the place of persuasion.

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In a few months more, poor Xarifa was a raving maniac. That pure temple was desecrated; that loving heart was broken; and that beautiful head fractured against the wall in the frenzy of despair. Her master cursed the useless expense she had cost him; the slaves buried her; and no one wept at the grave of her who had been so carefully cherished, and so tenderly beloved.

THE IRISH HEART.

A True Story.

It was a pleasant sight to look on James and Nora in their carly childhood; their cheeks were so rosy, their hair so sunny, and their clear blue eyes so mild and innocent. They were the youngest of a cabin-full of children; and though they did now and then get a cuff from the elder ones, with the hasty words, "Get out of the way, you spalpeen," they were the pets and playmates of them all. Their love for each other was extreme; and though James, early in his boyhood, evinced the Irish predilection for giving knocks, he was never known to raise his hand against his little sister. When she could first toddle about, it was his delight to gather the Maygowans that grew about the well, and put them in Nora's curly hair; and then he would sit before her, with his little hands resting on his knees, contemplating her with the greatest satisfaction. When they were older, they might be seen weeding the "pathies"* side by side, or hand in hand gathering berries among the hawthorn bushes. The greatest difference between them seemed to be, that James was all fun and frolic, while Nora was ever serious and earnest.

When the young maiden was milking the cows, her

* Potatoes.

soft low voice might usually be heard, warbling some of the mournful melodies of Ireland. But plaintive tones were rarely heard from James. He came home from his daily labour whistling like a black-bird, mocking the cuckoo, or singing, at the top of his clear ringing voice, the merry jingle of St. Patrick's Day in the Morning, or the facetious air of Paudeen O'Rafferty. At dancing, too, he excelled all the lads of the neighbourhood. He could dance Irish jigs, three-part reel, four-part reel, or rowly-powly, to the tune of The Dusty Miller, or The Rakes of Bally-shanny, with such a quick ear for the music, that all the lassies declared they could "see the tune upon his feet." He was a comely lad, too, and at weddings and Christmas carousals, none of the rustic dandies looked more genteel than he, with his buff-coloured vest, his knot of ribbons at each knee, and his *caubeen*,* set jauntily on one side of his head. Being good-natured and mirthful, he was a great favourite at wakes and dances, and festivities of all sorts; and he might have been in danger of becoming dissipated, had it not been for the happy consciousness of belonging to an honest industrious family, and being the pride and darling of Nora's heart.

Notwithstanding the natural gayety of his disposition, he had a spirit of enterprise, and a love of earning money. This tendency led him early to think of emigrating to America, the Eldorado of Irish imagination. Nora resisted the first suggestion with many tears. But James drew fine pictures of a farm of his own in the new country, and cows and horses, and a

* Cap.

pleasant jaunting car; and in the farm-house and the jaunting car, Nora was ever by his side; for with the very first guineas that crossed his hand, sure he would send for *her*. The affectionate sister, accustomed to sympathise with all his plans, soon began to help him to build his castles in America; and every penny that she could earn at her spinning-wheel was laid away for passage money. But when the time actually arrived for him to go to Dublin, it was a day of sorrow. All the married sisters, with their little ones, and neighbours from far and near, came to bid him farewell, and give their parting blessing. The good mother was busy to the last, storing away some little comfort in his sea-box. Nora, with the big tears in her eyes, repeated, for the thousandth time, "And Jimmy, *mavourneen*,* if you grow grand there in the new country, you'll not be after forgetting *me?* You *will* send for your own Nora soon?"

"Forget *you!*" exclaimed James, while he pressed her warmly to his bosom: "When the blessed sun forgets to rise over the green earth, maybe I'll forget you, *mavourneen dheelish.*"†

Amid oft repeated words of love and blessing, he parted from them. Their mutual sorrow was a little softened by distant visions of a final reunion of them *all* in America. But there was a fearful uncertainty about this. The big sea might swallow him up, he might sicken and die among strangers, or bad examples might lead him into evil paths worse than death.

To this last suggestion, made by an elder sister, Nora replied with indignant earnestness. "Led into

* Darling. † Sweet darling.

evil coorses, indade!" she exclaimed; "Shame be on you for spaking that same! and he the dacentest and best behaved boy in all the county Longford. You don't know the heart of him, as I do, or you'd never be after spaking of him in that fashion. It's a shame on you, and indade it is. But och, *wurrah dheelish*,* let him not sicken and die there in the strange country, and the sister not there to do for him!" And, overcome by the picture her own imagination had drawn, she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

In a few weeks, came a brief letter from James, written on board the ship in which he sailed from Dublin. About seven months later, came a letter, dated New York, saying he had obtained work at good wages, and, by God's blessing, should soon be enabled to send for his dear sister. He added a hint that one of these days, when he had a house of his own, perhaps the father and mother would be after coming over. Proud were they in the Irish cabin, when this letter was read aloud to all who came to inquire after the young emigrant. All his old cronies answered, "Throth, and *he'd* do well anywhere. He was always a dacent, clane, spirited boy, as there was widin a great ways of him. Divil a man in the ten parishes could dance the Baltihorum jig wid him, any how."

Time passed on, and no other letter came from James. Month after month, poor Nora watched with feverish anxiety to catch sight of her father when he returned from the distant post-office; for he promised, if he found a letter, to wave his hand high above his head, as soon as he came to the top of the hill front-

* Sweet Virgin.

ing the house. But no letter came; and at last Nora fully believed that her darling brother was dead. After writing again and again, and receiving no answer, she at last wrote to the son of a neighbour, who had emigrated to America, and begged of him, for the love of heaven, to ascertain whether James was dead or alive, and send them word as soon as possible. The Irishman to whom this urgent epistle was addressed, was at work on a distant rail-road, and had no fixed place of residence; and so it happened that Nora received no answer to her anxious inquiries, for more than a year and a half after they were written. At last, there came a crumpled square of soiled paper, containing these words:

"*Dear Frinds:*—Black and hevy is my hart for the news I have to tell you. James is in prison, concarnin a bit of paper, that he passed for money. Sorra a one of the nabors but will be lettin down the tears, when they hear o' the same. I don't know the rights of the case; but I will never believe he was a boy to disgrace an honest family. Perhaps some other man's sin is upon him. It may be some comfort to you to know that his time will be out in a year and a half, any how. I have not seen James sense I come to Ameriky; but I heern tell of what I have writ. The blessed Mother of Heaven keep your harts from sinkin down with this hevy sorrow. Your frind and nabor, MIKE MURPHY."

Deep indeed was the grief in that honest family, when these sad tidings were read. Poor Nora buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud. The old

mother rocked violently to and fro, with her apron at her eyes; and the father, though he tried hard to conceal his emotion, could not restrain the big tears from rolling down his weather-beaten face. "Och, wo is the day," said he, "that ever we let him go from us. Such a dacent lad, and belonging to a family that never did a dishonest action. And sure all hearts were upon him, and we all so proud out of him."

"Father," said the weeping Nora, "I know the heart of him better nor any of you does; and I know he never had intintion to do anything that would bring to the blush the mother that bore him, and the sister that slept in his arms, when we were both weeny things. I'll go to Ameriky, and find out all about it, and write you word."

"*You* go to Ameriky!" exclaimed her mother. "Sure you're crazed with the big grief that's upon you, *coleen macree*,* or you'd niver spake thim words."

"And wouldn't he follow *me* to the ends of the earth, if the black trouble was on me?" replied Nora, with passionate earnestness. "There was always kindness in him for all human crathurs; but he loved me better nor all the world. Never a one had a bad word agin him, but nobody knew the heart of him as I did. Proud was I out of him, and lonesome is my heart widout him. And is it I will lave him alone wid his trouble? Troth, not if there was ten oceans atween us."

This vehemence subsided after awhile, and they talked more calmly of how they should hide their

* Pet of my heart.

disgrace from the neighbourhood. That their hearts were sad they could not conceal. Day after day, their frugal meals were removed almost untasted, and every one stepped about silently, as after a funeral. The very cows came slowly and disconsolately, as if they heard grief in the voice of their young mistress, when she called them to be milked. And the good old mother no longer crooned at her spinning wheel the song she had sung over the cradle of her darling boy. Nora at first persisted in her plan of crossing the Atlantic; but her father forbade it, and she said no more. But her heart grew more and more impatient. She spoke less and less of James, but she sighed heavily at her work, and her eyes were often red with weeping. At last, she resolved to depart unknown to any one. She rose stealthily at midnight, tied up a small bundle of clothing, placed a little bag of money in her bosom, paused and gazed lovingly on her sleeping parents, hastily brushed away the gathering tears, and stept out into the moonlight. She stood for a few moments and gazed on the old familiar hills and fields, on the potato patch, where she and James had worked together many a day, on the old well, by the side of which the Maygowans grew, and on the clear white cabin, where the dear old ones slept. She passed into the little shed, that served as a stable for the animals, and threw her arms about the donkey's neck, and kissed the cow, that knew her voice as well as her own mother did. She came forth weeping, and gazed on the old homestead, as she would gaze on the face of a dying friend. The clustering memories were too much for her loving heart. Dropping on her

knees, she prayed, in agony of sorrow: "If it be a sin to go away from the good old father and mother, perhaps niver to see them agin, till the judgment day, thou oh! Father in heaven, wilt forgive me; for thou seest I *can* not lave him alone wid his great trouble."

Then crossing herself, and looking toward the beloved home of her childhood, she said, in a stifled voice, "The Mother of Glory be wid ye, and bless and keep ye all."

Half blinded with tears, she wended her way over the moonlighted hills, and when her favourite cow called as usual for her milking pail, in the first blush of the morning, she was already far on her way to Dublin.

* * * * * * * *

And had James been criminal? In the eye of the law he had been; but his sister was right, when she said he had no intention to do a wicked thing. Not long after his arrival in America, he was one day walking along the street, in a respectable suit of Sunday clothes, when a stranger came up, and entered into conversation with him. After asking some indifferent questions, he inquired what his coat cost.

"Sixteen dollars," was the answer.

"I will give you twenty for it," said the stranger; "for I am going away in a hurry, and have no time to get one made."

James was as unsuspecting as a child. He thought this was an excellent opportunity to make four dollars, to send to his darling sister; so he readily agreed to the bargain.

"I want a watch, too," said the stranger; "but

perhaps you would not be willing to sell yours for ten dollars?"

James frankly confessed that it was two dollars more than he gave for it, and very willingly consented to the transfer. Some weeks after, when he attempted to pass the money the stranger had given him, he found, to his dismay, that it was counterfeit. After brooding over his disappointment for some time, he came to a conclusion at which better educated men than himself have sometimes arrived. He thought to himself—"It is hard for a poor man to lose so much, by no fault of his own. Since it was put off upon me, I will just put it off upon somebody else. Maybe it will keep going the rounds, or somebody will lose it that can better afford it than I can."

It certainly was a wrong conclusion; but it was a bewilderment of the reasoning powers in the mind of an ignorant man, and did not involve wickedness of intention. He passed the money, and was soon after arrested for forgery. He told his story plainly; but, as he admitted that he knew the money was counterfeit when he passed it, the legal construction of his crime was forgery in the second degree. He had passed three bills, and had the penalty of the law been enforced with its utmost rigour, he might have been sentenced to the state-prison for fifteen years; but appearances were so much in his favour, that the court sentenced him but for five years.

Five years taken away from the young life of a labouring man, spent in silent toil, in shame and sorrow for a blighted reputation, was, indeed, a heavy penalty for confused notions of right and wrong, con-

cerning bits of paper, stamped with a nominal value. But law, in its wisest and kindest administration, cannot always make nice distinctions between thoughtless errors and wilful crimes.

It is probable James never felt the degree of compunction, that it is supposed every convict ought to feel; for the idea was ever with him, that if he had sinned against government, he did not mean to sin against God. That he had disgraced himself, he knew full well and felt keenly. The thoughts of what Nora and his good mother would suffer, if they could see him driven to hard labour with thieves and murderers, tore his soul with anguish. He could not bring his mind to write to them, or send them any tidings of his fate. He thought it was better that they should suppose him dead, than know of his disgrace. Thus the weary months passed silently away. The laugh of his eye and the bound of his step were gone. Day by day he grew more disconsolate and stupid.

He had been in prison about four years, when one of the keepers told him that a young woman had come to visit him, and he had received permission to see her. He followed silently, wondering who it could be; and a moment after, he was locked in his sister's arms. For some time, nothing but sobs were audible. They looked mournfully in each other's faces; then fell on each other's necks, and wept again.

"And so you know me, *mavourneen?*" said Nora, at last, trying to smile through her tears.

"Know you!" he replied, folding her more closely to his breast. "*A cushla machree,** and wouldn't I

* Pulse of my heart.

know your shadow on the wall, in the darkest cellar they could put me in? But who came wid you, *mavourneen?*"

"Troth, and it was alone I come. I run away in the night. I hope it wasn't wrong to lave the good father and mother, when they had spoke agin my coming. I wouldn't like to do any thing displasing to God. But Jimmy, *machree*, my heart was breakin' widout you; and I couldn't lave you alone wid your great trouble. Sure it's long ago I would have been wid you, if you had let us know of your misfortin."

The poor fellow wept afresh at these assurances of his sister's affection. When he was calmer, he told her circumstantially how the great trouble had come upon him.

"God be praised for the words you spake," replied Nora. "It will take a load off of hearts at home, when they hear of the same. I always said there was no sin in your heart; for who should know that better nor me, who slept in the same cradle? A blessing be wid you, *mavourneen*. The music's in my heart to hear the sound of your voice agin. And proud will I be out of you, as I used to be when all eyes, young and old, brightened on you in warm old Ireland."

"But Nora, *dheelish*, the disgrace is on me," said the young man, looking down. "They will say I am a convict."

"Sorra a fig I care for what they say," replied the warm-hearted girl. "Don't I know the heart that is in you? Didn't I say there was no sin in your intintions, though you *was* shut up in this bad place? And if there had been—if the black murder had been widin you, is it Nora would be after laving you

alone wid your sin and your shame? Troth, I would weary the saints in heaven wid prayers, till they made you a better man, for the sake of your sister's love. But there *was* no sin in your heart; and proud I am out of you, *a suillish machree;** and bad luck to the rogue that brought you into this trouble."

The keeper reminded them that the time allowed for their interview was nearly spent.

"You will come agin?" said James, imploringly. "You will come to me agin, *acushla machree?*"

"I had to beg hard to see you once," replied Nora. "They said it was agin the rules. But when I told them how I come alone across the big ocean to be wid you in your trouble, because I knew the heart that was in you, they said I might come in. It is a heavy sorrow that we cannot spake together. But it will be a comfort, *mavourneen*, to be where I can look on these stone walls. The kind man here they call the chaplain says I may stay wid his family; and sure not an hour in the day but I will think of you, *a villish.*† The same moon shines here, that used to shine on us when we had our May dances on the green, in dear old Ireland; and when they let you get a glimpse of her bright face, you can think maybe Nora is looking up at it, as she used to do when she was your own weeny darlint, wid the shamrock and gowan in her hair. I will work, and lay by money for you; and when you come out of this bad place, it's Nora will stand by you; and proud will I be out of you, *a suillish machree.*"

The young man smiled as he had not smiled for

* Light of my heart. † Dear.

years. He kissed his sister tenderly, as he answered, "Ah, Nora, *mavourneen*, it's yourself that was always too good to me. God's blessing be wid you, *acushla machree*. It will go hard wid me, but I will make some return for such goodness."

"And sure it's no goodness at all," replied Nora. "Is it yourself would be after laving *me* alone, and I in the great trouble? Hut, tut, Jimmy, avick. Sure it's nothing at all. Any body would do it. You're as dacent and clever a lad as iver you was. Sing that to your heart, *mavourneen*. It's Nora will stand by you, all the world over."

With a smile that she meant should be a brave one, but with eyes streaming with tears, she bade her beloved brother farewell. He embraced her with vehement tenderness, and, with a deep sigh, returned to his silent labour. But the weight was taken off his heart, and his step was lighter; for

> "*Hope's* sunshine lingered on his prison wall,
> And *Love* looked in upon his solitude."

Nora remained with the kind-hearted chaplain, ever watching the gloomy walls of Sing Sing. When her brother's term expired, she was at the prison door to welcome him, and lead him forth into the blessed sunshine and free air. The chaplain received them into his house, cheered and strengthened their hearts by kind words and judicious counsel, and sent them to the office of the Prison Association, No. 13 Pine-street, New-York. As James brought certificates of good conduct while in prison, the Association lent him tools, to be paid for if he should ever be able to do so, and recommended him to a worthy mechanic.

At this place he would have remained, had not his employer needed a journeyman thoroughly versed in his trade. It is the policy at Sing Sing not to allow the prisoners to learn all branches of any business, lest they should come into competition with mechanics out of the prison. What James had been accustomed to do, he did with great industry and expertness; but he could not do all his employer required, and was therefore kindly and honourably dismissed.

Had he been dishonest, he might have gone off with the tools; but he went to the office of the Association, to ask whether they were willing he should keep them till he could obtain work elsewhere, and earn enough to pay for them. They consented very cordially, and told him to remember them as friends in need, so long as he behaved well. His sister was with him, like his shadow, and their earnest expressions of gratitude were truly affecting.

Her good-natured honest countenance, and industrious habits, attracted the attention of a thriving young farmer, who succeeded in obtaining the treasure of her warm and generous heart. She who made so good a sister, can scarcely fail to be an excellent wife. James continues to do well, and loves her with superabounding love. The blessing of our Father be with them! They are two of the kindest hearts, and most transparent souls, among that reverent, loving, confiding, and impulsive people, who, in their virtues and their defects, deserve to be called the little children of the nations.

A LEGEND OF THE APOSTLE JOHN.

Suggested by a well known Anecdote in the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius.

Morning rose bright and clear on Ephesus, that beautiful city of the Ancients, which Pliny calls the Light of Asia. From the jutting points of lofty rocks on the mountain sides rose the massive and majestic pillars of Doric temples, embowered in verdant foliage, while the lighter and more elegant Ionian shafts shot up from the plain below, like graceful architectural flowers. Brilliant sunbeams streamed tremulously through the porticos, and reflected themselves in golden gleams on a forest of marble columns. The airy summits of the mountains smiled in serene glory beneath the lucid firmament. Troops of graceful swans and beautiful white sea-doves floated on the sparkling waters of the Cayster, running joyfully into the bright bosom of the Ægean. Maidens bearing Etruscan vases on their heads, went and came from the fountains, gliding majestically erect among the crowd of merchants, or the long processions of priests and worshippers. Here and there, a Roman soldier rode through the busy streets, his steel trappings and glittering harness shining in the distance like points of fire.

Strong and deep rolled the sonorous chant of bass voices from a Jewish synagogue, mingled with the

sound of sackbut and harp. From the magnificent temple of Diana came up a plaintive strain, a modulated murmur, as of distant waves rippling to music; slowly swelling, slowly falling away, floating off in sweet echoes among the hills. There was a farewell sadness in this choral hymn, as of a religion passing away in its calm intellectual beauty, conscious that it had no adequate voice for the yearnings and aspirations of the human heart.

And then, as ever, when the want of a more spiritual faith began to be widely felt, it was already in existence. From the solemn shadows of Judaism, the mild form of Christianity had risen, and the Grecian mind was already preparing to encircle it with the mystic halo of a golden Platonism.

In the court of an artificer of Ephesus, there met that day an assembly of converts to the new and despised faith. Under the shadow of an awning, made by Paul the tent-maker, they talked together of Jesus, the holiness of his example, and the wide significance of his doctrines. It was a season of peculiar interest to the infant Church; for John, the disciple whom Jesus especially loved, had just returned from banishment. He was a man of ninety years, with hair and beard of silvery whiteness. His serious countenance beamed with resignation and love; but his high forehead, earnest eye, and energetic motions, showed plainly enough that his was not the serenity of a languid and quiet temperament. Through conflict he had attained humility and peace. His voice told the same story; for it was strong, deep, and restrained, though sweetly toned, and full of musical inflections.

His once erect figure was slightly bent; the effect of digging in the mines of Patmos. Many eyes were moistened with tears, as they gazed on his beloved and venerated countenance; for it brought sad memories of the hardships he had endured by the cruel orders of Domitian. He made no allusion to privations or sufferings, but spoke only of the heavenly visions, and the indwelling glory, that had been with him in the Isle of Patmos; how in the darkest mines the heavens opened, and in the narrowest prisons angels came and moved the stone walls afar off, so that he saw them not; and this he urged as proof how little power man has over a spirit at peace with God.

Of those who hung upon his words, the emotions of two were especially visible. One was a young maiden, who sat on a divan at his feet, and leaning on one arm gazed upwards in his face. She was closely veiled, but the outlines of her figure, imperfectly revealed through the ample folds of her rich dress, gave indication of personal grace. As she bent earnestly forward, her drapery had fallen back, and showed an arm of exquisite proportions, its clear soft olive tint beautifully contrasted by a broad bracelet of gold. She reclined partially on the shoulder of her old nurse, who was seated behind her on the same divan. Both ran great risk in visiting that Christian assembly; for Miriam's father was the wealthiest Jew in Ephesus; his was the highest place in the synagogue, and few of her thousand merchants could count so many ships. Narrow and bigoted in his own adherence to forms and traditions, he was the last man on earth to permit a woman to question them. But the

earnest and truthful soul of his daughter early felt how little life there was in his solemn observances. Her nurse, a Galilean by birth, had told marvellous stories of the holy Nazarene, who had cured her father of blindness. With strict injunctions of secrecy, she lent her a copy of St. John's Gospel; and in this the young enthusiastic girl at once recognised the deeper and more spiritual teachings for which her soul had yearned. And so it came that the daughter of a wealthy house in Ephesus sat at the feet of the apostle, in the despised assembly of the Christians.

The other person who seemed most remarkably moved by the inspired eloquence of John, was a young Greek of superb beauty. His form was vigorous and finely proportioned. The carriage of his head was free and proud, and there was intense light in his large dark eyes, indicating a soul of fire. Indeed his whole countenance was remarkable for transparency and mobility of expression. When indignant at tyranny or insult, he looked like a young war-horse rushing to battle; but at the voice of tenderness, the dilated nostril subsided, and the flashing eye was dimmed with tears.

This constant revelation of soul particularly attracted the attention of the venerable apostle; for he saw in it a nature liable to the greatest dangers, and capable of the highest good. After he had dismissed the assembly, with his usual paternal benediction, "Little children, love one another," he stepped forward, and laying his hand affectionately on the head of the young Greek, said, "And thou, my son, art thou too a Christian?" With emphasis full of feeling, the

young man replied, "I would I *were* a Christian." Pleased with the earnest humility of this answer, the apostle drew his arm within his own, and they retired to an inner apartment to converse together. During this confidential conversation, the young man made a full and free revelation of his soul, in all its strength and weakness. At times, his daring and fiery words startled the more subdued nature of the meek disciple; but at the same moment, the crystalline frankness of his heart excited the warmest and most confiding affection. From that time, it was observable that the apostle treated him with more marked tenderness than he evinced toward any other of his converts. A few months after, feeling that duty required him to take a long journey to comfort and strengthen the surrounding churches of Asia, he called his flock together, and bade them an affectionate farewell. At parting, he placed the hand of the young Greek within the hand of the presiding elder, and said solemnly, "To thy care I consign my precious, my beloved son, Antiorus. In the Epicurean gardens he has learned that pleasure is the only good; from Christians let him learn that good is the only pleasure. Be to him a father; for at my return I shall require his soul at thy hands." The bishop promised, and the young man wept as he kissed his venerable friend.

The apostle was gathering his robe about him, and fastening his girdle, preparing to walk forth, when Miriam glided timidly before him, saying in a tremulous tone, "My father, bless me before you go." She removed her veil, and stooped to kiss his hand. The veil dropped again instantly, but the sudden action

had revealed to Antiorus a countenance of surpassing beauty. He had no time to analyze the features; but he saw that her contour was noble, and that her large almond-shaped eyes, of the darkest brown, were singularly brilliant, yet deep and serene in their expression. The tones of her voice, too, thrilled through his soul; for they were like a silver bell, softening language into music. For an instant, she caught the beaming glance of his eye, and an electric spark fell from it into her heart. Henceforth, each observed the other's motions, and each was indistinctly conscious of pervading the other's being. The customs of the times, combined with her maidenly reserve, rendered it difficult to form a personal acquaintance. But Antiorus had a Greek friend, whose dwelling adjoined the gardens of Miriam's father; and the house of this friend became singularly attractive to him. Here he could sometimes catch the sound of her voice, accompanied by her harp, as she sang to her father the psalms of David. At last, he ventured to speak to her, as they left the assembly of the Christians. He timidly asked her if she would play, on the next Sabbath evening, the same psalm he had heard on the preceding Sabbath. She started, and made no answer. The crimson suffusion of her face he could not see. But when the Sabbath came, softly on the evening air arose his favourite psalm, with a deeper expression, a more sweet solemnity than ever. While the strings yet vibrated, his Phrygian flute gently answered, in a simple Grecian air, the utterance of a soul tender and sad. Tear-drops fell slowly on the strings of Miriam's harp; but she alone knew that

the spirit of the beautiful Greek had thus entered invisibly into the sanctuary of the Jewish maiden. How dear was now her harp, since his soul had kissed the winged messengers it sent from hers! Again and again, harp and flute responded to each other. Their young hearts were overflowing with new and heavenly emotions, which music alone could utter. For music is among the arts what love is among the passions; a divine mediator between spirit and matter; a flowery spiral, descending from the highest sanctuary of the soul into the outer court of the senses, returning again from the senses to the soul, twining them together in perpetual bloom and fragrance.

But music has the vagueness of all things infinite; and they who talked together in tones, earnestly desired to speak in words. At the Christian assemblies too strict decorum was observed, to admit of conversation between them. Into her father's house he could not gain entrance; or if he did, she would be carefully secluded from the gaze of a Gentile. And so at last, by help of the over-indulgent nurse, there came meetings in the garden, while all the household slept. Under the dim light of the stars, they talked of the new faith, which had brought them together. He loved to disclose to her mind the moonlight glory of Plato, showing a world of marvelous beautv in shadowy outline, but fully revealing nothing. While she, in soft serious tones, spoke of the Hebrew prophets, complaining that they seemed like an infinite glow, forever expressing a want they never satisfied. Beautiful and majestic was their utterance, but it was not high and deep enough to

satisfy the aspirations of her soul; therefore she clung to the sublime all-embracing doctrines of Christ. From these high themes, they came gradually to speak of their affection for each other. There was no desecration in this mingling of emotions; for genuine love is as holy as religion; and all round the circling horizon of our mysterious being, heaven and earth do kiss each other.

One night, their stolen interview in the garden was interrupted by a noise on the house-top; and fearing they were suspected or observed, they resolved to be more prudent. Weeks passed, therefore, and they saw each other only at the meetings of the Christians, rendered doubly precious by the obstacles which elsewhere separated them. There was another reason why they thought more of each other's presence, than they would have done had the good apostle John been with them. As a deep rich musical voice will sometimes join itself to a company of timid and wavering singers, and gradually raise the whole chorus to its own power and clearness, so the influence of his holy and living soul elevated the character of every assembly he joined. With him, something of unction and fervour had departed from the Christian meetings, and still more of calm assured faith. More fear of the world was visible, more anxiety to build up a respectable name. The lovers felt this, though they had not distinctly defined it; and being less elevated by the religious services, their thoughts were more consciously occupied with each other. But their mutual absorption passed unobserved; for Miriam was always closely veiled, and if she dropped a rose, or Antiorus

a sprig of myrtle, it seemed mere accident to all but the watchful and sympathizing nurse. These silent manifestations of course made the concealed flame burn all the more fervently. Perpetual separation was so wearisome, that at last Miriam, in the plenitude of her love and confidence, granted his urgent entreaty to walk with him once, only once, in disguise, when all were sleeping. He had a proposition to make, he said, and he *must* have an opportunity to talk freely with her. In the garb of Greek peasants they joined each other, and passing through the least frequented streets, sought the mountains by a solitary path. In a concealed nook of rock, under the shadow of broad-leaved trees, they spoke together in agitation and tears. Love is ever a troubled joy; a semi-tone changes its brightest strains into plaintive modulations. Miriam wept, as she told her beloved that they must part forever. She had come only to tell him so, and bid him farewell. As yet she had not courage to confess that she was promised to a wealthy kinsman, a stern old Pharisee; but her father had told her, that day, that immediate preparations must be made for the wedding. The enamoured Greek spoke with fiery indignation, that her father should dare thus to seal up the treasures of her large warm gushing heart, for the sake of preserving wealth in the family. To her timid suggestion that obedience was due to parents, he insisted upon a higher obedience to the divine law in the soul. In such a union as she spoke of, he said there was positive pollution, which no law or custom could cleanse; for the heart alone could sanctify the senses. The maiden bent her head, and felt

her cheeks burning; for she was conscious of a painful sense of degradation whenever the odious marriage was forced upon her thoughts. He took her hand, and it trembled within his, while he spoke to her of flight, of secret marriage, and a hidden home of love in some far-off Grecian isle. He drew her gently toward him, and for the first time her lovely head rested on his bosom. As she looked up fondly and tearfully in his face, he stooped to kiss her beautiful lips, which trembling gave an almost imperceptible pressure in return. Faint and timid as was this first maiden kiss, it rushed through his system like a stream of fire. The earthly portion of love proclaimed ascendency over the soul, and tried him with a fierce temptation. She loved him, and they were alone in the midnight. Should he ever be able to marry her? Might not this stolen and troubled interview be, as she said, the last? He breathed with difficulty, his whole frame shook like a tree in the storm; but she lay on his bosom, as ignorant of the struggle, as if she had been a sleeping babe. Rebuked by her unconscious innocence, he said inwardly to the tempting spirit, "Get thee behind me! Why strivest thou to lead me into evil?" But the spirit answered, "The sin is wholly of man's making. These Christians are too ascetic. The Epicurean philosophy better agrees with nature."

The scene seemed to have entered into a league with the tempting spirit. Nothing interrupted the drowsy moon-stillness, save the pattering of a little rill that trickled from the rocks, the amorous cooing of two ring-doves awake in their nests among the

shrubbery above, and the flute of some distant lover conversing passionately with the moon. The maiden herself, saddened by a presentiment, that this bliss was too perfect to last, and melted into unusual tenderness by the silent beauty of the night, and the presence of the beloved one, folded her arm more caressingly about his waist, till he felt the beating of her heart. With frantic energy, he pressed his hand against his throbbing brow, and gazed earnestly into the clear arch of heaven, as if imploring strength to aid his higher nature. Again the tempter said, "Thy Epicurean philosophy was more in harmony with nature. Pleasure is the only good." Then he remembered the parting words of St. John, "Good is the only pleasure." A better influence glided into his soul, and a still small voice within him whispered, "Thou hast no need to compare philosophies and creeds, to know whether it be good to dishonour her who trusts thee, or by thy selfishness to bring a stain on the pure and persecuted faith of the Christians. Restore the maiden to her home." The tempter veiled his face and turned away, for he felt that the young man was listening to an angel.

With a calm sad voice, spoke the tempted one, as he gently and reverently removed the beloved head from his breast. Taking Miriam by the hand, he led her out from the deep shadow of the trees, to the little rill that gurgled near by, and gathering water in his hands, he offered her to drink. As she stood there in the moonlight, drinking from his hand, the shadow of the vines danced across her face, and fluttered gracefully over the folds of her white dress. At that moment,

when the thought of danger was far from them both, an arrow whizzed throgh the air, and with a groan the maiden fell backward on the arm that was hastily extended to save her from falling.

They were standing near a portion of Mt. Prion, whence marble had been dug for the numerous edifices of the city. It was full of grottoes, with winding mazes blocked up with fragments of stone. The first thought of Antiorus was to retreat hastily from the moonlight that had made them visible, and the next was to conceal his senseless burden within the recesses of the grotto, here and there made luminous by fissures in the rocks. Carefully he drew the arrow from the wound, and bound it tightly with his mantle. He gathered water from the dripping cavern, and dashed it in her face. But his efforts to restore life were unavailing. Regardless of his own safety, he would have rushed back to the city and roused his friends, but he dared not thus compromise the fair fame of her who had loved him so purely, though so tenderly. Perhaps the person who aimed the arrow might have mistaken them for others; at all events, they could not have been positively known. In a state of agonized indecision, he stepped to the entrance of the grotto, and looked and listened. All was still, save the pattering of water-drops. Presently he heard a sound, as of feet descending the path from the mountains. With long strides, he bounded up to meet the advancing stranger, and with energetic brevity begged for assistance to convey a wounded maiden to some place of safety, away from the city. The stranger said he had companions, who would bring a litter from

the mountains, and he turned back to summon them. The minutes seemed hours to Antiorus, till his return; for though all hope of restoring the precious life was well nigh extinct, he felt continual dread of being discovered by the unseen foe, who had aimed the fatal arrow. At last, the promised assistance came, and they slowly ascended the mountain with their mournful burden. After pursuing a winding rugged path for some distance, they entered a spacious cavern. A lamp was burning on a table of rock, and several men were stretched on the ground sleeping. The litter was gently lowered, and Antiorus bent in agony over the senseless form so lately full of life and love. Not until every means had been tried that ingenuity could devise, would he believe that her pure and gentle spirit had passed from its beautiful earthly frame forever. But when the last ray of hope departed, he gave himself up to grief so frightfully stormy, that the rude dwellers in the cave covered their eyes, that they might not witness the terrible anguish of his sensitive and powerful soul. In his desperate grief, he heaped upon himself all manner of reproaches. Why had he sought her love, when it was almost sure to end unhappily? Why had he so selfishly availed himself of her tenderness, when the world would judge so harshly of the concessions she had made to love? Then, in the bitterness of his heart, he cursed the world for its false relations, its barriers built on selfishness and pride. But soon, in the prostration of deep humility, he forgave all men, and blamed only his own over-leaping nature. Through all his changes of mood, ran the intensely mournful

strain, "Oh, my beloved, would to God I had died for thee!"

But it is kindly ordered that human nature cannot long remain under the influence of extreme anguish; its very intensity stupifies the soul. When Antiorus became calm from exhaustion, the man who had guided him to the mountain spoke in low tones of the necessity of burial. The mourner listened with a visible shudder. While he could gaze on her beautiful face, so placid in the sleep of death, it seemed as if something remained to him; but when that should be covered from his gaze forever, oh how fearfully lonely the earth would seem! By degrees, however, he was brought to admit the necessity of separation. He himself gathered green branches for the litter, and covered it with the fairest flowers. He cut a braid of her glossy hair, and his tears fell on it like the spring rain. In a green level space among the trees, they dug a deep grave, and reverently laid her within it, in her peasant robes. The doves cooed in the branches, and a pleasant sound of murmuring waters came up from the dell below. The mourner fashioned a large cross, and planted it strongly at the head of the grave. He sought for the most beautiful vines, and removing them in large sods, twined them about the cross. He sobbed himself to sleep on the mound, and when his companions brought him food, he ate as though he tasted it not.

The strong ardent nature of the young Greek, his noble beauty and majestic figure, commanded their involuntary respect, while the intensity of his sorrow moved even their slow sympathies. But when seve-

ral days had elapsed, their leader began to question him concerning his future prospects and intentions. The subject thus forced upon his reluctant thoughts was a painful one. He dared not return openly to Ephesus; for whether his secret interviews with Miriam had been suspected by her family, or not, her sudden disappearance, connected with his own, must of course have given rise to the most unfavourable rumours. Of the effect on the little community of Christians, already so unpopular, he thought with exceeding pain. And these dark suspicious-looking men, that dwelt in caverns, who were they?

They soon resolved his doubts on this subject; for their leader said boldly, "We are robbers. You are in some way implicated in the death of this young woman, and you dare not return to Ephesus. Remain with us. We have seen your strength, and we like your temper. Stay with us, and you shall be our leader."

The proposition startled him with its strangeness, and filled his soul with loathing. He, on whose fair integrity no stain had ever rested, *he* become a robber! He, who had so lately sat at the feet of the holy apostle, and felt in his inmost heart the blessed influence of the words, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you"—was it proposed to *him* to arm himself against unoffending brethren? Concealing his abhorrence, by a strong effort, he thanked the robber for the kindness he had shown him in his great distress, and promised to repay him for it; but he told him mildly that his habits and his feelings alike unfitted him for a life like theirs. He would return to

Ephesus, and consult with friends concerning his future plans. The men seemed dissatisfied with their leader's courtesy to the stranger, and grumbled something about his going to guide the magistrates to their cavern in the mountains. Antiorus turned proudly toward them, and with strong convincing earnestness replied, "You cannot deem me base enough thus to recompense your kindness." His voice became lower and deeper with emotion, as he added, "Reverently and tenderly you have treated her who sleeps; and the secret that thus came to my knowledge shall never be revealed. I would die rather than divulge it." The men stood silent, awed by the dignity of his bearing and the clear truthfulness of his words. After a slight pause, their leader said, "We believe you; but there are doubtless those in Ephesus who would pay a handsome sum to gain tidings from you. You may keep your secret, if you like; but it cannot be concealed that you and the beautiful maiden were no peasants. What if we put the magistrates on *your* track?"

Looking him openly and fearlessly in the eye, Antiorus replied, "Because you have not so lost your manly nature. A voice within you would forbid you to persecute one already so crushed and heart-broken. You will not do it, because I am in your power, and because I trust you." This appeal to the manliness that remained within them, controlled their rough natures, and the bold frankness of his eyes kindled their admiration. Clasping his hand with rough cordiality, the leader said, "We will not inform against you, and we will trust you to go to Ephesus." "Let him seal

his promise by an oath to Hecate and the Furies," murmured several voices. The leader folded his arms across his breast, and answered slowly and proudly, "The simple word of such a man is more sacred to him than the most terrible oaths." The countenance of the impetuous young Greek became at once illuminated. Seizing the hand of the robber-captain, he said, "My friend, you are worthy of a better occupation." "Perhaps so," replied the other, with a deep sigh; "at least, I thought so once."

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Under the shadow of evening, and disguised in dress, Antiorus ventured to return to Ephesus. The first house he entered was the one adjoining the gardens, where he had so often listened to Miriam's harp. The moment he was recognised, all eyes looked coldly on him. "Why hast thou come hither?" said his once friendly host. "Already my house has been searched for thee, and I am suspected of aiding thy designs by bringing thee within hearing of the gardens. Curse on thy imprudence! Were there not women enough in the streets of Ephesus, that thou must needs dishonour one of its wealthiest families?"

In former times, the sensitive young man would have flashed fire at these insulting words; but now he meekly replied, "You judge me wrongfully. I loved her purely and reverently." His friend answered sarcastically, "Perhaps you learned this smooth hypocrisy at the meetings of the Christians; for there, I understand, to my great surprise, it has been your habit to attend. What name *they* give to such transactions I do not care to know. It is enough to say

that you are no longer a welcome guest in my house." For a moment a deep flush went over the young man's expressive countenance, and his eye kindled; but he turned away, and silently departed; lingering for a moment with fond reluctance, on the steps of the terrace he had so often mounted rapidly, buoyant with love and hope.

With a sorrowful heart, he sought the dwelling of the Christian elder, to whom St. John had so affectionately confided him, at parting. As soon as he made himself known, a severe frown clouded the face of the bishop. "What impudence has brought thee hither?" he exclaimed. "Hast thou not sufficiently disgraced the Church by thy wickedness, without presuming to disgrace it further by thy presence?" "You judge me too harshly," replied the young man, meekly. "Imprudent I have been, but not wicked." "Where hast thou hidden thy paramour?" said the bishop impatiently. The eyes of the young Greek glowed like coals of fire, his nostrils expanded, his lips quivered, his breast heaved, and his hand strongly clenched the staff on which he leaned. But he constrained himself, and answered with mournful calmness, "I have no paramour. She on whose innocent name you have breathed an epithet so undeserved, has passed from earth to heaven, pure as the angels who received her."

In answer to further inquiries, he frankly repeated the whole story, not concealing the temptation, which had so nearly conquered him. In reply, the bishop informed him that suspicion had been awakened previous to their imprudent midnight ramble. The at-

tendance of Miriam and her nurse at the Christian meetings had been discovered; her absence on that fatal night had been detected; the nurse fled in terror; the betrothed husband of Miriam went forth madly into the streets, vowing revenge; her father believed he had traced the fugitives on board a ship bound to Athens, whither he had sent spies to discover them. Whether the Jewish lover had fired the arrow or not, it was impossible to tell; but should it be known that Miriam was dead, her death would unquestionably be charged on Antiorus, and the effect would be to renew the popular hatred against the Christians, with redoubled vigour. At present, believing her to be in Athens, it was the policy of her family to keep the affair from the public, as much as possible.

Antiorus expressed the utmost contrition for his imprudence, but averred most solemnly that he had in no way violated his conscience, or his Christian obligations. He begged the bishop for credentials to some distant Christian Church, where by a life of humility and prayer, he might make himself ready to rejoin his beloved Miriam.

The bishop, vexed at an affair so likely to bring discredit on his own watchfulness, listened coldly, and replied, "For the prosperity of the Church, it is very necessary to obtain and preserve a good name. We must avoid the appearance of evil. Appearances are very much against you. You are young and of fiery blood. You have been an Epicurean, whose doctrines favour unbridled pleasure. You *say* that your love for this maiden was pure; but what proof have we, save your own word?" Antiorus raised his head

proudly, and with a clear bold glance replied, "What more is needed? Have I ever spoken falsely to friend or foe?" "I know not," answered the bishop. "Young men do not usually decoy maidens into hidden grottoes, at midnight, for purposes as pure as the angels."

Alas, for his less noble nature! He knew not the value of the warm heart he was thus turning to gall. The young man bent upon him a most intense and searching gaze. He thought of that fearfully strong temptation in the lonely midnight hour; of his extreme reluctance to bring suspicion on the character of the Christian Church; of his conquest over himself; of his reverential love for the pure maiden; of his virtuous resolutions, and his holy aspirations. He had opened his whole heart to this father of the Church, and *thus* it had been received! Would Christ have thus weighed the respectability of the Church against the salvation of a human soul? Were these beautiful doctrines of love and forgiveness mere idle theories? Mere texts for fine speeches and eloquent epistles? A disbelief in all principles, a distrust of all men, took possession of him. With a deep sigh, he gathered his robe about him and departed. He walked hastily, as if to run away from his own mad thoughts. Ascending an eminence, he paused and looked back on the city, its white columns dimly visible in the starlight. "There is no one there to love me," said he. "I am an orphan; no mother or sister to comfort my aching heart. I have had great projects, great hopes, sublime aspirations; but that is all over now. No matter what becomes of me. I

will go to the robbers. I have no other friends; and they at least believed me."

He was received in the mountain cavern with an uproarious burst of joy. They drank wine and caroused, and with loud acclamations proclaimed him king of their band. His heart was sick within him, but with wild desperation, he drank to their pledge. That night, when all the riotous crew were sleeping, he stole forth into the midnight, and stood alone on the mountain side, gazing mournfully upon the stars, that looked down upon him with solemn love. Then tossing his arms wildly above his head, he threw himself on the ground with a mighty sob, exclaiming, "Oh, if *she* had but lived, her pure and gentle spirit would have saved me!"

Hark! Is that a faint whispering of music in the air? Or is it memory's echo of Miriam's psalm? Now it dies away in so sad a cadence—and now it rises, full of victory. It has passed into his heart; and spite of recklessness and sin, it will keep there a nestling-place for holiness and love.

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When the apostle John returned to Ephesus, his first inquiry of the bishop was, "Where is the beloved son I committed to thy charge?" The elder, looking down, replied, with some embarrassment, "He is dead!" "Dead!" exclaimed the apostle, "How did he die?" The elder answered with a sigh, "He is dead in trespasses and sins. He became dissolute, was led away by evil companions, and it is said he is now captain of a band of robbers in yonder mountains." With a voice full of sorrowful reproach, the

apostle said, "And is it thus, my brother, thou hast cared for the precious soul that Christ and I committed to thy charge? Bring me a horse and a guide to the mountains. I will go to my erring son." "I pray you do not attempt it," exclaimed the elder. "You will be seized by the robbers and perhaps murdered." "Hinder me not," replied the venerable man. "If need be, I will gladly die to save his soul, even as Christ died for us. I will go to my son; perchance he will listen to me."

They brought him a horse, and he rode to the mountains. While searching for the cavern, one of the robbers came up and seized him rudely, exclaiming, "Who art thou, old man? Come before our captain, and declare thy business."

"For that purpose I came hither," replied the apostle. "Bring me to your captain."

Antiorus, hearing the sound of voices, stepped forth from the mouth of the cavern; but when he saw John, he covered his face and turned quickly away. The apostle ran toward him with outstretched arms, exclaiming, "Why dost thou fly from me, my son? From me, an old unarmed man? Thou art dear to me, my son. I will pray for thee. If need be, I will die for thee. Oh, trust to me; for Christ has sent me to thee, to speak of hope, forgiveness, and salvation."

Antiorus stood with his face covered, and his strong frame shook in his armour. But when he heard the words forgiveness and hope, he fell on the ground, embraced the old man's knees, and wept like a child. The apostle laid his hand affectionately on that noble

head, and said, with a heavenly smile, "Ah, now thou art baptized again, my dear son—baptized in thy tears. The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

After speaking together for a few moments, they retired to Miriam's grave, and there the young man laid open all his sinning and suffering heart. In conclusion, he said, "There seems ever to be within me two natures; one for good, and one for evil." "It is even thus with us all," replied the apostle. "But thou, my father," rejoined Antiorus, "thou canst not imagine how I have sinned, or what I have resisted. Thy blood flows so calmly. Thou art too pure and holy to be tempted as I have been."

"Hush, hush, I pray thee, my son," replied the apostle. "How I have struggled is known only to *Him* who seeth all the secrets of the heart. Because my blood has *not* always flowed so calmly, therefore, my son, have I been peculiarly drawn toward thee in the bonds of pity and of sympathy. Thy wild ambition, thy impetuous anger, are no strangers in my own experience; and that midnight temptation so brought back a scene of my youth, that it seemed almost like a page of my own history." "Of *thine!*" exclaimed the young man, with an accent of strong surprise. In a voice low and tender, he added, "Then thou hast loved?" The white-haired man bowed his head upon his hands, and with strong emotion answered, "Oh, how deeply, how tenderly."

There was silence for some moments, interrupted only by the quiet lullaby of the waters, rippling in the

dell below. Pressing the apostle's hand, Antiorus said, in a low reverential tone, "Does love end here, my father? Shall we know our loved ones among the angels of heaven? Do they witness our conflicts? Do they rejoice over our victories?"

Hark! Is that music in the air? Or is it a memory of the psalm? How distinctly it swells forth in joy, how sweetly it breathes of love and peace! The listener smiles; for he seems to hear a harp in the heavens.

The two beautiful ones, the young and the old, stand with clasped hands, looking upward into the sky. The countenance of the apostle was radiant with spiritual light, as he said, "Let us believe and hope." They knelt down, embracing each other, and offered a silent prayer, in the name of him who had brought immortality to light.

Antiorus bade his wild comrades farewell, with exhortations, to which the apostle added words that were blessed in their gentleness; for the former leader of the band turned from the evil of his ways, and became a zealous Christian. The young Greek went to the church in Corinth, bearing affectionate credentials from the beloved apostle. Many years after, hearing that the family of Miriam had gone to a Syrian city, he returned to Ephesus. The cross had been removed from the mountain, but he planted another on the well-remembered spot. Near by, he built a little cabin of boughs, where an opening in the thick groves gave glimpses of the marble columns of Ephesus, and the harbour of Panormous sparkling in the sun. Many came to talk with him concerning the doctrines of Plato, and the new truths taught by Jesus. He received

them all with humility and love; but otherwise he mixed not with the world, except to visit the sick and suffering, or to meet with the increasing band of Christians in the plain below. He was an old man when he died. The name of Miriam had not passed his lips for many years; but when they buried him beside the mountain cross, they found a ringlet of black hair in a little ivory casement next his heart.

THE BELOVED TUNE.

Fragments of a Life, in Small Pictures

A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.—LEIGH HUNT.

IN a pleasant English garden, on a rustic chair of intertwisted boughs, are seated two happy human beings. Beds of violets perfume the air, and the verdant hedge-rows stand sleepily in the moonlight. A guitar lies on the greensward, but it is silent now, for all is hushed in the deep stillness of the heart. That youthful pair are whispering their first acknowledgment of mutual love. With them is now unfolding life's best and brightest blossom, so beautiful and so transient, but leaving, as it passes into fruit, a fragrance through all the paths of memory.

And now the garden is alone in the moonlight. The rustic bench, and the whispering foliage of the tree, tell each other no tales of those still kisses, those gentle claspings, and all the fervent language of the heart. But the young man has carried them away in his soul; and as he sits alone at his chamber window, gazing in the mild face of the moon, he feels, as all do who love and are beloved, that he is a better man, and will henceforth be a wiser and a purer one. The worlds within and without are veiled in transfigured glory, and breathe together in perfect harmony.

For all these high aspirations, this deep tide of tenderness, this fulness of beauty, there is but one utterance; the yearning heart must overflow in music. Faint and uncertain come the first tones of the guitar, breathing as softly as if they responded to the mere touch of the moonbeams. But now the rich manly voice has united with them, and a clear spiritual melody flows forth, plaintive and impassioned, the modulated breath of indwelling life and love. All the secrets of the garden, secrets that painting and poetry had no power to reveal, have passed into the song.

At first, the young musician scarcely noticed the exceeding beauty of the air he was composing. But a passage that came from the deepest of the heart, returned to the heart again, and filled it with its own sweet echoes. He lighted a lamp, and rapidly transferred the sounds to paper. Thus has he embodied the floating essence of his soul, and life's brightest inspiration cannot pass away with the moonlight and the violet-fragrance that veiled its birth.

But obstacles arise in the path of love. Dora's father has an aversion to foreigners, and Alessandro is of mingled Italian and German parentage. He thinks of worldly substance, as fathers are wont to do; and Alessandro is simply leader of an orchestra, and a popular composer of guitar music. There is a richer lover in question, and the poor musician is sad with hope deferred, though he leans ever trustfully on Dora's true heart. He labours diligently in his vocation, gives lessons day by day, and listens with all patience to the learner's trip-hammer measurement of

time, while the soul within him yearns to pour itself forth in floods of improvised melody. He composes music industriously, too; but it is for the market, and slowly and reluctantly the offended tones take their places per order. Not thus came they in that inspired song, where love first breathed its bright but timid joy over vanished doubts and fears. The manuscript of that melody is laid away, and seldom can the anxious lover bear its voice.

But two years of patient effort secures his prize. The loved one has come to his humble home, with her bridal wreath of jessamine and orange-buds. He sits at the same window, and the same moon shines on him; but he is no longer alone. A beautiful head leans on his breast, and a loving voice says, "Dearest Alessandro, sing me a song of thine own composing." He was at that moment thinking of the rustic seat in her father's garden, of violets breathing to the moonlight, of Dora's first bashful confession of love; and smiling with a happy consciousness, he sought for the written voice of that blissful hour. But he will not tell her when it was composed, lest it should not say so much to her heart, as it does to his. He begins by singing other songs, which drawing-room misses love for their tinkling sweetness. Dora listens well pleased, and sometimes says, "That is pretty, Alessandro; play it again." But now comes the voice of melting, mingling souls. That melody, so like sunshine, and rainbows, and bird-warbling, after a summer shower, with rain drops from the guitar at intervals, and all subsiding into blissful, dreamy moonlight. Dora leans forward, gazing earnestly in his

face, and with beaming tearful eyes, exclaims, "Oh, that is very beautiful! That is *my* tune." "Yes, it is indeed thy tune," replied the happy husband; and when she had heard its history, she knew why it had seemed so like echoes of her own deepest heart.

Time has passed, and Alessandro sits by Dora's bed-side, their eyes looking into each other through happy tears. Their love is crowned with life's deepest, purest joy, its most heavenly emotion. Their united lives have re-appeared in a new existence; and they feel that without this rich experience the human heart can never know one half its wealth of love. Long sat the father in that happy stillness, and wist not that angels near by smiled when he touched the soft down of the infant's arm, or twined its little finger over his, and looked his joyful tenderness into the mother's eyes. The tear-dew glistened on those long dark fringes, when he took up his guitar and played the beloved tune. He had spoken no word to his child. These tones were the first sounds with which he welcomed her into the world.

A few months glide away, and the little Fioretta knows the tune for herself. She claps her hands and crows at sight of the guitar, and all changing emotions show themselves in her dark melancholy eyes, and on her little tremulous lips. Play not too sadly, thou fond musician; for this little soul is a portion of thine own sensitive being, more delicately tuned. Ah, see now the grieved lip, and the eyes swimming in tears! Change, change to a gayer measure! for the little heart is swelling too big for its bosom. There, now she laughs and crows again! Yet plaintive mu-

sic is her choice, and especially the beloved tune. As soon as she can toddle across the room, she welcomes papa with a shout, and runs to bring the guitar, which mother must help her carry, lest she break it in her zeal. If father mischievously tries other tunes than her favourites, she shakes her little curly head, and trots her feet impatiently. But when he touches the first notes he ever played to her, she smiles and listens seriously, as if she heard her own being prophesied in music. As she grows older, the little lady evinces a taste right royal; for she must needs eat her supper to the accompaniment of sweet sounds. It is beautiful to see her in her night-gown, seated demurely in her small arm-chair, one little naked foot unconsciously beating time to the tune. But if the music speaks too plaintively, the big tears roll silently down, and the porringer of milk, all unheeded, pours its treasures on the floor. Then come smothering kisses from the happy father and mother, and love-claspings with her little soft arms. As the three sit thus intertwined, the musician says playfully, "Ah, this is the perfect chord!"

Three years pass away, and the scene is changed. There is discord now where such sweet harmony prevailed. The light of Dora's eyes is dim with weeping, and Fioretta "has caught the trick of grief, and sighs amid her playthings." Once, when she had waited long for the beloved father, she ran to him with the guitar, and he pushed her away, saying angrily, "Go to bed; why did your mother keep you up so long?" The sensitive little being, so easily repulsed, went to her pillow in tears; and after that,

she no more ran to him with music in her hand, in her eye, and in her voice. Hushed now is the beloved tune. To the unhappy wife it seems a mockery to ask for it; and Alessandro seldom touches his guitar; he says he is obliged to play enough for his bread, without playing for his family at home. At the glee-club the bright wine has tempted him, and he is slowly burying heart and soul in the sepulchre of the body. Is there no way to save this beautiful son of genius and feeling? Dora at first pleads with him tenderly; but made nervous with anxiety and sorrow, she at last speaks words that would have seemed impossible to her when she was so happy, seated on the rustic chair, in the moonlighted garden; and then comes the sharp sorrow, which a generous heart always feels when it *has* so spoken to a cherished friend. In such moments of contrition, memory turns with fond sadness to the beloved tune. Fioretta, whose little fingers must stretch wide to reach an octave, is taught to play it on the piano, while mother sings to her accompaniment, in their lonely hours. After such seasons, a tenderer reception always greets the wayward husband; but his eyes, dulled by dissipation, no longer perceive the delicate shadings of love in those home pictures, once so dear to him. The child is afraid of her father, and this vexes him; so a strangeness has grown up between the two playmates, and casts a shadow over all their attempts at joy. One day Alessandro came home as twilight was passing into evening. Fioretta had eaten her supper, and sat on her mother's lap, chatting merrily; but the little clear voice hushed, as soon as father's step was heard ap-

proaching. He entered with flushed cheek and unsteady motions, and threw himself full length on the sofa, grumbling that it was devilish dismal there. Dora answered hastily, "When a man has made his home dismal, if he don't like it, he had better stay where he finds more pleasure." The next moment she would have given worlds if she had not spoken such words. Her impulse was to go and fall on his neck, and ask forgiveness; but he kicked over Fioretta's little chair with such violence, that the kindly impulse turned back, and hid itself in her widowed heart. There sat they silently in the twilight, and Dora's tears fell on the little head that rested on her bosom. I know not what spirit guided the child; perhaps in her busy little heart she remembered how her favourite sounds used to heighten all love, and cheer all sorrow: perhaps angels came and took her by the hand. But so it was, she slipped down from mother's lap, and scrambling up on the music-stool, began to play the tune which had been taught her in private hours, and which the father had not heard for many months. Wonderfully the little creature touched the keys with her tiny fingers, and ever and anon her weak but flexible voice chimed in with a pleasant harmony. Alessandro raised his head, and looked and listened. "God bless her dear little soul!" he exclaimed; "can *she* play it? God bless her! God bless her!" He clasped the darling to his breast, and kissed her again and again. Then seeing the little overturned chair, once so sacred to his heart, he caught it up, kissed it vehemently, and burst into a flood of tears. Dora threw her arms round him, and

said softly, "Dear Alessandro, forgive me that I spoke so unkindly." He pressed her hand, and answered in a stifled voice, "Forgive *me*, Dora. God bless the little angel! Never again will father push away her little chair." As they stand weeping on each other's necks, two little soft arms encircle their knees, and a small voice says, "Kiss Fietta." They raise her up, and fold her in long embraces. Alessandro carries her to her bed, as in times of old, and says cheerfully, "No more wine, dear Dora; no more wine. Our child has saved me."

But when discord once enters a domestic paradise, it is not easily dispelled. Alessandro occasionally feels the want of the stimulus to which he has become accustomed, and the corroding appetite sometimes makes him gloomy and petulant. Dora does not make sufficient allowance for this, and her own nature being quick and sensitive, she sometimes gives abrupt answers, or betrays impatience by hasty motions. Meanwhile Alessandro is busy, with some secret work. The door of his room is often locked, and Dora is half displeased that he will not tell her why; but all her questions he answers only with a kiss and a smile. And now the Christmas morning comes, and Fioretta rises bright and early to see what Santa Claus has put in her stocking. She comes running with her apron full, and gives mother a package, on which is written, "A merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to my beloved wife." She opens it, and reads "Dearest Dora, I have made thee a music-box. When I speak hastily to my loved ones, I pray thee wind it up; and when I see the spark kindling in thy

eyes, I will do the same. Thus, dearest, let memory teach patience unto love." Dora winds up the music-box, and lo, a spirit sits within, playing the beloved tune! She puts her hand within her husband's, and they look at each other with affectionate humility. But neither of them speak the resolution they form, while the voice of their early love falls on their ears, like the sounds of a fairy guitar.

Memory, thus aided, does teach patience unto love. No slackened string now sends discord through the domestic tune. Fioretta is passing into maidenhood, beautiful as an opening flower. She practises on the guitar, while the dear good father sits with his arm across her chair, singing from a manuscript tune of her own composing. In his eyes, this first effort of her genius cannot seem otherwise than beautiful. Ever and anon certain notes occur, and they look at each other and smile, and Dora smiles also. "Fioretta could not help bringing in *that* theme," she says, "for it was sung to her in her cradle." The father replies, "But the variations are extremely pretty and tasteful;" and a flush of delight goes over the expressive face of his child. The setting sun glances across the guitar, and just touches a rose in the maiden's bosom. The happy mother watches the dear group earnestly, and sketches rapidly on the paper before her. And now she, too, works privately in her own room, and has a secret to keep. On Fioretta's fifteenth birth-day, she sends by her hands, a covered present to the father. He opens it and finds a lovely picture of himself and daughter, the rose and the guitar. The sunlight glances across them in a bright

shower of fine soft rays, and touches on the manuscript, as with a golden finger, the few beloved notes, which had made them smile. As the father shrined within his divine art the memory of their first hour of mutual love, so the mother has embalmed in *her* beautiful art the first musical echo from the heart of their child.

But now the tune of life passes into a sadder mode. Dora, pale and emaciated, lies propped up with pillows, her hand clasped within Fioretta's, her head resting on her husband's shoulder.

All is still—still. Their souls are kneeling reverently before the Angel of Death. Heavy sunset guns from a neighbouring fort, boom through the air. The vibrations shake the music-box, and it starts up like a spirit, and plays the cherished tune. Dora presses her daughter's hand, and she, with a faint smile, warbles the words they have so often sung. The dying one looks up to Alessandro, with a deep expression of unearthly tenderness. Gazing thus, with one long-drawn sigh, her affectionate soul floats away on the wings of that ethereal song. The memory that taught endurance unto love leaves a luminous expression, a farewell glory, on the lifeless countenance. Attendant angels smile, and their blessing falls on the mourners' hearts, like dew from heaven. Fioretta remains to the widowed one, the graceful blossom of his lonely life, the incarnation of his beloved tune.

ELIZABETH WILSON.

The following story is founded upon facts which occurred during the latter part of the eighteenth century. The leading incidents are still in the memory of many of the inhabitants of Chester county, Pennsylvania.

Elizabeth Wilson was of humble, though respectable parentage. From infancy she was remarked for beauty, and a delicate nervous organization. Her brother William, two years older, was likewise a handsome child, with a more sturdy and vigorous frame. He had a gentle, loving heart, which expended its affections most lavishly on his mother and little sister. In their early years, Lizzy was his constant shadow. If he went to the barn to hunt for eggs, the little one was sure to run prattling along with him, hand in hand. If he pelted walnuts from the tree, she was sure to be there with her little basket, to pick them up. They sat on the same blue bench to eat their bread and milk, and with the first jack-knife he ever owned, the affectionate boy carved on it the letters W. and E. for William and Elizabeth. The sister lavishly returned his love. If a pie was baked for her, she would never break it till Willie came to share; and she would never go to sleep unless her arms were about his neck.

Their mother, a woman of tender heart and yielding temper, took great delight in her handsome chil-

dren. Often, when she went out to gather chips or brush, she stopped to look in upon them, as they sat on the blue bench, feeding each other from their little porringers of bread and milk. The cross-lights from a side-window threw on them a reflection of the lilac bushes, so that they seemed seated in a flowering grove. It was the only picture the poor woman had; but none of the old masters could have equalled its beauty.

The earliest and strongest development of Lizzy's character was love. She was always caressing her kitten, or twining her arms about Willie's neck, or leaning on her mother's lap, begging for a kiss. A dozen times a day she would look earnestly into her mother's eyes, and inquire, most beseechingly, "*Does* you love your little Lizzy?" And if the fond answer did not come as promptly as usual, her beautiful eyes, always plaintive in their expression, would begin to swim with tears. This "strong necessity of loving," which so pervades the nature of woman, the fair child inherited from her gentle mother; and from her, too, inherited a deficiency of firmness, of which such natures have double need. To be every thing, and do every thing, for those she loved, was the paramount law of her existence.

Such a being was of course born for sorrow. Even in infancy, the discerning eye might already see its prophetic shadow resting on her expressive countenance. The first great affliction of her life was the death of her mother, when she was ten years old. Her delicate nerves were shattered by the blow, and were never after fully restored to health. The dead

body of her beloved mother, with large coins on the eye-lids, was so awfully impressed on her imagination, that the image followed her everywhere, even into her dreams. As she slept, tears often dropped from her tremulous eye-lashes, and nightmare visions made her start and scream. There was no gentle voice near to soothe her perturbed spirit; none to throw an angel's shining robe over the hideous spectre, that lay so cold and stiff in the halls of memory. Her father fed and clothed his children, and caused them to be taught to read and write. It did not occur to him that anything more was included in parental duty. Of clothing for the mind, or food for the heart, he knew nothing; for his own had never been clothed and fed. He came home weary from daily toil, ate his supper, dozed in his chair awhile, and then sent the children to bed. A few times, after the death of his wife, he kissed his daughter; but she never ventured to look into *his* eyes, and ask, "*Does* you love your little Lizzy?" Willie was her only consolation; and all he could do was to weep passionately with her, at everything which reminded them of their mother.

Nature, as usual, reflected back the image of the soul that gazed upon her. To Lizzy's excited mind, everything appeared mysterious and awful, and all sounds seemed to wail and sigh. The rustling of the trees in the evening wind went through her, like the voice of a spirit; and when the nights were bright, she would hide her head in her brother's bosom, and whisper, "Willie, dear, I wish the moon would not keep looking at me. She seems to *say* something to me; and it makes me afraid."

All susceptible souls have felt thus; particularly when under the influence of grief.

> "The snow of deepest silence
> O'er everything doth fall,
> So beautiful and quiet,
> And yet so like a pall—
> As if all life were ended,
> And rest were come to all."

Such a state of feeling, long indulged, could not be otherwise than injurious to a bodily frame originally delicate. The sensitive child soon became subject to fits, the severity of which at times threatenced her life. On coming out of these spasms, with piteous tones and bewildered looks, she would ask, "Where is my mother?"

At the end of a year, an important change came over the lonely household. A strong active step-mother was introduced. Her loud voice and energetic tread, so different from her own quiet and timid mother, frightened poor Lizzy. Her heart more than ever turned back upon itself, and listened to the echoes of its own yearnings. Willie, being old enough to work on the farm, was now absent most of the day; and the fair girl, so richly endowed by nature with all deep feelings and beautiful capacities, so lavish of her affections, so accustomed to free outpourings of love, became reserved, and apparently cold and stupid. When the step-mother gave birth to an infant, the fountain of feeling was again unsealed. It was her delight to watch the babe, and minister to its wants. But this development of the affections was likewise destined to be nipped in the bud. The step-mother,

though by no means hard-hearted, was economical and worldly-wise. She deemed it most profitable to employ a healthy, stout niece of her own, somewhat older than Elizabeth, and to have her step-daughter bound out in some family where she could do light labour. It was also determined that William should go to service; and his place of destination was fifty miles from that of his sister.

The news of this arrangement was very bitter to the children. Both answered their father, very meekly, that they were willing to go; but their voices were deep, sad, and almost inaudible. Without saying another word, the boy put on his hat, and the girl her sun-bonnet, and taking each other by the hand, they went forth, and roamed silently to their mother's grave. There they stood for a long time, in silence, and their tears dropped fast on the green sod. At last, Elizabeth sobbed out, "Oh, if dear mother was alive, Willie, we should not have to go away from home." But Willie could only answer by a fresh outburst of grief. A little clump of wild flowers nodded over the edge of the mound. The affectionate boy cut two of them, and said, "Let us keep these, Lizzy, to remember mother by."

The flowers were carefully pressed between the leaves of Lizzy's Testament, and when the sorrowful day of parting came, one was nicely folded in a paper for Willie. "Now, dear sis, give me that nice little curl," said he, putting his finger on a soft, golden-brown ringlet, that nestled close to her ear, and lay caressingly on her downy cheek. She glanced in the fragment of a glass, which served them for a mirror, and

with eyes brimful of tears she answered, "Oh, Willie, I cannot give you *that*. Don't you remember how dear mother used to wet my head all over with cold water, to make my hair curl? She used to laugh when I shook my head, and made the curls go all over my forehead; and she would kiss that little curl in particular. She said it was such a darling little curl." Thus childishly did the innocent ones speak together. The brother twisted the favorite curl round his finger, and kissed it, and a bright tear fell on it, and glittered in the sunshine.

William left home a few days earlier than his sister, and bitterly did the lonely one sob herself to sleep that night. She shuddered in the dark, and when the moon looked in at the window, its glance seemed more mournful than ever. The next morning, she fell from the breakfast table in a fit more severe than usual. But as she soon recovered, and as these spasms now occurred only at distant intervals, her step-mother thought she had better be in readiness to depart at the appointed time.

The wagon was brought to the door, and the father said to her, "Lizzy, put on your bonnet, and bring your bundle. It is time to go." Oh, how the poor child lingered in her little bed-room, where she and Willie slept in their infant days, and where the mother used to hear them say their prayers, and kiss them both, as they lay folded in each other's arms. To the strong step-mother she easily said good bye; but she paused long over the cradle of her baby-brother, and kissed each of his little fingers, and fondly turned a little wave of sunny hair on his pure white forehead.

Her heart swelled, and she had to swallow hard to keep down the sobs; for it was *her* cradle, and she was thinking how her mother used to sing her to sleep. Her father spoke to her in a tone of unusual tenderness, as if he too remembered her infancy, and the gentle one who used to rock her in that cradle. "Come, Lizzy," said he, "it is time to go. You shall come back and see the baby before long." With blinded eyes she stumbled into the wagon, and turned and looked back as long as she could see the old elm-tree by her bed-room window, where all the summers of her young life she had watched the swallows come and go.

It is a dreary fate for a loving and sensitive child to be bound out at service among strangers, even if they are kind-hearted. The good woman of the house received Lizzy in a very friendly manner, and told her to make herself at home. But the word only sent a mournful echo through her heart. For a few days, she went about in a state of abstraction, that seemed like absolute stupidity. Her step-mother had prepared them for this, by telling them there was something strange about Lizzy, and that many people thought her fits affected her mind. Being of coarser and stronger natures, they could none of them imagine that the slow stagnation of the heart might easily dim the light of intellect in a creature so keenly susceptible. But by degrees the duties required of her roused her faculties into greater activity; and when night came, she was fortunately too weary to lie awake and weep. Sometimes she dreamed of Willie, and her dreams of him were always bright and pleasant; but

her mother sometimes fondled her with looks of love, and sometimes came as the pale cold spectre. Thus the months passed slowly away. Her father came to see her at distant intervals, and once in a great while, a letter came from Willie, in a large stiff hand. Unaccustomed to writing, he could not, through that medium, tell much that was passing in his heart. That he wanted badly to see his sister, and often kissed the flower they plucked from the dear mother's grave, was the substance of all his epistles.

In the mean time, Lizzy was passing into womanhood. Childhood and youth kissed each other, with new and glowing beauty. Her delicate cheeks mantled with a richer colour, and her deep blue eyes, shaded with long fringes of the darkest brown, looked out upon life with a more earnest and expressive longing. Plain and scanty garments could not conceal the graceful outline of her figure, and her motions were like a willow in the breeze. She was not aware of her uncommon loveliness, though she found it pleasant to look in the glass, and had sometimes heard strangers say to each other, "See that pretty girl!"

There were no young men in the immediate neighbourhood, and she had not been invited to any of the rustic dances or quilting frolics. One bashful lad in the vicinity always contrived to drive his cows past the house where she lived, and eagerly kept watch for a glimpse of her, as she went to the barn with her milking pails. But if she happened to pass near enough to nod and smile, his cheeks grew red, and his voice forsook him. She could not know, or guess, that he would lie awake long that night, and dream of

her smile, and resolve that some time or other he would have courage to tell her how handsome she was, and how the sight of her made his heart throb. She did not yet know that she could love anybody better than she had loved Willie. She had seen her darling brother but twice, during their three years of separation; but his image was ever fresh and bright in memory. When he came to see her, she felt completely happy. While he gazed upon her with delighted eyes, her affectionate nature was satisfied with love: for it had not yet been revealed to her in the melting glance of passion. Yet the insidious power already began to foreshadow itself in vague restlessness and romantic musings. For she was at an age,

> "To feel a want, yet scarce know what it is;
> To seek one nature that is always new,
> Whose glance is warmer than another's kiss;
> Such longing instinct fills the mighty scope
> Of the young heart with one mysterious hope."

At last, an important event occurred in Lizzy's monotonous existence. A young girl in the village was to be married, and she was invited to the quilting party. It was the first invitation of the kind she had ever received, and of course it occupied her thoughts day and night. Could she have foreseen how this simple occurrence would affect her whole future destiny, she would have pondered over it still more deeply. The bridegroom brought a friend with him to the party, a handsome dark-eyed young man, clerk of a store in a neighbouring town. Aware of his personal attractions, he dressed himself with peculiar care. Elizabeth had never seen anything so elegant;

and the moment his eye glanced on her, he decided that he had never seen anything half so beautiful. He devoted himself to her in a manner sufficiently marked to excite envy; and some of the rich farmers' daughters made critical remarks about her dress, which they concluded was passably genteel, for a girl who lived out at service. However, Lizzy was queen of the evening, by virtue of nature's own impress of royalty. When the quilt was finished, romping games were introduced according to the fashion of the times; and the young men took care that the forfeits paid by the pretty girls should generally involve kissing some of their own number. Among the forfeits required of the dark-eyed stranger, he was ordered to beg on his knees for the identical little curl that Willie had asked of his sister. In the midst of her mirthfulness, this brought a shadow over her countenance, and she could not answer playfully. However, this emotion passed away with the moment, and she became the gayest of the gay. Never before had she been half so handsome, for never before had she been half so happy. The joyful consciousness of pleasing everybody, and the attractive young stranger in particular, made her eyes sparkle, and her whole countenance absolutely radiant with beauty. When the party were about to separate, the young man was very assiduous about placing her shawl, and begged permission to accompany her home. Little was said during this walk; yet enough to afford entrance into both hearts for that unquiet passion, which tangles the web of human life more than all the other sentiments and instincts of our mysterious being. At parting, he

took her hand, to say good night. He continued to hold it, and leaning against the gate, they stood for a few moments, gazing at the clear, silvery orb of night. Ah, how different the moon seemed to Lizzy *now!* Earth's spectral robe had changed to a veil of glory. Her bonnet had fallen back, and the evening breeze played gently with her ringlets. In soft insinuating tones, the young man said, "Will you not give me that little curl I asked for?" She blushed deeply and answered, in her child-like way, "I cannot give you that, because my mother used to kiss it so often." "No wonder she kissed it," he replied; "it looks so roguish, lying there on your pretty cheek." And before she was aware of it, he had kissed it too. Trembling and confused, she turned to open the gate, but he held it fast, until she had promised that the next time he came she would give him one of her curls.

Poor Lizzy went to bed that night with an intoxicated heart. When she braided her hair at the glass, next morning, she smiled and blushed, as she twined the favourite ringlet more carefully than ever. She was so childishly happy with her pretty little curl! The next Sunday evening, as she sat at the window, she heard the sound of a flute. *He* had promised to bring his flute; and he had not forgotten her. She listened—it came nearer and nearer, through the wood. Her heart beat audibly, for it was indeed the handsome dark-eyed stranger.

All summer long, he came every Sunday afternoon; and with him came moonlight walks, and flute-warblings, and tender whisperings, and glances, such as steal away a woman's heart. This was the fairy-land

of her young life. She had somebody now into whose eyes she could gaze, with all the deep tenderness of her soul, and ask, "*Do* you love your own Lizzy?"

The young man did love, but not as she loved him; for hers was a richer nature, and gave more than he could return. He accompanied her to her father's, and they were generally understood to be betrothed. He had not seen brother William, but he was told a thousand affectionate anecdotes of his kind good heart. When they returned from the visit to the homestead, they brought with them the little blue bench marked W. and E. Lizzy was proud of her genteel lover; and the only drop which it now seemed possible to add to her cup of happiness was to introduce him to William. But her brother was far off; and when the autumn came, her betrothed announced the necessity of going to a distant city, to establish himself in business. It was a bitter, bitter parting to both. The warmest letters were but a cold substitute for those happy hours of mutual confidence; and after awhile, his letters became more brief and cool. The fact was, the young man was too vain to feel deeply; and among his new acquaintance in the city was a young good-looking widow, with a small fortune, who early evinced a preference for him. To be obviously, and at the same time modestly preferred, by a woman of any agreeable qualities, is what few men, even of the strongest character, can withstand. It is the knowledge of this fact, and experience with regard to the most delicate and acceptable mode of expressing preference, which, as Samuel Weller declares, makes "a widow equal to twenty-five other women." Lizzy's lover was

not a strong character, and he was vain and selfish. It is no wonder, therefore, that his letters to the pretty girl, who lived out at service, should become more cool and infrequent. She was very slow to believe it thus; and when, at last, news reached her that he was positively engaged to be married to another, she refused to listen to it. But he came not to vindicate himself, and he ceased to answer her letters. The poor deluded girl awoke to a full consciousness of her misery, and suffered such intensity of wretchedness as only keenly sensitive natures *can* suffer. William had promised to come and see her the latter part of the winter, and her heart had been filled with pleasant and triumphant anticipations of introducing to him her handsome lover. But now the pride of her heart was humbled, and its joy turned into mourning. She was cast off, forsaken; and, alas, that was not the worst. As she sobbed on the neck of her faithful brother, she felt, for the first time, that there was something she could not tell him. The keenest of her wretched feelings she dared not avow. He pitied and consoled her, as well as he could; but to her it seemed as if there was no consolation but in death. Most earnestly did he wish that he had a home to shelter her, where he could fold her round with the soft wings of brotherly love. But they were both poor, and poverty fetters the impulses of the heart. And so they must part again, he guessing but half of her great sorrow. If the farewell was sad to him, what must it have been to her, who now felt so utterly alone in the wide world? Her health sank under the conflict, and the fits returned upon her with increased violence. In her

state of gloomy abstraction and indifference, she hardly noticed the significant glances and busy whispers of neighbours and acquaintance. With her, the agony of death was past. The world seemed too spectral for her to dread its censure. At last she gave birth to a dead infant, and for a long time her own life trembled in the balance. She recovered in a state of confirmed melancholy, and with visible indications of intellect, more impaired than ever.

> "A shadow seemed to rise
> From out her thoughts, and turned to dreariness
> All blissful hopes and sunny memories."

She was no longer invited to visit with the young people of the neighbourhood; and the envy excited by her uncommon beauty showed itself in triumph over her blighted reputation. Her father thought it a duty to reprove her for sin, and her step-mother said some cutting words about the disgrace her conduct had brought upon the family. But no kind Christian heart strengthened her with the assurance that one false step in life might be forgiven and retrieved. Thus was the lily broken in its budding beauty, and its delicate petals blighted by harsh winds.

Poor Lizzy felt this depressing atmosphere of neglect and scorn; but fortunately with less keenness than she would have done, before brain was stultified, and heart congealed by shame and sorrow. She no longer showed much feeling about anything, except the little blue bench marked W. and E. Every moment that she could steal from household labours, she would retire to her little room, and, seated on this bench, would read over William's letters, and those

other letters, which had crushed her loving heart. She would not allow any person to remove the bench from her bedside, or to place a foot upon it. To such inanimate objects does the poor human heart cling in its desolation.

Years passed away monotonously with Elizabeth; years of loneliness and labour. Some young men, attracted by her beauty, and emboldened by a knowledge of her weakness, approached her with familiarity, which they intended for flattery. But their profligacy was too thinly disguised to be dangerous to a nature like hers. She turned coldly from them all, with feelings of disgust and weariness.

When she was about twenty-three years old, she went to Philadelphia to do household work for a family that wished to hire her. Important events followed this change, but a veil of obscurity rests over the causes that produced them. After some months residence in the city, her health failed more and more, and she returned to the country. She was still competent to discharge the lighter duties of household labour, but she seemed to perform them all mechanically, and with a dull stupor. After a time, it became obvious that she would again be a mother. When questioned, her answers were incoherent and contradictory. Some said she must be a very base low creature to commit this second fault; but more kindly natures said, "She was always soft-hearted and yielding, from childhood; and she is hardly a responsible being; for trouble and continual fits have made her almost an idiot." At last she gave birth to twins. She wept when she saw them; but they seemed to have no

power to withdraw her mind from its disconsolate wanderings. When they were a few moths old, she expressed a wish to return to Philadelphia; and a lad, belonging to the family where she had remained during her illness, agreed to convey her part of the way in a wagon. When they came into the public road, she told him she could walk the rest of the way, and begged him to return. He left her seated on a rock, near a thick grove, nursing her babes. She was calm and gentle, but sad and abstracted as usual. That was in the morning. Where or how she spent the day was never known. Toward night she arrived in Philadelphia, at the house where she had formerly lived. She seemed very haggard and miserable; what few words she said were abrupt and unmeaning; and her attitudes and motions had the sluggish apathy of an insane person.

The next day, there was a rumour afloat that two strangled infants had been found in a grove on the road from Chester. Of course this circumstance soon became connected with her name. When she was arrested, she gave herself up with the same gloomy indifference that marked all her actions. She denied having committed the murder: but when asked who she supposed had done it, she sometimes shuddered and said nothing, sometimes said she did not know, and sometimes answered the children were still living. When conveyed to prison, she asked for pen and ink, and in a short letter, rudely penned, she begged William to come to her, and to bring from her bed-room the little blue bench they used to sit upon in the happy

days of childhood. He came at once, and long did the affectionate couple stand locked in each other's arms, sobbing, and without the power to speak. It was not until the second interview, that her brother could summon courage to ask whether she really committed the crime of which she was accused.

"Oh no, William," she replied, "you could no suppose I did."

"You must indeed have been dreadfully changed, dear Lizzy," said he; "for you used to have a heart that could not hurt a kitten."

"I am dreadfully changed," she answered, "but I never wanted to harm anything."

He took her hand, played sadly with the emaciated fingers, and after a strong effort to control his emotions, he said, in a subdued voice, "Lizzy, dear, can you tell me who did do it?"

She stared at him with a wild intense gaze, that made him shudder. Then looking fearfully toward the door, she said, in a strange muffled whisper, "Did *what?*" Poor William bowed his head over the hand that he held in his own, and wept like a child.

During various successive interviews, he could obtain no satisfactory answer to the important question. Sometimes she merely gazed at him with a vacant inane expression; sometimes she faintly answered that she did not know; and sometimes she said she believed the babes were still alive. She gradually became more quiet and rational under her brother's soothing influence; and one day, when he had repeatedly assured her that she could safely trust her

secrets to his faithful heart, she said with a suppressed whisper, as if she feared the sound of her own voice, "*He* did it."

"Who is he?" asked the brother, gently.

"The father," she replied.

"Did you know he meant to do it?"

"No. He told me he would meet me and give me some money. But when I asked him for something to support the children, he was angry, and choked them. I was frightened, and felt faint. I don't know what I did. I woke up and found myself on the ground alone, and the babies lying among the bushes."

"What is his name, and where does he live?" inquired the brother.

She gave him a wild look of distress, and said—"Oh, don't ask me. I ought not to have done so. I am a poor sinner—a poor sinner. But everybody deserted me; the world was very cold; I had nobody to love; and he was *very* kind to me."

"But tell me his name," urged the brother.

She burst into a strange mad laugh, picked nervously at the handkerchief she held in her hand, and repeated, idiotically, "Name? name? I guess the babies are alive now. I don't know—I don't know; but I guess they are."

To the lawyer she would say nothing, except to deny that she committed the murder. All their exertions could wring from her nothing more distinct than the story she had briefly told her brother. During her trial, the expression of her countenance was stupid and vacant. At times, she would drum on the

railing before her, and stare round on the crowd with a bewildered look, as if unconscious where she was. The deranged state of her mind was strongty urged by her lawyer; but his opponent replied that all this might be assumed. To the story she had told in prison, it was answered that her not telling of the murder at the time made her an accomplice. After the usual display of legal ingenuity on both sides, the jury brought her in guilty of murder, and the poor forlorn demented creature was sentenced to be hung at Chester.

The wretched brother was so stunned by the blow, that at first he could not collect his thoughts. But it soon occurred to him that the terrible doom might still be arrested, if the case could be brought suitably before the governor. A petition was accordingly drawn up, setting forth the alienation of mind to which she had been subject, in consequence of fits, and the extreme doubtfulness whether she committed the murder. Her youth, her beauty, the severe sorrows of her life, and the obviously impaired state of her reason, touched many hearts, and the petition was rapidly signed. When William went to her cell to bid her adieu, he tried to cheer her with the hope of pardon. She listened with listless apathy. But when he pressed her hand, and with a mournful smile said, "Good-bye, dear Lizzy, I shall come back soon; and I hope with good news," she pointed tearfully to the little blue bench and said, "Let what will happen, Willie, take care of *that*, for my sake." He answered with a choked voice; and as he turned away, the tears flowed fast down his manly cheeks. She listened to the

echoes of his steps, and when she could hear them no longer, she threw herself on the floor, laid her head down on the little blue bench, kissed the letters carved upon it, and sobbed as she had not sobbed since she was first deserted by her false lover. When the jailor went in to carry her supper, he found her asleep thus. Rich masses of her glossy brown hair fell over her pale, but still lovely face, on which rested a serene smile, as if she were happy in her dreams. He stood and gazed upon her, and his hard hand brushed away a tear. Some motion that he made disturbed her slumber. She opened her eyes, from which there beamed for a moment a rational and happy expression, as she said, "I was out in the woods, behind the house, holding my little apron to catch the nuts that Willie threw down. Mother smiled at me from a blue place between two clouds, and said, 'Come to me, my child.'"

The next day a clergyman came to see her. He spoke of the penalty for sin, and the duty of being resigned to the demands of justice. She heard his words, as a mother hears street sounds when she is watching a dying babe. They conveyed to her no import. When asked if she repented of her sins, she said she had been a weak erring creature, and she hoped that she was penitent; but that she never committed the murder.

"Are you resigned to die, if a pardon should not be obtained?" he asked.

"Oh yes," she replied, "I want to die."

He prayed with her in the spirit of real human love; and this soothed her heart. She spoke seldom, after

her brother's departure; and often she did not appear to hear when she was spoken to. She sat on the little blue bench, gazing vacantly on the floor, like one already out of the body.

In those days, there was briefer interval between sentence and execution, than at present. The fatal day and hour soon arrived, and still no tidings from the governor. Men came to lead her to the gallows. She seemed to understand what they said to her, and turned meekly to obey their orders. But she stopped suddenly, gazed on the little blue bench, and said in a gasping tone, "Has William come?" When they told her no, a shudder seemed to go over her, and her pale face became still paler. A bit of looking-glass hung on the wall in front of her; and as she raised her head, she saw the little curl, that had received her mother's caresses, and the first kiss of love. With a look of the most intense agony, she gave a loud groan, and burying her face in her hands, fell forward on the shoulder of the sheriff.

* * * * *

Poor William had worked with the desperate energy of despair, and the governor, after brief delay, granted a pardon. But in those days, the facilities for travelling were few; and it happened that the country was inundated with heavy rains, which everywhere impeded his progress. He stopped neither for food nor rest; but everywhere the floods and broken roads hindered him. When he came to Darby Creek, which was usually fordable, it was swollen too high to be crossed, and it was sometime before a boat could be obtained. In agony of mind he pressed

onward, till his horse fell dead under him. Half frantic, he begged for another at any price, mounted, and rode furiously. From the top of a hill, he saw a crowd assembled round the place of execution. He waved his handkerchief, he shouted, he screamed. But in the excitement of the moment he was not heard or noticed. All eyes were fastened on the gallows; and soon the awful object came within his own vision. Father of mercies! There are a woman's garments floating in the air. There is a struggling, a quivering—and all is still.

With a shriek that pierced the ears of the multitude, the desperate rider plunged forward; his horse fell under him, and shouting, "A pardon! A pardon!" he rolled senseless on the ground. He came too late. The unhappy Elizabeth was dead. The poor young creature, guilty of too much heart, and too little brain to guide it, had been murdered by law, and men called it justice.

Pale as a ghost, with hair suddenly whitened by excess of anguish, the wretched brother bent over the corpse of that beautiful sister, whom he had loved so well. They spoke to him of resignation to God's will. He answered not; for it was not clear to him that the cruelty of man *is* the will of God. Reverently and tenderly, he cut from that fair brow the favourite little curl, twined about with so many sacred memories, and once a source of girlish innocent joy to the yearning heart, that slept so calmly now. He took the little bench from its cold corner in the prison, and gathering together his small personal property, he retired to a lonely cave in Dauphin county. He

shunned all intercourse with his fellow men, and when spoken to, answered briefly and solemnly. There he died a few years ago, at an advanced age. He is well remembered in the region round about, as WILLIAM the HERMIT.

THE NEIGHBOUR-IN-LAW.

> WHO blesses others in his daily deeds,
> Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
> For every flower in others' pathway strewn,
> Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

"So you are going to live in the same building with Hetty Turnpenny," said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather, "You will find nobody to envy you. If her temper does not prove too much even for your good-nature, it will surprise all who know her. We lived there a year, and that is as long as anybody ever tried it."

"Poor Hetty!" replied Mrs. Fairweather, "She has had much to harden her. Her mother died too early for her to remember; her father was very severe with her, and the only lover she ever had, borrowed the savings of her years of toil, and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, notwithstanding her sharp features, and sharper words, certainly has a kind heart. In the midst of her greatest poverty, many were the stockings she knit, and the warm waistcoats she made, for the poor drunken lover, whom she had too much good sense to marry. Then you know she feeds and clothes her brother's orphan child."

"If you call it feeding and clothing," replied Mrs. Lane. "The poor child looks cold, and pinched, and frightened all the time, as if she were chased by the East wind. I used to tell Miss Turnpenny she ought

to be ashamed of herself, to keep the poor little thing at work all the time, without one minute to play. If she does but look at the cat, as it runs by the window, Aunt Hetty gives her a rap over the knuckles. I used to tell her she would make the girl just such another sour old crab as herself."

"That must have been very improving to her disposition," replied Mrs. Fairweather, with a good-humoured smile. "But in justice to poor Aunt Hetty, you ought to remember that she had just such a cheerless childhood herself. Flowers grow where there is sunshine."

"I know you think everybody ought to live in the sunshine," rejoined Mrs. Lane; "and it must be confessed that you carry it with you wherever you go. If Miss Turnpenny *has* a heart, I dare say you will find it out, though I never could, and I never heard of any one else that could. All the families within hearing of her tongue call her the neighbour-in-law."

Certainly the prospect was not very encouraging; for the house Mrs. Fairweather proposed to occupy, was not only under the same roof with Miss Turnpenny, but the buildings had one common yard in the rear, and one common space for a garden in front. The very first day she took possession of her new habitation, she called on the neighbour-in-law. Aunt Hetty had taken the precaution to extinguish the fire, lest the new neighbour should want hot water, before her own wood and coal arrived. Her first salutation was, "If you want any cold water, there's a pump across the street; I don't like to have my house slopped all over."

"I am glad you are so tidy, neighbour Turnpenny," replied Mrs. Fairweather; "It is extremely pleasant to have neat neighbours. I will try to keep everything as bright as a new five cent piece, for I see that will please you. I came in merely to say good morning, and to ask if you could spare little Peggy to run up and down stairs for me, while I am getting my furniture in order. I will pay her sixpence an hour."

Aunt Hetty had begun to purse up her mouth for a refusal; but the promise of sixpence an hour relaxed her features at once. Little Peggy sat knitting a stocking very diligently, with a rod lying on the table beside her. She looked up with timid wistfulness, as if the prospect of any change was like a release from prison. When she heard consent given, a bright colour flushed her cheeks. She was evidently of an impressible temperament, for good or evil. "Now mind and behave yourself," said Aunt Hetty; "and see that you keep at work the whole time. If I hear one word of complaint, you know what you'll get when you come home." The rose-colour subsided from Peggy's pale face, and she answered, "Yes, ma'am," very meekly.

In the neighbour's house all went quite otherwise. No switch lay on the table, and instead of, "mind how you do that. If you don't I'll punish you," she heard the gentle words, "There, dear, see how carefully you can carry that up stairs. Why, what a nice handy little girl you are!" Under this enlivening influence, Peggy worked like a bee, and soon began to hum much more agreeably than a bee. Aunt Hetty was always in the habit of saying, "Stop your noise

and mind your work." But the new friend patted her on the head, and said, "What a pleasant voice the little girl has. It is like the birds in the fields. By and by, you shall hear my music-box." This opened wide the windows of the poor little shut-up heart, so that the sunshine could stream in, and the birds fly in and out, carolling. The happy child tuned up like a lark, as she tripped lightly up and down stairs, on various household errands. But though she took heed to observe all the directions given her, her head was all the time filled with conjectures what sort of a thing a music-box might be. She was a little afraid the kind lady would forget to show it to her. She kept at work, however, and asked no questions; she only looked very curiously at everything that resembled a box. At last Mrs. Fairweather said, "I think your little feet must be tired, by this time. We will rest awhile, and eat some gingerbread." The child took the offered cake, with a humble little courtesy, and carefully held out her apron to prevent any crumbs from falling on the floor. But suddenly the apron dropped, and the crumbs were all strewn about. "Is that a little bird?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Where is he? Is he in this room?" The new friend smiled, and told her that was the music-box; and after awhile she opened it, and explained what made the sounds. Then she took out a pile of books from one of the baskets of goods, and told Peggy she might look at the pictures, till she called her. The little girl stepped forward eagerly to take them, and then drew back, as if afraid. "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Fairweather; "I am very willing to trust

you with the books. I keep them on purpose to amuse children." Peggy looked down with her finger on her lip, and answered in a constrained voice, "Aunt Turnpenny won't like it if I play." "Don't trouble yourself about that. I will make it all right with Aunt Hetty," replied the friendly one. Thus assured, she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the picture books; and when she was summoned to her work, she obeyed with a cheerful alacrity that would have astonished her stern relative. When the labours of the day were concluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her home, paid for all the hours she had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and diligence. "It is lucky for her that she behaved so well," replied Aunt Hetty; "if I had heard any complaint, I should have given her a whipping, and sent her to bed without her supper."

Poor little Peggy went to sleep that night with a lighter heart than she had ever felt, since she had been an orphan. Her first thought in the morning was whether the new neighbour would want her service again during the day. Her desire that it should be so, soon became obvious to Aunt Hetty, and excited an undefined jealousy and dislike of a person who so easily made herself beloved. Without exactly acknowledging to herself what were her own motives, she ordered Peggy to gather all the sweepings of the kitchen and court into a small pile, and leave it on the frontier line of her neighbour's premises. Peggy ventured to ask timidly whether the wind would not blow it about, and she received a box on the ear for her impertinence. It chanced that Mrs. Fairweather, quite unintention-

ally, heard the words and the blow. She gave Aunt Hetty's anger time enough to cool, then stepped out into the court, and after arranging divers little matters, she called aloud to her domestic, "Sally, how came you to leave this pile of dirt here? Didn't I tell you Miss Turnpenny was very neat? Pray make haste and sweep it up. I wouldn't have her see it on any account. I told her I would try to keep everything nice about the premises. She is so particular herself, and it is a comfort to have tidy neighbours." The girl, who had been previously instructed, smiled as she came out with brush and dust-pan, and swept quietly away the pile, that was intended as a declaration of border war.

But another source of annoyance presented itself, which could not so easily be disposed of. Aunt Hetty had a cat, a lean scraggy animal, that looked as if she were often kicked and seldom fed; and Mrs. Fairweather had a fat, frisky little dog, always ready for a caper. He took a distaste to poor poverty-stricken Tab, the first time he saw her; and no coaxing could induce him to alter his opinion. His name was Pink, but he was anything but a pink of behaviour in his neighbourly relations. Poor Tab could never set foot out of doors without being saluted with a growl, and a short sharp bark, that frightened her out of her senses, and made her run into the house, with her fur all on end. If she even ventured to doze a little on her own door step, the enemy was on the watch, and the moment her eyes closed, he would wake her with a bark and a box on the ear, and off he would run. Aunt Hetty vowed she would

scald him. It was a burning shame, she said, for folks to keep dogs to worry their neighbours' cats. Mrs. Fairweather invited Tabby to dine, and made much of her, and patiently endeavoured to teach her dog to eat from the same plate. But Pink sturdily resolved he would be scalded first; that he would. He could not have been more obstinate in his opposition, if he and Tab had belonged to different sects in Christianity. While his mistress was patting Tab on the head, and reasoning the point with him, he would at times manifest a degree of indifference, amounting to toleration; but the moment he was left to his own free will, he would give the invited guest a hearty cuff with his paw, and send her home spitting like a small steam engine. Aunt Hetty considered it her own peculiar privilege to cuff the poor animal, and it was too much for her patience to see Pink undertake to assist in making Tab unhappy. On one of these occasions, she rushed into her neighbour's apartments, and faced Mrs. Fairweather, with one hand resting on her hip, and the forefinger of the other making very wrathful gesticulations. "I tell you what, madam, I wont put up with such treatment much longer," said she; "I'll poison that dog; see if I don't; and I shan't wait long, either, I can tell you. What you keep such an impudent little beast for, I don't know, without you do it on purpose to plague your neighbours."

"I am really sorry he behaves so," replied Mrs. Fairweather, mildly. "Poor Tab!"

"Poor Tab!" screamed Miss Turnpenny; "What do you mean by calling her poor? Do you mean to

fling it up to me that my cat don't have enough to eat?"

"I didn't think of such a thing," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "I called her poor Tab, because Pink plagues her so, that she has no peace of her life. I agree with you, neighbour Turnpenny; it is *not* right to keep a dog that disturbs the neighbourhood. I am attached to poor little Pink, because he belongs to my son, who has gone to sea. I was in hopes he would soon leave off quarrelling with the cat; but if he won't be neighbourly, I will send him out in the country to board. Sally, will you bring me one of the pies we baked this morning? I should like to have Miss Turnpenny taste of them."

The crabbed neighbour was helped abundantly; and while she was eating the pie, the friendly matron edged in many a kind word concerning little Peggy, whom she praised as a remarkably capable, industrious child.

"I am glad you find her so," rejoined Aunt Hetty: "I should get precious little work out of her, if I didn't keep a switch in sight."

"I manage children pretty much as the man did the donkey," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Not an inch would the poor beast stir, for all his master's beating and thumping. But a neighbour tied some fresh turnips to a stick, and fastened them so that they swung directly before the donkey's nose, and off he set on a brisk trot, in hopes of overtaking them."

Aunt Hetty, without observing how very closely the comparison applied to her own management of

Peggy, said, "That will do very well for folks that have plenty of turnips to spare."

"For the matter of that," answered Mrs. Fairweather, "whips cost something, as well as turnips; and since one makes the donkey stand still, and the other makes him trot, it is easy to decide which is the most economical. But, neighbour Turnpenny, since you like my pies so well, pray take one home with you. I am afraid they will mould before we can eat them up."

Aunt Hetty had come in for a quarrel, and she was astonished to find herself going out with a pie. "Well, Mrs. Fairweather," said she, "you *are* a neighbour. I thank you a thousand times." When she reached her own door, she hesitated for an instant, then turned back, pie in hand, to say, "Neighbour Fairweather, you needn't trouble yourself about sending Pink away. It's natural you should like the little creature; seeing he belongs to your son. I'll try to keep Tab in doors, and perhaps after awhile they will agree better."

"I hope they will," replied the friendly matron: "We will try them awhile longer, and if they persist in quarreling, I will send the dog into the country." Pink, who was sleeping in a chair, stretched himself and gaped. His kind mistress patted him on the head, "Ah, you foolish little beast," said she, "what's the use of plaguing poor Tab?"

"Well, I do say," observed Sally, smiling, "you are a master woman for stopping a quarrel."

"I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl," rejoined Mrs. Fairweather. "One frosty morning, I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-

yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. It was one of those cold snapping mornings, when a slight thing irritates both man and beast. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt, she happened to hit her next neighbour; whereupon the neighbour kicked and hit another. In five minutes, the whole herd were kicking and hooking each other, with all fury. Some lay sprawling on the ice, others were slipping about, with their hind heels reared in the air. My mother laughed, and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you're hit. Just so I've seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears, some frosty morning.' Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care, children. Remember how the fight in the barn-yard began. Never give a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a deal of trouble.'"

That same afternoon, the sunshiny dame [illegible] into Aunt Hetty's rooms, where she found Peggy sewing, as usual, with the eternal switch on the table beside her. "I am obliged to go to Harlem, on business," said she: "I feel rather lonely without company, and I always like to have a child with me. If you will oblige me by letting Peggy go, I will pay her fare in the omnibus."

"She has her spelling lesson to get before night," replied Aunt Hetty. "I don't approve of young folks going a pleasuring, and neglecting their education."

"Neither do I," rejoined her neighbour; "but I

think there is a great deal of education that is not found in books. The fresh air will make Peggy grow stout and active. I prophesy that she will do great credit to your bringing up." The sugared words, and the remembrance of the sugared pie, touched the soft place in Miss Turnpenny's heart, and she told the astonished Peggy that she might go and put on her best gown and bonnet. The poor child began to think that this new neighbour was certainly one of the good fairies she read about in the picture books. The excursion was enjoyed as only a city child *can* enjoy the country. The world seems such a pleasant place, when the fetters are off, and Nature folds the young heart lovingly on her bosom! A flock of real birds and two living butterflies put the little orphan in a perfect ecstasy. She ran and skipped. One could see that she might be graceful, if she were only free. She pointed to the fields covered with dandelions, and said, "See how pretty! It looks as if the stars had come down to lie on the grass." Ah, our little stinted Peggy has poetry in her, though Aunt Hetty never found it out. Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within, and they would open, if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in.

Mrs. Fairweather was a practical philosopher, in her own small way. She observed that Miss Turnpenny really liked a pleasant tune; and when Winter came, she tried to persuade her that singing would be excellent for Peggy's lungs, and perhaps keep her from going into a consumption.

"My nephew, James Fairweather, keeps a singing school," said she; "and he says he will teach her

gratis. You need not feel under great obligation; for her voice will lead the whole school, and her ear is so quick, it will be no trouble at all to teach her. Perhaps you would go with us sometimes, neighbour Turnpenny? It is very pleasant to hear the children's voices."

The cordage of Aunt Hetty's mouth relaxed into a smile. She accepted the invitation, and was so much pleased, that she went every Sunday evening. The simple tunes, and the sweet young voices, fell like dew on her dried-up heart, and greatly aided the genial influence of her neighbour's example. The rod silently disappeared from the table. If Peggy was disposed to be idle, it was only necessary to say, "When you have finished your work, you may go and ask whether Mrs. Fairweather wants any errands done." Bless me, how the fingers flew! Aunt Hetty had learned to use turnips instead of the cudgel.

When Spring came, Mrs. Fairweather busied herself with planting roses and vines. Miss Turnpenny readily consented that Peggy should help her, and even refused to take any pay from such a good neighbour. But she maintained her own opinion that it was a mere waste of time to cultivate flowers. The cheerful philosopher never disputed the point; but she would sometimes say, "I have no room to plant this rose-bush. Neighbour Turnpenny, would you be willing to let me set it on your side of the yard? It will take very little room, and will need no care." At another time, she would say, "Well, really my ground is too full. Here is a root of Lady's-delight. How bright and pert it looks. It seems a pity to

throw it away. If you are willing, I will let Peggy plant it in what she calls her garden. It will grow of itself, without any care, and scatter seeds, that will come up and blossom in all the chinks of the bricks. I love it. It is such a bright good-natured little thing." Thus by degrees, the crabbed maiden found herself surrounded by flowers; and she even declared, of her own accord, that they did look pretty.

One day, when Mrs. Lane called upon Mrs. Fairweather, she found the old weed-grown yard bright and blooming. Tab, quite fat and sleek, was asleep, in the sunshine, with her paw on Pink's neck, and little Peggy was singing at her work, as blithe as a bird.

"How cheerful you look here," said Mrs. Lane. "And so you have really taken the house for another year. Pray, how do you manage to get on with the neighbour-in-law?"

"I find her a very kind, obliging neighbour," replied Mrs. Fairweather.

"Well, this *is* a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane, "Nobody but you would have undertaken to thaw out Aunt Hetty's heart."

"That is probably the reason why it was never thawed," rejoined her friend. "I always told you, that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling, or a tenth part of the wickedness, there is."

From this gospel of joy preached and practised, nobody derived so much benefit as little Peggy. Her nature, which was fast growing crooked and knotty,

under the malign influence of constraint and fear, straightened up, budded and blossomed, in the genial atmosphere of cheerful kindness.

Her affections and faculties were kept in such pleasant exercise, that constant lightness of heart made her almost handsome. The young music-teacher thought her more than almost handsome; for her affectionate soul shone more beamingly on him than on others, and love makes all things beautiful.

When the orphan removed to her pleasant little cottage, on her wedding-day, she threw her arms round the blessed missionary of sunshine, and said, "Ah, thou dear good Aunt, it is thou who hast made my life Fairweather."

SHE WAITS IN THE SPIRIT LAND.

A Romance founded on an Indian Tradition.

A bard of many breathings
Is the wind in sylvan wreathings,
O'er mountain tops and through the woodland groves·
Now fifing and now drumming,
Now howling and now humming,
As it roves.

Though the wind a strange tone waketh
In every home it maketh,
And the maple tree responds not as the larch,
Yet harmony is playing
Round *all* the green arms swaying
Neath heaven's arch.

Oh, what can be the teaching
Of these forest voices preaching?
'Tis that a brother's creed, though not like mine,
May blend about God's altar,
And help to fill the psalter,
That's divine.

ELIZA COOK

PU-KEE-SHE-NO-QUA was famous among her tribe for her eloquent manner of relating stories. She treasured up all the old traditions, and though she repeated them truly, they came from her mouth in brighter pictures than from others, because she tipped all the edges with her own golden fancy. One might easily conjecture that there was poetry in the souls of her ancestry also; for they had given her a name which signifies, "I light from flying." At fourteen years old, she was shut up in a hut by herself, to fast and

dream, according to the custom of the Indians. She dreamed that the Morning Star came down and nestled in her bosom, like a bird; therefore she chose it for the Manitou, or Protecting Spirit of her life, and named her first-born son Wah-bu-nung-o, an Indian word for the Morning Star. The boy was handsome, brave and gentle; and his childhood gave early indications that he inherited the spiritual and poetic tendencies of his mother. At the threshold of his young life, he too was set apart to fast and dream. He dreamed of a wild rose bush, in full bloom, and heard a voice saying, "She will wait for thee in the spirit-land. Do not forsake her." The Wild Rose was accordingly adopted as his Manitou.

In a neighbouring wigwam, was a girl named O-ge-bu-no-qua, which signifies the Wild Rose. When she, at twelve years old, was sent into retirement to fast and dream, she dreamed of a Star; but she could tell nothing about it, only that it was mild, and looked at her. She was a charming child, and grew into beautiful maidenhood. Her dark cheek looked like a rich brown autumn leaf, faintly tinged with crimson. Her large eyes, shaded with deep black fringe, had a shy and somewhat mournful tenderness of expression. Her voice seemed but the echo of her glance, it was so low and musical in tone, so plaintive in its cadences. Her well-rounded figure was pliant and graceful, and her motions were like those of some pretty, timid animal, that has always stepped to sylvan sounds.

The handsome boy was but two years older than the beautiful girl. In childhood, they swung together

in the same boughs, hand in hand they clambered the rocks, and gathered the flowers and berries of the woods. Living in such playful familiarity with the deer and the birds, the young blood flowed fresh and strong, their forms were vigorous, and their motions flexile and free. The large dark eyes of Wah-bu-nung-o were tender and sad, and had a peculiarly deep, spiritual, inward-looking expression, as if he were the destined poet and prophet of his tribe. But the lofty carriage of his head, the Apollo curve of his parted lips, and his aquiline nose, with open well-defined nostrils, expressed the pride and daring of a hunter and a warrior.

It was very natural that the maiden should sometimes think it a beautiful coincidence that a Star was her guardian spirit, and this handsome friend of her childhood was named the Morning Star. And when he told her of the Wild Rose of his dream, had he not likewise some prophetic thoughts? Fortunately for the free and beautiful growth of their love, they lived out of the pale of civilization. There was no Mrs. Smith to remark how they looked at each other, and no Mrs. Brown to question the propriety of their rambles in the woods. The simple philosophy of the Indians had never taught that nature was a sin, and therefore nature was troubled with no sinful consciousness. When Wah-bu-nung-o hunted squirrels, O-ge-bu-no-qua thought it no harm to gather basket-stuff in the same woods. There was a lovely crescent-shaped island opposite the village, profusely covered with trees and vines, and carpeted with rich grasses and mosses, strewn with flowers. Clumps of young

birches shone among the dark shrubbery, like slender columns of silver, and willows stooped so low to look in the mirror of the waters, that their graceful tresses touched the stream. Here, above all other places, did the maiden love to go to gather twigs for baskets, and the young man to select wood for his bows and arrows. Often, when day was declining, and the calm river reflected the Western sky, glowing with amber light, and fleckered with little fleecy rose-coloured clouds, his canoe might be seen gliding across the waters. Sometimes O-ge-bu-no-qua was waiting for him on the island, and sometimes he steered the boat for the grove of willows, while she urged it forward with the light swift stroke of her paddle.

Civilized man is little to be trusted under such circumstances; but nature, subjected to no false restraints, manifests her innate modesty, and even in her child-like abandonment to impulse, rebukes by her innocence the unclean self-consciousness of artificial society. With a quiet grave tenderness, the young Indian assisted his beautiful companion in her tasks, or spoke to her from time to time, as they met by brook or grove, in the pursuit of their different avocations. Her Manitou, the Morning Star of the sky, could not have been more truly her protecting spirit.

It was on her sixteenth birth day, that they, for the first time, lingered on the island after twilight. The Indians, with an untaught poetry of modesty, never talk of love under the bright staring gaze of day. Only amid the silent shadows do they yield to its gentle influence. O-ge-bu-no-qua was born with the roses; therefore this birth-night of their acknowledged

love was in that beautiful month, named by the Indians "the Moon of Flowers." It was a lovely evening, and surpassingly fair was the scene around them. The picturesque little village of wigwams, on the other side of the river, gave a smiling answer to the sun's farewell. The abrupt heights beyond were robed in the richest foliage, through which the departing rays streamed like a golden shower. In the limitless forest, the tall trees were of noble proportions, because they had room enough to grow upward and outward, with a strong free grace. In the flowery glades of the islands, flocks of pigeons, and other smaller birds, cooed and chirped. Soon all subsided into moon-silence, and the elysian stillness was interrupted only by the faint ripple of the sparkling river, the lone cry of the whip-powill, or the occasional plash of some restless bull-frog. The lovers sat side by side on a grassy knoll. An evening breeze gave them a gentle kiss as it passed, and brought them a love-token of fragrance from a rose-bush that grew at their feet. Wah-bu-nung-o gathered one of the blossoms, by the dim silvery light, and placing it in the hand of O-ge-bu-no-qua, he said, in a voice tender and bashful as a young girl's, "Thou knowest the Great Spirit has given me the wild rose for a Manitou. I have told thee my dream; but I have never told thee, thou sweet rose of my life, how sadly I interpret it."

She nestled closer in his bosom, and gazing earnestly on a bright star in the heavens, the Manitou of her own existence, she murmured almost inaudibly, "How *dost* thou?" His brave strong arm encircled her in a closer embrace, as he answered with

gentle solemnity, "The Rose will go to the spirit-land, and leave her Star to mourn alone." The maiden's eyes filled with tears, as she replied, "But the Rose will wait for her Star. Thus said the voice of the dream."

They sat silently leaning on each other, till Wah-bu-nung-o took up the pipe, that lay beside him, and began to play. Birds sing only during their mating season; their twin-born love and music pass away together, with the roses; and the Indian plays on his pipe only while he is courting. It is a rude kind of flute, with two or three stops, and very limited variety of tone. The life of a savage would not be fitly expressed in rich harmonies; and life in any form never fashions to itself instruments beyond the wants of the soul. But the sounds of this pipe, with its perpetual return of sweet simple chords, and its wild flourishes, like the closing strain of a bob o' link, was in pleasing accord with the primeval beauty of the scene. When the pipe paused for awhile, O-ge-bu-no-qua warbled a wild plaintive little air, which her mother used to sing to her, when she swung from the boughs in her queer little birch-bark cradle. Indian music, like the voices of inanimate nature, the wind, the forest, and the sea, is almost invariably in the minor mode; and breathed as it now was to the silent moon, and with the shadow of the dream interpretation still resting on their souls, it was oppressive in its mournfulness. The song hushed; and O-ge-bu-no-qua, clinging closer to her lover's arm, whispered in tones of superstitious fear, "Does it not seem to you as if the Great Spirit was looking at us?" "Yes, and see how he smiles,"

replied Wah-bu-nung-o, in bolder and more cheerful accents, as he pointed to the sparkling waters: "The deer and the birds are not sad; let us be like them."

He spoke of love; of the new wigwam he would build for his bride, and the game he would bring down with his arrow. These home-pictures roused emotions too strong for words. Stolid and imperturbable as the Indian race seem in the presence of spectators, in these lonely hours with the beloved one, they too learn that love is the glowing wine, the exhilarating "fire-water" of the soul.

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When they returned, no one questioned them. It was the most natural thing in the world that they should love each other; and natural politeness respected the freedom of their young hearts. No marriage settlements, no precautions of the law, were necessary. There was no person to object, whenever he chose to lead her into his wigwam, and by that simple circumstance she became his wife. The next day, as O-ge-bu-no-qua sat under the shadow of an elm, busily braiding mats, Wah-bu-nung-o passed by, carrying poles, which he had just cut in the woods. He stopped and spoke to her, and the glance of her wild melancholy eye met his with a beautiful expression of timid fondness. The next moment, she looked down and blushed very deeply. The poles were for the new wigwam, and so were the mats she was braiding; and she had promised her lover that as soon as the wigwam was finished, she would come and live with him. He conjectured her thoughts; but he did not smile, neither did he tell her that her blush was as

beautiful as the brilliant flower of the Wickapee; but that bashful loving glance filled him with an inward warmth. Its beaming, yet half-veiled tenderness passed into his soul, and was never afterward forgotten.

That afternoon, all the young men of the tribe went a few miles up the river to fish. Sad tidings awaited their return. Ong-pa-tonga, the Big Elk, chief of a neighbouring tribe, in revenge for some trifling affront, had attacked the village in their absence, wounded some of the old warriors, and carried off several of the women and children. The blooming Wild Rosé was among the captives. Wah-bu-nung-o was frantic with rage and despair. A demon seemed to have taken possession of his brave, but usually gentle soul. He spoke few words, but his eyes gleamed with a fierce unnatural fire. He painted himself with the colours of eternal enmity to the tribe of Big Elk, and secretly gloated over plans of vengeance. An opportunity soon offered to waylay the transgressors on their return from a hunting expedition. Several women accompanied the party, to carry their game and blankets. One of these, the wife of Big Elk, was killed by an arrow, and some of the men were wounded. This slight taste of vengeance made the flames of hatred burn more intensely. The image of his enemy expiring by slow tortures was the only thought that brought pleasure to the soul of Wah-bu-nung-o. Twice he had him nearly in his power, but was baffled by cunning. In one of the skirmishes between the contending tribes, he took captive a woman and her two children. Being questioned concerning the fate of O-ge-bu-no-qua, she said that Big Elk, in revenge

for the loss of his wife, had killed her with his war club. For a moment, Wah-bu-nung-o stood as if suddenly changed to stone; then his Indian firmness forsook him, he tore his hair, and howled in frantic agony. But in the midst of this whirlwind of grief, the memory of his dream came like a still small voice, and whispered, "She waits for thee in the spirit land. Do not forsake her." The mad fire of his eye changed to the mildest and deepest melancholy. He promised the captive that she and her children should be treated kindly, and allowed to return to her tribe, if she would guide him to the maiden's grave.

Leaving her children in his own village, as a security against treachery, he followed her through the forest, till they came to a newly-made mound, with a few stones piled upon it. This she said was O-ge-bu-no-qua's grave. The young warrior gazed on it silently, with folded arms. No cry, or groan, escaped him; though in the depths of his soul was sorrow more bitter than death. Thus he remained for a long time. At last, he turned to take a careful inspection of the scene around him, and marked a tree with the point of his arrow. Then commanding the woman to walk before him, he strode homeward in perfect silence. A monotonous accompaniment of tree-whispering alone responded to the farewell dirge in his heart. As he looked on the boundless wilderness, and gazed into its dark mysterious depths, wild and solemn reveries came over him; vast shadowy visions of life and death; but through all the changes of his thought sounded the ever-recurring strain, "She waits for thee in the spirit-land." Then came the dread that Big Elk

would go there before him, and would persecute his beloved, as he had done during her life in the body. An impatient shudder went over him, and he longed for death; but he had been taught to consider suicide a cowardly act, and he was awe-stricken before the great mystery of the soul. The dreadful conflict terminated in one calm fixed resolution. He determined to relinquish all his cherished plans of vengeance, and during the remainder of his life to watch over Big Elk, and guard him from danger, that he might not go to the spirit-land till he himself was there to protect his beloved.

The day after his return home, he told his mother that he must go away to fulfil a vow, and he knew not when he should return. He earnestly conjured his brothers to be kind and reverent to their mother; then bidding them a calm but solemn farewell, he stepped into his canoe, and rowed over to the Isle of Willows. Again he stood by the grassy knoll where the loved one had lain upon his breast. The rose-bush was there, tall and vigorous, though the human Rose had passed away, to return no more. He shed no tears, but reverently went through his forms of worship to the tutelary spirit of his life. With measured dance, and strange monotonous howls, he made a vow of utter renunciation of everything, even of his hopes of vengeance, if he might be permitted to protect his beloved in the spirit-land. He brought water from the brook in a gourd, from which they had often drunk together; he washed from his face the emblems of eternal enmity to Big Elk, and with solemn ceremonial poured it on the roots of the rose. Then he

rowed far up the river, and landed near the grave, on which he kindled a fire, that the dear departed might be lighted to the spirit-land, according to the faith of his fathers. He buried the gourd in the mound, saying, "This I send to thee, my Rose, that thou mayest drink from it in the spirit-land." Three nights he tended the fire, and then returned for the rose-bush, which he planted at the head of the grave. He built a wigwam near by, and dwelt there alone. He feared neither wild beast nor enemies; for he had fulfilled his duties to the dead, and now his only wish was to go and meet her. Big Elk and his companions soon discovered him, and came upon him with their war-clubs. He stood unarmed, and quietly told them he had consecrated himself by a vow to the Great Spirit, and would fight no more. He gazed steadily in the face of his enemy, and said, if they wanted his life, they were welcome to take it. The deep, mournful, supernatural expression of his eyes inspired them with awe. They thought him insane; and all such are regarded by the Indians with superstitious fear and reverence. "He has seen the door of the spirit-land opened," they said; "the moon has spoken secrets to him; and the Great Spirit is angry when such are harmed." So they left him in peace. But he sighed as they turned away; for he had hoped to die by their hands. From that time he followed Big Elk like his shadow; but always to do him service. At first, his enemy was uneasy, and on his guard; but after awhile, he became accustomed to his presence, and even seemed to be attached to him. At one time, a fever brought the strong man to the verge of the

grave. Wah-bu-nung-o watched over him with trembling anxiety, and through weary days and sleepless nights tended him as carefully as a mother tends her suffering babe. Another time, when Big Elk was wounded by an enemy, he drew out the arrow, sought medicinal herbs, and healed him. Once, when he was about to cross a wide deep ditch, bridged by a single tree, Wah-bu-nung-o perceived a rattle-snake on the bridge, and just as the venomous reptile was about to spring, his arrow nailed him to the tree.

Thus weary months passed away. The mourner, meek and silent, held communion with his Manitou, the rose-bush, to which he repeated often, "Bid her look to the Morning Star, and fear nothing. I will protect her. Tell her we shall meet again in the spirit-land, as we met in the Isle of Willows." Sadly but mildly his eye rested on the murderer of his beloved, and he tended upon him with patient gentleness, that seemed almost like affection. Very beautiful and holy was this triumph of love over hatred, seeking no reward but death. But the "twin-brother of sleep" came not where he was so much desired. Others who clung to life were taken, but the widowed heart could not find its rest. At last, the constant prayer of his faithful love was answered. By some accident, Big Elk became separated from his hunting companions, late in the afternoon of a winter's day. There came on a blinding storm of wind and snow and sleet. The deep drifts were almost impassable, and the keen air cut the lungs, like particles of sharpened steel. Night came down in robes of thick darkness. Nothing interrupted her solemn silence, but

the crackling of ice from the trees, and the moaning and screaming of the winds. The very wolves hid themselves from the fury of the elements. While light enough remained to choose a shelter, the wanderers took refuge in a deep cleft screened by projecting rocks. The morning found them stiff and hungry, and almost buried in snow. With much difficulty they made their way out into the forest, completely bewildered, and guided only by the sun, which glimmered gloomily through the thick atmosphere. Two days they wandered without food. Toward night, Wah-bu-nung-o discovered horns projecting through the snow; and digging through the drift, he found a few moose bones, on which the wolves had left some particles of flesh. He resisted the cravings of hunger, and gave them all to his famishing enemy. As twilight closed, they took shelter in a large hollow tree, near which Wah-bu-nung-o, with the watchful eye of love and faith, observed a rose-bush, with a few crimson seed-vessels shining through the snow. He stripped some trees, and covered Ong-pa-tonga with the bark; then piling up snow before the entrance to the tree, to screen him from the cold, he bade him sleep, while he kept watch. Ong-pa-tonga asked to be awakened, that he might watch in his turn; but to this his anxious guardian returned no answer. The storm had passed away and left an atmosphere of intense cold. The stars glittered in the deep blue sky, like points of steel. Weary, faint, and starving, Wah-bu-nung-o walked slowly back and forth. When he felt an increasing numbness stealing over his limbs, a disconsolate smile gleamed on his

countenance, and he offered thanks to the Manitou bush by his side. It was the first time he had smiled since his Wild Rose was taken from him. Presently, the howl of wolves was heard far off. He kept more carefully near the tree where his enemy slept, and listened to ascertain in what direction the ravenous beasts would come. "They shall eat me first, before they find their way to him," he said; "She would be so frightened to see his spirit, before mine came to protect her." But the dismal sounds died away in the distance, and were heard no more. Panting and staggering, the patient sufferer fell on the ground, at the foot of the rose-bush, and prayed imploringly, "Let not the wild beasts devour him, while I lie here insensible. Oh, send me to the spirit-land, that I may protect her!" He gasped for breath, and a film came over his eyes, so that he could no longer see the stars. How long he remained thus, no one ever knew.

Suddenly all was light around him. The rose-bush bloomed, and O-ge-bu-no-qua stood before him, with the same expression of bashful love he had last seen in her beautiful eyes. "I have been ever near thee," she said; "Hast thou not seen me?"

"Where am I, my beloved?" he exclaimed: "Are we in the Isle of Willows?"

"We are in the spirit-land," she answered: "Thy Rose has waited patiently for the coming of her Morning Star."

A POET'S DREAM OF THE SOUL.

For, as be all bards, he was born of beauty,
And with a natural fitness to draw down
All tones and shades of beauty to his soul,
Even as the rainbow-tinted shell, which lies
Miles deep at bottom of the sea, hath all
Colours of skies and flowers, and gems and plumes.—FESTUS.

Forms are like sea-shells on the shore; they show
Where the mind ends, and not how far it has been.—IBID.

HIDDEN among common stones, in a hill-side of Germany, an agate reposed in deep tranquillity. The roots of a violet twined about it, and as they embraced more and more closely, year by year, there grew up a silent friendship between the stone and the flower. In Spring, when the plant moved above the surface of the earth, it transmitted genial sun-warmth, and carried dim amethystine light into the dark home of the mineral. Lovingly it breathed forth the secrets of its life, but the agate could not understand its speech; for a lower form of existence has merely a vague feeling of the presence of the grade above it. But from circling degrees of vegetable life, spirally, through the violet, passed a subtle influence into the heart of the agate. It wanted to grow, to spread, to pass upward into the light. But the laws of its being girdled it round like a chain of iron.

A shepherd came and stretched himself fondly by

the side of the violet, and piped sweet pastoral music, thinking the while of the fragrant breath and deep blue eyes of her he loved. The flower recognised the tones as a portion of its own soul, and breathed forth perfumes in harmony. Her deeply moved inward joy was felt by the mineral, and kindled enthusiastic longing. Under the glow which renders all forms fluid, the chain of necessity relaxed, and the agate expressed its aspiration for vegetable life, in the form of mosses, roots, and leaves. But soon it touched the wall of limitation; upward it could not grow.

A compounder of medicines and amulets came digging for roots and minerals. He pounded the moss-agate to dust, and boiled it with the violet. The souls passed away from the destroyed forms, to enter again at some perfect union of Thought and Affection, a marriage between some of the infinitely various manifestations of this central duality of the universe. The spirit of the agate floated far, and was finally attracted toward a broad inland lake in the wilds of unknown America. The water-lilies were making love, and it passed into the seed to which their union gave birth. In the deep tranquillity of the forest, it lived a snowy lily with a golden heart, gently swayed on the waters, to the sound of rippling murmurs. Brightly solemn was the moon-stillness there. It agitated the breast of the lily; for the mild planet shed dewy tears on his brow, as he lay sleeping, and seemed to say mournfully, "I too am of thy kindred, yet thou dost not know me."

Soon came the happy days when the lily wooed his bride. Gracefully she bowed toward him, and a de-

licious languor melted his whole being, as he fondly veiled her in a golden shower of aroma. Its spiritual essence pervaded the atmosphere. The birds felt its influence, though they knew not whence it was. The wood-pigeons began to coo, and the mocking-bird poured forth all the loves of the forest. The flowers thrilled responsive to their extremest roots, and all the little blossoms wanted to kiss each other.

The remembrance of mineral existence had passed away from the lily; but with these sounds came vague reminiscences of kindred vibrations, that wrote the aspiration of the agate in mossy hieroglyphics on its bosom. Among the tall trees, a vine was dancing and laughing in the face of the sun. "It must be a pleasant life to swing so blithely high up in the air," thought the lily: "O, what would I give to be so much nearer to the stars!" He reared his head, and tried to imitate the vine; but the waters gently swayed him backward, and he fell asleep on the bosom of the lake. A troop of buffaloes came to drink, and in wild sport they pulled up the lilies, and tossed them on their horns.

The soul, going forth to enter a new body, arrived on the southern shores of the Rhone, at the courting time of blossoms, and became a winged seed, from which a vine leaped forth. Joyous was its life in that sunny clime of grapes and olives. Beautiful rainbow-tinted fairies hovered about it in swarms. They waltzed on the leaves, and swung from the tendrils, playing all manner of merry tricks. If a drowsy one fell asleep in the flower-bells, they tormented him without mercy, tickling his nose with a butterfly's

feather, or piping through straws in his ear. Not a word of love could the vine-blossoms breathe to each other, but the mischievous fairies were listening; and with a zephyry laugh of silvery sweetness, they would sing, "Aha, we hear you!" Then the blossoms would throw perfumes at them, and they would dance away, springing from leaf to leaf, still shouting, "Aha, we heard you!" The next minute, the whole troop would be back again, making ugly faces from a knot-hole in the tree, pelting the blossoms with dew-drops, or disturbing their quiet loves with a serenade of musquito trumpets, and a grotesque accompaniment of cricket-rasping. But the blossoms delighted in the frolicksome little imps; for their capers were very amusing, and at heart they were real friends to love, and always ready to carry perfumes, or presents of golden flower-dust, from one to another, on their tiny wands. They could not reveal secrets, if they would; because the flowers and the fairies have no secrets; but many a graceful song they sang of Moth-feather kissed by Fly-wing, as she lay pretending to be asleep in a Fox-glove; or how Star-twinkle serenaded Dew-drop in the bosom of a Rose.

It was a pleasant life the vine led among the butterflies and fairies; but the stars seemed just as far off as when he was a lily; and when he saw the great trees spread their branches high above him, he wished that he could grow strong, brave, and self-sustaining, like them. While such wishes were in his heart, a traveller passed that way, singing light carols as he went. With careless gayety he switched the vine, the stem broke, and it hung fainting from the branches.

The fairies mourned over the drooping blossoms, and sang sweet requiems as its spirit passed away.

On the heights of Mount Helicon, oak-blossoms were tremulous with love when the vine-spirit floated over them. He entered into an acorn, and became an oak. Serenely noble was his life, in a grove consecrated to the Muses. With calm happiness he gazed upon the silent stars, or watched his own majestic shadow dancing on the verdant turf, enamelled with flowers, which filled the whole air with fragrance. The olive trees, the walnuts, and the almonds, whispered to him all the stories of their loves; and the zephyrs, as they flew by, lingered among his branches, to tell marvellous stories of the winds they had kissed in foreign climes. The Dryads, as they leaned against him, and lovingly twined each other with vernal crowns from his glossy leaves, talked of primal spirits, veiled in never-ending varieties of form, gliding in harmonies through the universe. The murmur of bees, the music of pastoral flutes, and the silvery flow of little waterfalls, mingled ever with the melodious chime of these divine voices. Sometimes, long processions of beautiful youths, crowned with garlands, and bearing branches of laurel, passed slowly by, singing choral hymns in worship of the Muses. The guardian Nymphs of fountains up among the hills leaned forward on their flowing urns, listening to the tuneful sounds; and often the flash of Apollo's harp might be seen among the trees, lightening the forest with a golden fire.

Amid this quiet grandeur, the oak forgot the prettiness of his life with the nimble fairies. But when he

looked down on little streams fringed with oleander and myrtle, or saw bright-winged butterflies and radiant little birds sporting in vine-festoons, he felt a sympathy with the vines and the blossoms, as if they were somehow allied to his own being. The motion of the busy little animals excited a vague restlessness; and when he saw goats skip from rock to rock, or sheep following the flute of the shepherd far over the plain, the sap moved more briskly in his veins, and he began to ask, "How is it beyond those purple hills? Do trees and Dryads live there? And these moving things, are their loves more lively and perfect than ours? Why cannot I also follow that music? Why must I stand still, and wait for all things to come to me?" Even the brilliant lizard, when he crawled over his bark, or twined about his stems, roused within him a faint desire for motion. And when the winds and the trees whispered to him their pastoral romances, he wondered whether the pines, the hazels, and the zephyrs, there beyond, could tell the story of love between the moon and the hills, that met so near them, to bid each other farewell with such a lingering kiss. There came no answer to these queries; but the marble statue of Euterpe, in the grove below, smiled significantly upon him, and the bright warblings of a flute were heard, which sounded like the utterance of her smile. A Dryad, crowned with laurel, and bearing a branch of laurel in her hands, was inspired by the Muse, and spake prophetically: "That was the divine voice of Euterpe," she says; "be patient, and I will reveal all things."

Long stood the oak among those Grecian hills.

The whisperings of the forest became like the voices of familiar friends. But those grand choral hymns, accompanied by warblings of Euterpe's flute, with harmonic vibrations from Erato's silver lyre, and Apollo's golden harp, remained mysteries profound as the stars. Yet all his fibres unconsciously moved in harmony, the unintelligible sounds passed into his inmost being, and modified his outward growth. In process of time, a woodcutter felled the magnificent tree, for pillars to an altar of Jove; and weeping Dryads threw mosses and green garlands over the decaying roots.

A beautiful lizard, with bright metallic hues, glided about on the trees and temples of Herculaneum. He forgot that he had ever been an oak, nor did he know that he carried on his back the colours of the faëry songs he had heard as a vine. He led a pleasant life under the shadow of the leaves, but when Autumn was far advanced, he found a hole in the ground, under one of the pillars of the theatre, and crept into the crevice of a stone to sleep. A torpor came over him, at first occasionally startled by the sharp clash of cymbals, or the deep sonorous voice of trombones, from within the building. But the wind blew sand into the crevice, the earth covered him, and the unconscious lizard was entombed alive. Processions of drunken Bacchantes, with all their furious uproar, did not rouse him from his lethargy. Vesuvius roared, as it poured out rivers of fire, but he heard it not. Through the lapse of silent centuries, he lay there within a buried city, in a sepulchre of lava. But not even that long, long sleep, without a dream, could

efface the impressions of his past existences. At last, some workmen, digging for a well, struck upon a statue, and the lost city was discovered. Breaking away the lava with pickaxes and hammers, they dashed in pieces the stone into which the lizard had crept. He gasped when the fresh air came upon him, and died instantly. His lizard-life had passed without aspiration, and long imprisonment had made him averse to light. He slipped under ground, and became a mole, blind as when he was an agate. He could not see the beauty of the flowers, or the glory of the stars. But music, the universal soul of all things, came to him also. A lark built her nest on the ground near by; and when she returned to her little ones, the joyful trill of her gushing tones was so full of sunlight, that it warmed the heart of the poor little mole. He could not see where the lark went, when he heard her clear notes ascending far into the sky; but he felt the expression of a life more free and bright than his own, and he grew weary of darkness and silence. As he came out oftener to feel the sunshine, his rich brown glossy fur attracted the attention of a boy, who caught him in a trap.

The emancipated spirit passed where birds were mating on the sea shore, and became a halcyon. He wooed a lady-bird, and she was enamoured of his beauty, though neither of them knew that the lark's song was painted in rainbow-tints upon his plumage. Their favourite resort was a cave in the Isle of Staffa. Season after season, he and his successive lady-loves went there to rear their young, in a deep hole of the rock, where the tide, as it ebbs and flows, makes

strange wild melody. As the mother brooded over her nest, he sat patiently by her side, listening to the measured rhythm of the sea, and the wild crescendo of the winds. When storms subsided, and rainbows spanned the rocky island, sirens and mermaids came riding on the billows, with pearls in their hair, singing of submarine gardens, where groves of fan-coral bend like flexile willows, and yellow and crimson seaweeds float in their fluid element, as gracefully as banners on the wind. The halcyons, as they glided above the white wave-wreaths, or sat on the rocks watching for food, often saw these fantastic creatures swimming about, merrily pelting each other with pebbles and shells; and their liquid laughter, mingled with snatches of song, might be heard afar, as they went deep down to their grottoes in the sea.

When Winter approached, the happy birds flew to more Southern climes. During these inland visits, the halcyon again heard the song of the lark. It moved him strangely, and he tried to imitate it; but the sounds came from his throat in harsh twirls, and refused to echo his tuneful wishes. One day, as the beautiful bird sat perched on a twig, gazing intently into the stream, and listening to woodland warbles, a sportsman pointed his gun at him, and killed him instantly.

The spirit, hovering over Italian shores, went into the egg of a nightingale, and came forth into an earthly paradise of soft sunny valleys, and vine-clad hills, with urns and statues gleaming amid dark groves of cypress and cedar. When the moon rose above the hills, with her little one, the evening star, by her side;

and twilight threw over the lovely landscape a veil of rose-coloured mist, the bird felt the pervading presence of the beautiful, and poured forth his soul in songs of exquisite tenderness. Plaintive were the tones; for the moon spoke into his heart far more sadly than when he was a water-lily, and with her solemn voice was mingled the chime of vesper bells across the water, the melancholy cry of gondoliers, and the measured plash of their oars. When the sun came up in golden splendour, flooding hill and dale with brilliant light, the nightingale nestled with his lady-love in cool sequestered groves of cypress and ilex, and listened in dreamy revery to the trickling of many fountains. Fairies came there and danced in graceful undulations, to music of liquid sweetness. In their wildest mirth, they were not so giddy-paced as the pretty caperers of the Rhone, and more deeply passionate were the love-stories they confided to the sympathizing nightingale. When the solemn swell of the church organ rose on the breeze, the fairies hid away timidly under leaves, while human voices chanted their hymns of praise. The nightingale, too, listened with awe; the majestic sounds disturbed him, like echoes of thunder among the hills. His mate had built her nest in low bushes, on the shore of a broad lagune, and there he was wont to sing to her at eventide. The gondolas, as they glided by, with lights glancing on the water, passed his home more slowly, that passengers might listen to the flowing song. One night, a violinist in the gondola responded to his lay. The nightingale answered with an eager gush. Again the violin replied, more at length. Sadly, and

with a lingering sweetness, the nightingale resumed; but suddenly broke off, and went silent. The musician stept on shore, and played a long time under the shadow of the groves, to the ears of his lady-love, who leaned from her balcony to listen. Wildly throbbed the pulses of the nightingale. What was this enchanting voice? It repeated the sky-tone of the lark, the drowsy contemplations of the water-lily communing with the moon, the trills of fairies frisking among the vine-blossoms, the whispers of winds, and trees, and streams, the siren's song, and the mermaid's laugh. With all these he had unconsciously acquired sympathy, in the progress of his being; but mingled with them was a mysterious utterance of something deeper and more expansive, that thrilled his little bosom with an agony of aspiration. When the violin was itself a portion of trees, the music of winds, and leaves, and streams, and little birds, had passed into its heart. The poet's soul likewise listens passively to the voices of nature, and receives them quietly, as a divine influx. The violin knew by the poet's manner of questioning, that he could understand her, and she told him all the things she had ever heard. But by reason of this divine harmony between them, his human soul breathed through her, and made her the messenger of joys and sorrows far deeper than her own. This it was that troubled the breast of the nightingale. The next evening he flooded the whole valley with a rich tide of song. Men said, "Did ever bird sing so divinely?" But he felt how far inferior it was to those heavenly tones, which repeated all the things he had ever

heard, and oppressed him with a prophecy of things unknown. Evening by evening, his song grew more sad in its farewell sweetness, and at last was heard no more. He had pined away and died, longing for the voice of the violin.

In a happy German home, a young wife leaned lovingly on the bosom of her chosen mate. They were not aware that the spirit of a nightingale was circling round them and would pass into the soul of their infant son, whom they named Felix Mendelssohn. The poet-musician, as he grew to manhood, lost all recollection of his own transmigrations. But often when his human eyes gazed on lovely scenes for the first time, Nature looked at him so kindly, and all her voices spoke so familiarly, that it seemed as if his soul must have been there before him. The moon claimed kindred with him, and lulled him into dreamy revery, as she had done when the undulating waters cradeled him as a lily. In music, he asked the fair planet concerning all this, and why she and the earth always looked into each other's eyes with such saddened love. Poets, listening to the Concerto,* heard in it the utterance of their souls also; and they will give it again in painting, sculpture, and verse. Thus are all forms intertwined by the pervading spirit which flows through them.

The sleeping flowers wakened vague reminiscences of tiny radiant forms. Mendelssohn called to them in music, and the whole faëry troop came dancing on moon-beams into his "Midsummer Night's Dream."

* Concerto for the piano, in G Minor.

The sight of temples and statues brought shadowy dreams of Druids, and consecrated groves, of choral hymns, and the rich vibrations of Apollo's harp. Serene in classic beauty, these visions float through the music of "Antigone."

The booming of waves, and the screaming of gulls, stirred halcyon recollections. He asked in music whence they came, and Euterpe answered in the picturesque sea-wildness of his "Fingal's Cave."

The song of the nightingale brought dim memories of a pure brilliant atmosphere, of landscapes tinted with prismatic splendour, of deep blue lakes dimpled with sun-flecks; and gracefully glides the gondola, under the glowing sky of Italy, through the flowing melody of his "Songs without Words."

But music is to him as the violin was to the nightingale. It repeats, with puzzling vagueness, all he has ever known, and troubles his spirit with prophecies of the infinite unknown. Imploringly he asks Euterpe to keep her promise, and reveal to him all the secrets of the universe. Graciously and confidingly she answers. But as it was with the nightingale, so is it with him; the utterance belongs to powers above the circle of his being, and he cannot comprehend it now. Through the gate which men call Death, he will pass into more perfect life, where speech and tone dwell together forever in a golden marriage.

THE BLACK SAXONS.

Tyrants are but the spawn of ignorance,
Begotten by the slaves they trample on;
Who, could they win a glimmer of the light,
And see that tyranny is *always* weakness,
Or fear with its own bosom ill at ease,
Would laugh away in scorn the sand-wove chain,
Which their own blindness feigned for adamant.
Wrong ever builds on quicksands; but the Right
To the firm centre lays its moveless base.—J. R. LOWELL.

MR. DUNCAN was sitting alone in his elegantly furnished parlour, in the vicinity of Charleston, South Carolina. Before him lay an open volume, Thierry's History of the Norman Conquest. From the natural kindliness of his character, and democratic theories deeply imbibed in childhood, his thoughts dwelt more with a nation prostrated and kept in base subjection by the strong arm of violence, than with the renowned robbers, who seized their rich possesions, and haughtily trampled on their dearest rights.

"And so that bold and beautiful race became slaves!" thought he. "The brave and free-souled Harolds, strong of heart and strong of arm; the fair-haired Ediths, in their queenly beauty, noble in soul as well as ancestry; these all sank to the condition of slaves. They tamely submitted to their lot, till their free, bright beauty passed under the heavy cloud of animal dullness, and the contemptuous Norman epithet of

'base Saxon churls' was but too significantly true. Yet not without efforts did they thus sink. How often renewed, or how bravely sustained, we know not; for Troubadours rarely sing of the defeated, and conquerors write their own History. That they did not relinquish freedom without a struggle, is proved by Robin Hood and his bold followers, floating in dim and shadowy glory on the outskirts of history; brave outlaws of the free forest, and the wild mountain-passes, taking back, in the very teeth of danger, a precarious subsistence from the rich possessions that were once their own; and therefore styled thieves and traitors by the robbers who had beggared them. Doubtless they had minstrels of their own; unknown in princely halls, untrumpeted by fame, yet singing of their exploits in spirit-stirring tones, to hearts burning with a sense of wrong. Troubled must be the sleep of those who rule a conquered nation!"

These thoughts were passing through his mind, when a dark mulatto opened the door, and making a servile reverence, said, in wheedling tones, "Would massa be so good as gib a pass to go to Methodist meeting?"

Mr. Duncan was a proverbially indulgent master; and he at once replied, "Yes, Jack, you may have a pass; but you must mind and not stay out all night."

"Oh, no, massa. Tom neber preach more than two hours."

Scarcely was the pass written, before another servant appeared with a similar request; and presently another; and yet another. When these interruptions

ceased, Mr. Duncan resumed his book, and quietly read of the oppressed Saxons, until the wish for a glass of water induced him to ring the bell. No servant obeyed the summons. With an impatient jerk of the rope, he rang a second time, muttering to himself, "What a curse it is to be waited upon by slaves! If I were dying, the lazy loons would take their own time, and come dragging their heavy heels along, an hour after I was in the world of spirits. My neighbours tell me it is because I never flog them. I believe they are in the right. It is a hard case, too, to force a man to be a tyrant, whether he will or no."

A third time he rang the bell more loudly; but waited in vain for the sound of coming footsteps. Then it occurred to him that he had given every one of his slaves a pass to go to the Methodist meeting. This was instantly followed by the remembrance, that the same thing had happened a few days before.

We were then at war with Great Britain; and though Mr. Duncan often boasted the attachment of his slaves, and declared them to be the most contented and happy labourers in the world, who would not take their freedom if they could, yet, by some coincidence of thought, the frequency of Methodist meetings immediately suggested the common report that British troops were near the coast, and about to land in Charleston. Simultaneously came the remembrance of Big-boned Dick, who many months before had absconded from a neighbouring planter, and was suspected of holding a rendezvous for runaways, in the swampy depths of some dark forest. The existence

of such a gang was indicated by the rapid disappearance of young corn, sweet potatoes, fat hogs, &c., from the plantations for many miles round.

"The black rascal!" exclaimed he: "If my boys *are* in league with him"—

The coming threat was arrested by a voice within, which, like a chorus from some invisible choir, all at once struck up the lively ballad of Robin Hood; and thus brought Big-boned Dick, like Banquo's Ghost, unbidden and unwelcome, into incongruous association with his spontaneous sympathy for Saxon serfs, his contempt of "base Saxon churls," who tamely submitted to their fate, and his admiration of the bold outlaws, who lived by plunder in the wild freedom of Saxon forests.

His republican sympathies, and the "system entailed upon him by his ancestors," were obviously out of joint with each other; and the skilfullest soldering of casuistry could by no means make them adhere together. Clear as the tones of a cathedral bell above the hacks and drays of a city, the voice of Reason rose above all the pretexts of selfishness, and the apologies of sophistry, and loudly proclaimed that his sympathies were right, and his practice wrong. Had there been at his elbow some honest John Woolman, or fearless Elias Hicks, that hour might perhaps have seen *him* a freeman, in giving freedom to his serfs. But he was alone; and the prejudices of education, and the habits of his whole life, conjured up a fearful array of lions in his path; and he wist not that they were phantoms. The admonitions of awakened conscience gradually gave place to considerations of per-

sonal safety, and plans for ascertaining the real extent of his danger.

The next morning he asked his slaves, with assumed nonchalance, whether they had a good meeting.

"Oh, yes, massa; bery good meeting."

"Where did you meet?"

"In the woods behind Birch Grove, massa."

The newspaper was brought, and found to contain a renewal of the report that British troops were prowling about the coast. Mr. Duncan slowly paced the room for some time, apparently studying the figures of the carpet, yet utterly unconscious whether he trod on canvass or the greensward. At length, he ordered his horse and drove to the next plantation. Seeing a gang at work in the fields, he stopped; and after some questions concerning the crop, he said to one of the most intelligent, "So you had a fine meeting last night?"

"Oh, yes, massa, bery nice meeting."

"Where was it?

The slave pointed far *east* of Birch Grove. The white man's eye followed the direction of the bondman's finger, and a deeper cloud gathered on his brow. Without comment he rode on in another direction, and with apparent indifference made similar inquiries of another gang of labourers. They pointed *north* of Birch Grove, and replied, "In the Hugonot woods, massa."

With increasing disquietude, he slowly turned his horse toward the city. He endeavoured to conceal anxiety under a cheerful brow; for he was afraid to ask counsel, even of his most familiar friends, in a

community so prone to be blinded by insane fury under the excitement of such suspicions. Having purchased a complete suit of negro clothes, and a black mask well fitted to his face, he returned home, and awaited the next request for passes to a Methodist meeting.

In a few days, the sable faces again appeared before him, one after another, asking permission to hear Tom preach. The passes were promptly given, accompanied by the cool observation, "It seems to me, boys, that you are all growing wonderfully religious of late."

To which they eagerly replied, "Ah, if massa could hear Tom preach, it make his hair stand up. Tom make ebery body tink weder he hab a soul."

When the last one had departed, the master hastily assumed his disguise, and hurried after them. Keeping them within sight, he followed over field and meadow, through woods and swamps. As he went on, the number of dark figures, all tending toward the same point, continually increased. Now and then, some one spoke to him; but he answered briefly, and with an effort to disguise his voice. At last, they arrived at one of those swamp islands, so common at the South, insulated by a broad, deep belt of water, and effectually screened from the main-land by a luxuriant growth of forest trees, matted together by a rich entanglement of vines and underwood. A large tree had been felled for a bridge; and over this dusky forms were swarming, like ants into their new-made nest.

Mr. Duncan had a large share of that animal in-

stinct called physical courage; but his heart throbbed almost audibly, as he followed that dark multitude.

At the end of a rough and intricate passage, there opened before him a scene of picturesque and imposing grandeur. A level space, like a vast saloon, was enclosed by majestic trees, uniting their boughs over it, in fantastic resemblance to some Gothic cathedral. Spanish moss formed a thick matted roof, and floated in funereal streamers. From the points of arches hung wild vines in luxuriant profusion, some in heavy festoons, others lightly and gracefully leaping upward. The blaze of pine torches threw some into bold relief, and cast others into a shadowy background. And here, in this lone sanctuary of Nature, were assembled many hundreds of swart figures, some seated in thoughtful attitudes, others scattered in moving groups, eagerly talking together. As they glanced about, now sinking into dense shadow, and now emerging into lurid light, they seemed to the slaveholder's excited imagination like demons from the pit, come to claim guilty souls. He had, however, sufficient presence of mind to observe that each one, as he entered, prostrated himself, till his forehead touched the ground, and rising, placed his finger on his mouth. Imitating this signal, he passed in with the throng, and seated himself behind the glare of the torches. For some time, he could make out no connected meaning amid the confused buzz of voices, and half-suppressed snatches of songs. But, at last, a tall man mounted the stump of a decayed tree, nearly in the centre of the area, and requested silence.

"When we had our last meeting," said he, "I sup-

pose most all of you know, that we all concluded it was best for to join the British, if so be we could get a good chance. But we didn't all agree about our masters. Some thought we should never be able to keep our freedom, without we killed our masters, in the first place; others didn't like the thoughts of that; so we agreed to have another meeting to talk about it. And now, boys, if the British land here in Caroliny, what shall we do with our masters?"

He sat down, and a tall, sinewy mulatto stepped into his place, exclaiming, with fierce gestures, "Ravish wives and daughters before their eyes, as they have done to *us!* Hunt them with hounds, as they have hunted *us!* Shoot them down with rifles, as they have shot *us!* Throw their carcasses to the crows, they have fattened on *our* bones; and then let the Devil take them where they never rake up fire o' nights. Who talks of *mercy* to our masters?"

"I do," said an aged black man, who rose up before the fiery youth, tottering as he leaned both hands on an oaken staff. "I do;—because the blessed Jesus always talked of mercy. I know we have been fed like hogs, and shot at like wild beasts. Myself found the body of my likeliest boy under the tree where buckra* rifles reached him. But thanks to the blessed Jesus, I feel it in my poor old heart to forgive them. I have been member of a Methodist church these thirty years; and I've heard many preachers, white and black; and they all tell me Jesus said, Do good to them that do evil to you, and pray for them that spite you. Now I say, let us love our enemies;

* Buckra is the negro term for white man.

let us pray for them; and when our masters flog us, and sell our piccaninnies, let us break out singing:

"You may beat upon my body,
But you cannot harm my soul;
I shall join the forty thousand by and by.

"You may sell my children to Georgy,
But you cannot harm their soul;
They will join the forty thousand by and bye.

"Come, slave-trader, come in too;
The Lord 's got a pardon here for you;
You shall join the forty thousand by and bye.

"Come, poor nigger, come in too;
The Lord 's got a pardon here for you;
You shall join the forty thousand by and bye.

"My skin is black, but my soul is white;
And when we get to Heaven we 'll all be alike;
We shall join the forty thousand by and bye.

That's the way to glorify the Lord."

Scarcely had the cracked voice ceased the tremulous chant in which these words were uttered, when a loud altercation commenced; some crying out vehemently for the blood of the white men, others maintaining that the old man's doctrine was right. The aged black remained leaning on his staff, and mildly replied to every outburst of fury, "But Jesus said, do good for evil." Loud rose the din of excited voices; and the disguised slaveholder shrank deeper into the shadow.

In the midst of the confusion, an athletic, gracefully-proportioned young man sprang upon the stump, and throwing off his coarse cotton garments, slowly turned round and round, before the assembled multitude.

Immediately all was hushed; for the light of a dozen torches, eagerly held up by fierce revengeful comrades, showed his back and shoulders deeply gashed by the whip, and still oozing with blood. In the midst of that deep silence, he stopped abruptly, and with stern brevity exclaimed, "Boys! *shall* we not murder our masters?"

"Would you murder *all?*" inquired a timid voice at his right hand. "They don't all cruellize their slaves."

"There's Mr. Campbell," pleaded another; "he never had one of his boys flogged in his life. You wouldn't murder *him*, would you?"

"Oh, no, no, no," shouted many voices; "we wouldn't murder Mr. Campbell. He's always good to coloured folks."

"And I wouldn't murder *my* master," said one of Mr. Duncan's slaves; "and I'd fight anybody that set out to murder him. I an't a going to work for him for nothing any longer, if I can help it; but he shan't be murdered; for he's a good master."

"Call him a good master, if ye like!" said the bleeding youth, with a bitter sneer in his look and tone. "I curse the word. The white men tell us God made them our masters; I say it was the Devil. When they don't cut up the backs that bear their burdens; when they throw us enough of the grain we have raised, to keep us strong for another harvest; when they forbear to shoot the limbs, that toil to make *them* rich; there *are* fools who call them good masters. Why should *they* sleep on soft beds, under silken curtains, while *we*, whose labour bought it all,

lie on the floor at the threshold, or miserably coiled up in the dirt of our own cabins? Why should I clothe my master in broadcloth and fine linen, when he knows, and I know, that he is my own brother? and I, meanwhile, have only this coarse rag to cover my aching shoulders?" He kicked the garment scornfully, and added, "Down on your knees, if ye like, and thank them that ye are not flogged and shot. Of *me* they'll learn another lesson!"

Mr. Duncan recognised in the speaker, the reputed son of one of his friends, lately deceased; one of that numerous class, which southern vice is thoughtlessly raising up, to be its future scourge and terror.

The high, bold forehead, and flashing eye, indicated an intellect too active and daring for servitude; while his fluent speech and appropriate language betrayed the fact that his highly educated parent, from some remains of instinctive feeling, had kept him near his own person, during his lifetime, and thus formed his conversation on another model than the rude jargon of slaves.

His poor, ignorant listeners stood spell-bound by the magic of superior mind; and at first it seemed as if he might carry the whole meeting in favour of his views. But the aged man, leaning on his oaken staff, still mildly spoke of the meek and blessed Jesus; and the docility of African temperament responded to his gentle words.

Then rose a man of middle age, short of stature, with a quick roguish eye, and a spirit of knowing drollery lurking about his mouth. Rubbing his head in uncouth fashion, he began: "I don't know how to

speak like Bob; for I never had no chance. He says the Devil made white men our masters. Now dat's a ting I've thought on a heap. Many a time I've axed myself how pon arth it was, that jist as sure as white man and black man come togeder, de white man sure to git he foot on de black man. Sometimes I tink one ting, den I tink anoder ting; and dey all be jumbled up in my head, jest like seed in de cotton afore he put in de gin. At last, I find it all out. White man *always* git he foot on de black man; no mistake in *dat*. But how he do it? I'll show you how!"

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he took out a crumpled piece of printed paper, and smoothing it carefully on the palm of his hand, he struck it significantly with his finger, and exclaimed triumphantly, "Dat's de way dey do it! Dey got de *knowledge!* Now, it'll do no more good to rise agin our masters, dan put de head in de fire and pull him out agin; and may be you can't pull him out agin. When I was a boy, I hear an old conjuring woman say she could conjure de Divil out of anybody. I ask her why she don't conjure her massa, den; and she tell me, 'Oh, nigger neber conjure buckra—can't do't.' But I say nigger *can* conjure buckra. How he do it? Get de knowledge! Dat de way. We make de sleeve wide, and fill full of de tea and de sugar, ebery time we get in missis' closet. If we take half so much pains to get de knowledge, de white man take he foot off de black man. Maybe de British land, and maybe de British no land; but tell you sons to marry de free woman, dat know how to read and write; and tell

you gals to marry de free man, dat know how to read and write; and den, by'm bye, you be de British *yourselves!* You want to know how I manage to get de knowledge? I tell you. I want right bad to larn to read. My old boss is the most begrudgfullest massa, and I know he won't let me larn. So, when I see leetle massa wid he book, (he about six year old,) I say to him, What you call dat? He tell me dat is A. Oh, dat is A! So I take old newspaper, and I ax missis, may I hab dis to rub my brasses? She say yes. I put it in my pocket, and by'm by, I look to see I find A; and I look at him till I know him bery well. Den I ask my young massa, What you call dat? He say, dat is B. So I find him on my paper, and look at him, till I know him bery well. Den I ask my young massa what C A T spell? He tell me cat. Den, after great long time, I can read de newspaper. And what you tink I *find* dere? I read British going to land! Den I tell all de boys British going to land; and I say what you *do*, s'pose British land? When I stand behind massa's chair, I hear him talk, and I tell all de boys what he say. Den Bob say must hab Methodist meeting, and tell massa, Tom going to preach in de woods. But what you tink I did toder day? You know Jim, massa Gubernor's boy? Well, I want mighty bad to let Jim know British going to land. But he lib ten mile off, and old boss no let me go. Well, massa Gubernor he come dine my massa's house; and I bring he horse to de gate; and I make my bow, and say, massa Gubernor, how Jim do? He tell me Jim bery well. Den I ax him, be Jim good boy? He say

yes. Den I tell him Jim and I leetle boy togeder; and I want mighty bad send Jim someting. He tell me Jim hab enough of ebery ting. Oh, yes, massa Gubernor, I know you bery good massa, and Jim hab ebery ting he want; but when leetle boy togeder, dere is always someting *here* (laying his hand on his heart). I want to send a leetle backy to Jim. I know he hab much backy he want; but Jim and I leetle boy togeder, and I want to send Jim someting. Massa Gubernor say, bery well, Jack. So I gib him de backy, done up in de bery bit o' newspaper dat tell British going to land! And massa Gubernor *himself* carry it! And massa Gubernor *himself* carry it!!"

He clapped his hands, kicked up his heels, and turned somersets like a harlequin. These demonstrations were received with loud shouts of merriment; and it was sometime before sufficient order was restored to proceed with the question under discussion.

After various scenes of fiery indignation, gentle expostulation, and boisterous mirth, it was finally decided, by a considerable majority, that in case the British landed, they would take their freedom *without* murdering their masters; not a few, however, went away in wrathful mood, muttering curses deep.

With thankfulness to Heaven, Mr. Duncan again found himself in the open field, alone with the stars. Their glorious beauty seemed to him, that night, clothed in new and awful power. Groups of shrubbery took to themselves startling forms; and the sound of the wind among the trees was like the unsheathing of swords. Again he recurred to Saxon history, and remembered how he had thought that troubled must

be the sleep of those who rule a conquered people. A new significance seemed given to Wat Tyler's address to the insurgent labourers of *his* day; an emphatic, and most unwelcome application of *his* indignant question why serfs should toil unpaid, in wind and sun, that lords might sleep on down, and embroider their garments with pearl.

"And these Robin Hoods, and Wat Tylers, were my Saxon ancestors," thought he. "Who shall so balance effects and causes, as to decide what portion of my present freedom sprung from their seemingly defeated efforts? Was the place I saw to-night, in such wild and fearful beauty, like the haunts of the *Saxon* Robin Hoods? Was not the spirit that gleamed forth as brave as *theirs?* And who shall calculate what even such hopeless endeavours may do for the future freedom of this down-trodden race?"

These cogitations did not, so far as I ever heard, lead to the emancipation of his bondmen; but they did prevent his revealing a secret, which would have brought hundreds to an immediate and violent death. After a painful conflict between contending feelings and duties, he contented himself with advising the magistrates to forbid all meetings whatsoever among the coloured people until the war was ended.

He visited Boston several years after, and told the story to a gentleman, who often repeated it in the circle of his friends. In brief outline it reached my ears. I have told it truly, with some filling up by imagination, some additional garniture of language, and the adoption of fictitious names, because I have forgotten the real ones.

HILDA SILFVERLING.

A Fantasy.

"Thou hast nor youth nor age;
But, as it were, an after dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both."—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

HILDA GYLLENLOF was the daughter of a poor Swedish clergyman. Her mother died before she had counted five summers. The good father did his best to supply the loss of maternal tenderness; nor were kind neighbors wanting, with friendly words, and many a small gift for the pretty little one. But at the age of thirteen, Hilda lost her father also, just as she was receiving rapidly from his affectionate teachings as much culture as his own education and means afforded. The unfortunate girl had no other resource than to go to distant relatives, who were poor, and could not well conceal that the destitute orphan was a burden. At the end of a year, Hilda, in sadness and weariness of spirit, went to Stockholm, to avail herself of an opportunity to earn her living by her needle, and some light services about the house.

She was then in the first blush of maidenhood, with a clear innocent look, and exceedingly fair complexion. Her beauty soon attracted the attention of Magnus Andersen, mate of a Danish vessel then lying at the

wharves of Stockholm. He could not be otherwise than fascinated with her budding loveliness; and alone as she was in the world, she was naturally prone to listen to the first words of warm affection she had heard since her father's death. What followed is the old story, which will continue to be told as long as there are human passions and human laws. To do the young man justice, though selfish, he was not deliberately unkind; for he did not mean to be treacherous to the friendless young creature who trusted him. He sailed from Sweden with the honest intention to return and make her his wife; but he was lost in a storm at sea, and the earth saw him no more.

Hilda never heard the sad tidings; but, for another cause, her heart was soon oppressed with shame and sorrow. If she had had a mother's bosom on which to lean her aching head, and confess all her faults and all her grief, much misery might have been saved. But there was none to whom she dared to speak of her anxiety and shame. Her extreme melancholy attracted the attention of a poor old woman, to whom she sometimes carried clothes for washing. The good Virika, after manifesting her sympathy in various ways, at last ventured to ask outright why one so young was so very sad. The poor child threw herself on the friendly bosom, and confessed all her wretchedness. After that, they had frequent confidential conversations; and the kind-hearted peasant did her utmost to console and cheer the desolate orphan. She said she must soon return to her native village in the Norwegian valley of Westfjordalen; and as she was alone in the world, and wanted some-

thing to love, she would gladly take the babe, and adopt it for her own.

Poor Hilda, thankful for any chance to keep her disgrace a secret, gratefully accepted the offer. When the babe was ten days old, she allowed the good Virika to carry it away; though not without bitter tears, and the oft-repeated promise that her little one might be reclaimed, whenever Magnus returned and fulfilled his promise of marriage.

But though these arrangements were managed with great caution, the young mother did not escape suspicion. It chanced, very unfortunately, that soon after Virika's departure, an infant was found in the water, strangled with a sash very like one Hilda had been accustomed to wear. A train of circumstantial evidence seemed to connect the child with her, and she was arrested. For some time, she contented herself with assertions of innocence, and obstinately refused to tell anything more. But at last, having the fear of death before her eyes, she acknowledged that she had given birth to a daughter, which had been carried away by Virika Gjetter, to her native place, in the parish of Tind, in the Valley of Westfjordalen. Inquiries were accordingly made in Norway, but the answer obtained was that Virika had not been heard of in her native valley, for many years. Through weary months, Hilda lingered in prison, waiting in vain for favourable testimony; and at last, on strong circumstantial evidence, she was condemned to die.

It chanced there was at that time a very learned chemist in Stockholm; a man whose thoughts were all gas, and his hours marked only by combinations

and explosions. He had discovered a process of artificial cold, by which he could suspend animation in living creatures, and restore it at any prescribed time. He had in one apartment of his laboratory a bear that had been in a torpid state five years, a wolf two years, and so on. This of course excited a good deal of attention in the scientific world. A metaphysician suggested how extremely interesting it would be to put a human being asleep thus, and watch the reunion of soul and body, after the lapse of a hundred years. The chemist was half wild with the magnificence of this idea; and he forthwith petitioned that Hilda, instead of being beheaded, might be delivered to him, to be frozen for a century. He urged that her extreme youth demanded pity; that his mode of execution would be a very gentle one, and, being so strictly private, would be far less painful to the poor young creature than exposure to the public gaze.

His request, being seconded by several men of science, was granted by the government; for no one suggested a doubt of its divine right to freeze human hearts, instead of chopping off human heads, or choking human lungs. This change in the mode of death was much lauded as an act of clemency, and poor Hilda tried to be as grateful as she was told she ought to be.

On the day of execution, the chaplain came to pray with her, but found himself rather embarrassed in using the customary form. He could not well allude to her going in a few hours to meet her final judge; for the chemist said she would come back in a hundred years, and where her soul would be meantime

was more than theology could teach. Under these novel circumstances, the old nursery prayer seemed to be the only appropriate one for her to repeat:

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep:
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The subject of this curious experiment was conveyed in a close carriage from the prison to the laboratory. A shudder ran through soul and body, as she entered the apartment assigned her. It was built entirely of stone, and rendered intensely cold by an artificial process. The light was dim and spectral, being admitted from above through a small circle of blue glass. Around the sides of the room, were tiers of massive stone shelves, on which reposed various objects in a torpid state. A huge bear lay on his back, with paws crossed on his breast, as devoutly as some pious knight of the fourteenth century. There was in fact no inconsiderable resemblance in the proceedings by which both these characters gained their worldly possessions; they were equally based on the maxim that "might makes right." It is true, the Christian obtained a better name, inasmuch as he paid a tithe of his gettings to the holy church, which the bear never had the grace to do. But then it must be remembered that the bear had no soul to save, and the Christian knight would have been very unlikely to pay fees to the ferryman, if he likewise had had nothing to send over.

The two public functionaries, who had attended the prisoner, to make sure that justice was not defrauded

of its due, soon begged leave to retire, complaining of the unearthly cold. The pale face of the maiden became still paler, as she saw them depart. She seized the arm of the old chemist, and said, imploringly, "You will not go away, too, and leave me with these dreadful creatures?"

He replied, not without some touch of compassion in his tones, "You will be sound asleep, my dear, and will not know whether I am here or not. Drink this; it will soon make you drowsy."

"But what if that great bear should wake up?" asked she, trembling.

"Never fear. He cannot wake up," was the brief reply.

"And what if I should wake up, all alone here?"

"Don't disturb yourself," said he, "I tell you that you will not wake up. Come, my dear, drink quick; for I am getting chilly myself."

The poor girl cast another despairing glance round the tomb-like apartment, and did as she was requested. "And now," said the chemist, "let us shake hands, and say farewell; for you will never see me again."

"Why, wont you come to wake me up?" inquired the prisoner; not reflecting on all the peculiar circumstances of her condition.

"My great-grandson may," replied he, with a smile. "Adieu, my dear. It is a great deal pleasanter than being beheaded. You will fall asleep as easily as a babe in his cradle."

She gazed in his face, with a bewildered drowsy look, and big tears rolled down her cheeks. "Just

step up here, my poor child," said he; and he offered her his hand.

"Oh, don't lay me so near the crocodile!" she exclaimed. "If he *should* wake up!"

"You wouldn't know it, if he did," rejoined the patient chemist; "but never mind. Step up to this other shelf, if you like it better."

He handed her up very politely, gathered her garments about her feet, crossed her arms below her breast, and told her to be perfectly still. He then covered his face with a mask, let some gasses escape from an apparatus in the centre of the room, and immediately went out, locking the door after him.

The next day, the public functionaries looked in, and expressed themselves well satisfied to find the maiden lying as rigid and motionless as the bear, the wolf, and the snake. On the edge of the shelf where she lay was pasted an inscription: "Put to sleep for infanticide, Feb. 10, 1740, by order of the king. To be wakened Feb. 10, 1840."

The earth whirled round on its axis, carrying with it the Alps and the Andes, the bear, the crocodile, and the maiden. Summer and winter came and went; America took place among the nations; Bonaparte played out his great game, with kingdoms for pawns; and still the Swedish damsel slept on her stone shelf with the bear and the crocodile.

When ninety-five years had passed, the bear, having fulfilled his prescribed century, was waked according to agreement. The curious flocked round him, to see him eat, and hear whether he could growl as

well as other bears. Not liking such close observation, he broke his chain one night, and made off for the hills. How he seemed to his comrades, and what mistakes he made in his recollections, there were never any means of ascertaining. But bears, being more strictly conservative than men, happily escape the influence of French revolutions, German philosophy, Fourier theories, and reforms of all sorts; therefore Bruin doubtless found less change in *his* fellow citizens, than an old knight or viking might have done, had he chanced to sleep so long.

At last, came the maiden's turn to be resuscitated. The populace had forgotten her and her story long ago; but a select scientific few were present at the ceremony, by special invitation. The old chemist and his children all "slept the sleep that knows no waking." But carefully written orders had been transmitted from generation to generation; and the duty finally devolved on a great grandson, himself a chemist of no mean reputation.

Life returned very slowly; at first by almost imperceptible degrees, then by a visible shivering through the nerves. When the eyes opened, it was as if by the movement of pulleys, and there was something painfully strange in their marble gaze. But the lamp within the inner shrine lighted up, and gradually shone through them, giving assurance of the presence of a soul. As consciousness returned, she looked in the faces round her, as if seeking for some one; for her first dim recollection was of the old chemist. For several days, there was a general sluggishness of soul

and body; an overpowering inertia, which made all exertion difficult, and prevented memory from rushing back in too tumultuous a tide.

For some time, she was very quiet and patient; but the numbers who came to look at her, their perpetual questions how things seemed to her, what was the state of her appetite and her memory, made her restless and irritable. Still worse was it when she went into the street. Her numerous visitors pointed her out to others, who ran to doors and windows to stare at her, and this soon attracted the attention of boys and lads. To escape such annoyances, she one day walked into a little shop, bearing the name of a woman she had formerly known. It was now kept by her grand-daughter, an aged woman, who was evidently as afraid of Hilda, as if she had been a witch or a ghost.

This state of things became perfectly unendurable. After a few weeks, the forlorn being made her escape from the city, at dawn of day, and with money which had been given her by charitable people, she obtained a passage to her native village, under the new name of Hilda Silfverling. But to stand, in the bloom of sixteen, among well-remembered hills and streams, and not recognise a single human face, or know a single human voice, this was the most mournful of all; far worse than loneliness in a foreign land; sadder than sunshine on a ruined city. And all these suffocating emotions must be crowded back on her own heart; for if she revealed them to any one, she would assuredly be considered insane or bewitched.

As the thought became familiar to her that even the

little children she had known were all dead long ago, her eyes assumed an indescribably perplexed and mournful expression, which gave them an appearance of supernatural depth. She was seized with an inexpressible longing to go where no one had ever heard of her, and among scenes she had never looked upon. Her thoughts often reverted fondly to old Virika Gjetter, and the babe for whose sake she had suffered so much; and her heart yearned for Norway. But then she was chilled by the remembrance that even if her child had lived to the usual age of mortals, she must have been long since dead; and if she had left descendants, what would they know of *her?* Overwhelmed by the complete desolation of her lot on earth, she wept bitterly. But she was never utterly hopeless; for in the midst of her anguish, something prophetic seemed to beckon through the clouds, and call her into Norway.

In Stockholm, there was a white-haired old clergyman, who had been peculiarly kind, when he came to see her, after her centennial slumber. She resolved to go to him, to tell him how oppressively dreary was her restored existence, and how earnestly she desired to go, under a new name, to some secluded village in Norway, where none would be likely to learn her history, and where there would be nothing to remind her of the gloomy past. The good old man entered at once into her feelings, and approved her plan. He had been in that country himself, and had staid a few days at the house of a kind old man, named Eystein Hansen. He furnished Hilda with means for the journey, and gave her an affectionate letter of intro-

duction, in which he described her as a Swedish orphan, who had suffered much, and would be glad to earn her living in any honest way that could be pointed out to her.

It was the middle of June when Hilda arrived at the house of Eystein Hanson. He was a stout, clumsy, red-visaged old man, with wide mouth, and big nose, hooked like an eagle's beak; but there was a right friendly expression in his large eyes, and when he had read the letter, he greeted the young stranger with such cordiality, she felt at once that she had found a father. She must come in his boat, he said, and he would take her at once to his island-home, where his good woman would give her a hearty welcome. She always loved the friendless; and especially would she love the Swedish orphan, because her last and youngest daughter had died the year before. On his way to the boat, the worthy man introduced her to several people, and when he told her story, old men and young maidens took her by the hand, and spoke as if they thought Heaven had sent them a daughter and a sister. The good Brenda received her with open arms, as her husband had said she would. She was an old weather-beaten woman, but there was a whole heart full of sunshine in her honest eyes.

And this new home looked so pleasant under the light of the summer sky! The house was embowered in the shrubbery of a small island, in the midst of a fiord, the steep shores of which were thickly covered with pine, fir, and juniper, down to the water's edge.

The fiord went twisting and turning about, from promontory to promontory, as if the Nereides, dancing up from the sea, had sportively chased each other into nooks and corners, now hiding away behind some bold projection of rock, and now peeping out suddenly, with a broad sunny smile. Directly in front of the island, the fiord expanded into a broad bay, on the shores of which was a little primitive romantic-looking village. Here and there a sloop was at anchor, and picturesque little boats tacked off and on from cape to cape, their white sails glancing in the sun. A range of lofty blue mountains closed in the distance. One giant, higher than all the rest, went up perpendicularly into the clouds, wearing a perpetual crown of glittering snow. As the maiden gazed on this sublime and beautiful scenery, a new and warmer tide seemed to flow through her stagnant heart. Ah, how happy might life be here among these mountain homes, with a people of such patriarchal simplicity, so brave and free, so hospitable, frank and hearty!

The house of Eystein Hansen was built of pine logs, neatly white-washed. The roof was covered with grass, and bore a crop of large bushes. A vine, tangled among these, fell in heavy festoons that waved at every touch of the wind. The door was painted with flowers in gay colours, and surmounted with fantastic carving. The interior of the dwelling was ornamented with many little grotesque images, boxes, bowls, ladles, &c., curiously carved in the close-grained and beautifully white wood of the Norwegian fir. This was a common amusement with the peas-

antry, and Eystein being a great favourite among them, received many such presents during his frequent visits in the surrounding parishes.

But nothing so much attracted Hilda's attention as a kind of long trumpet, made of two hollow half cylinders of wood, bound tightly together with birch bark. The only instrument of the kind she had ever seen was in the possession of Virika Gjetter, who called it a *luhr*, and said it was used to call the cows home in her native village, in Upper Tellemarken. She showed how it was used, and Hilda, having a quick ear, soon learned to play upon it with considerable facility.

And here in her new home, this rude instrument reappeared; forming the only visible link between her present life and that dreamy past! With strange feelings, she took up the pipe, and began to play one of the old tunes. At first, the tones flitted like phantoms in and out of her brain; but at last, they all came back, and took their places rank and file. Old Brenda said it was a pleasant tune, and asked her to play it again; but to Hilda it seemed awfully solemn, like a voice warbling from the grave. She would learn other tunes to please the good mother, she said; but this she would play no more; it made her too sad, for she had heard it in her youth.

"Thy youth!" said Brenda, smiling." One sees well that must have been a long time ago. To hear thee talk, one might suppose thou wert an old autumn leaf, just ready to drop from the bough, like myself."

Hilda blushed, and said she felt old, because she had had much trouble.

"Poor child," responded the good Brenda: "I hope thou hast had thy share."

"I feel as if nothing could trouble me here," replied Hilda, with a grateful smile; "all seems so kind and peaceful." She breathed a few notes through the *luhr*, as she laid it away on the shelf where she had found it. "But, my good mother," said she, "how clear and soft are these tones! The pipe I used to hear was far more harsh."

"The wood is very old," rejoined Brenda: "They say it is more than a hundred years. Alerik Thorild gave it to me, to call my good man when he is out in the boat. Ah, he was such a Berserker* of a boy! and in truth he was not much more sober when he was here three years ago. But no matter what he did; one could never help loving him."

"And who is Alerik?" asked the maiden.

Brenda pointed to an old house, seen in the distance, on the declivity of one of the opposite hills. It overlooked the broad bright bay, with its picturesque little islands, and was sheltered in the rear by a noble pine forest. A water-fall came down from the hillside, glancing in and out among the trees; and when the sun kissed it as he went away, it lighted up with a smile of rainbows.

"That house," said Brenda, "was built by Alerik's grandfather. He was the richest man in the village. But his only son was away among the wars for a long time, and the old place has been going to decay. But they say Alerik is coming back to live among us; and

* A warrior famous in the Northern Sagas for his stormy and untamable character.

he will soon give it a different look. He has been away to Germany and Paris, and other outlandish parts, for a long time. Ah! the rogue! there was no mischief he didn't think of. He was always tying cats together under the windows, and barking in the middle of the night, till he set all the dogs in the neighbourhood a howling. But as long as it was Alerik that did it, it was all well enough: for everybody loved him, and he always made one believe just what he liked. If he wanted to make thee think thy hair was as black as Noeck's* mane, he *would* make thee think so."

Hilda smiled as she glanced at her flaxen hair, with here and there a gleam of paly gold, where the sun touched it. "I think it would be hard to prove *this* was black," said she.

"Nevertheless," rejoined Brenda, "if Alerik undertook it, he would do it. He always has his say, and does what he will. One may as well give in to him first as last."

This account of the unknown youth carried with it that species of fascination, which the idea of uncommon power always has over the human heart. The secluded maiden seldom touched the *luhr* without thinking of the giver; and not unfrequently she found herself conjecturing when this wonderful Alerik would come home.

Meanwhile, constant but not excessive labour, the mountain air, the quiet life, and the kindly hearts around her, restored to Hilda more than her original

* An elfish spirit, which, according to popular tradition in Norway, appears in the form of a coal black horse.

loveliness. In her large blue eyes, the inward-looking sadness of experience now mingled in strange beauty with the out-looking clearness of youth. Her fair complexion was tinged with the glow of health, and her motions had the airy buoyancy of the mountain breeze. When she went to the mainland, to attend church, or rustic festival, the hearts of young and old greeted her like a May blossom. Thus with calm cheerfulness her hours went by, making no noise in their flight, and leaving no impress. But here was an unsatisfied want! She sighed for hours that did leave a mark behind them. She thought of the Danish youth, who had first spoken to her of love; and plaintively came the tones from her *luhr*, as she gazed on the opposite hills, and wondered whether the Alerik they talked of so much, was indeed so very superior to other young men.

Father Hansen often came home at twilight with a boat full of juniper boughs, to be strewed over the floors, that they might diffuse a balmy odour, inviting to sleep. One evening, when Hilda saw him coming with his verdant load, she hastened down to the water's edge to take an armful of the fragrant boughs. She had scarcely appeared in sight, before he called out, "I do believe Alerik has come! I heard the organ up in the old house. Somebody was playing on it like a Northeast storm; and surely, said I, that must be Alerik."

"Is there an organ there?" asked the damsel, in surprise.

"Yes. He built it himself, when he was here three years ago. He can make anything he chooses.

An organ, or a basket cut from a cherry stone, is all one to him.

When Hilda returned to the cottage, she of course repeated the news to Brenda, who exclaimed joyfully, "Ah, then we shall see him soon! If he does not come before, we shall certainly see him at the weddings in the church to-morrow.

"And plenty of tricks we shall have now," said Father Hansen, shaking his head with a good-natured smile. "There will be no telling which end of the world is uppermost, while he is here."

"Oh yes, there will, my friend," answered Brenda, laughing; "for it will certainly be whichever end Alerik stands on. The handsome little Berserker! How I should like to see him!"

The next day there was a sound of lively music on the waters; for two young couples from neighbouring islands were coming up the fiord, to be married at the church in the opposite village. Their boats were ornamented with gay little banners, friends and neighbours accompanied them, playing on musical instruments, and the rowers had their hats decorated with garlands. As the rustic band floated thus gayly over the bright waters, they were joined by Father Hansen, with Brenda and Hilda in his boat.

Friendly villagers had already decked the simple little church with ever-greens and flowers, in honour of the bridal train. As they entered, Father Hansen observed that two young men stood at the door with clarinets in their hands. But he thought no more of it, till, according to immemorial custom, he, as clergyman's assistant, began to sing the first lines of the

hymn that was given out. The very first note he sounded, up struck the clarinets at the door. The louder they played, the louder the old man bawled; but the instruments gained the victory. When he essayed to give out the lines of the next verse, the merciless clarinets brayed louder than before. His stentorian voice had become vociferous and rough, from thirty years of halloing across the water, and singing of psalms in four village churches. He exerted it to the utmost, till the perspiration poured down his rubicund visage; but it was of no use. His rivals had strong lungs, and they played on clarinets in F. If the whole village had screamed fire, to the shrill accompaniment of rail-road whistles, they would have over-topped them all.

Father Hansen was vexed at heart, and it was plain enough that he was so. The congregation held down their heads with suppressed laughter; all except one tall vigorous young man, who sat up very serious and dignified, as if he were reverently listening to some new manifestation of musical genius. When the people left church, Hilda saw this young stranger approaching toward them, as fast as numerous handshakings by the way would permit. She had time to observe him closely. His noble figure, his vigorous agile motions, his expressive countenance, hazel eyes with strongly marked brows, and abundant brown hair, tossed aside with a careless grace, left no doubt in her mind that this was the famous Alerik Thorild; but what made her heart beat more wildly was his strong resemblance to Magnus the Dane. He went up to Brenda and kissed her, and threw his arms about

Father Hansen's neck, with expressions of joyful recognition. The kind old man, vexed as he was, received these affectionate demonstrations with great friendliness. "Ah, Alerik," said he, after the first salutations were over, "that was not kind of thee."

"Me! What!" exclaimed the young man, with well-feigned astonishment.

"To put up those confounded clarinets to drown my voice," rejoined he bluntly. "When a man has led the singing thirty years in four parishes, I can assure thee it is not a pleasant joke to be treated in that style. I know the young men are tired of my voice, and think they could do things in better fashion, as young fools always do; but I may thank thee for putting it into their heads to bring those cursed clarinets."

"Oh, dear Father Hansen," replied the young man, in the most coaxing tones, and with the most caressing manner, "you *couldn't* think I would do such a thing!"

"On the contrary, it is just the thing I think thou couldst do," answered the old man: "Thou need not think to cheat me out of my eye-teeth, this time. Thou hast often enough made me believe the moon was made of green cheese. But I know thy tricks. I shall be on my guard now; and mind thee, I am not going to be bamboozled by thee again."

Alerik smiled mischievously; for he, in common with all the villagers, knew it was the easiest thing in the world to gull the simple-hearted old man. "Well, come, Father Hansen," said he, "shake hands and be friends. When you come over to the village, to-

morrow, we will drink a mug of ale together, at the Wolf's Head."

"Oh yes, and be played some trick for his pains," said Brenda.

"No, no," answered Alerik, with great gravity; "he is on his guard now, and I cannot bamboozle him again." With a friendly nod and smile, he bounded off, to greet some one whom he recognised. Hilda had stepped back to hide herself from observation. She was a little afraid of the handsome Berserker; and his resemblance to the Magnus of her youthful recollections made her sad.

The next afternoon, Alerik met his old friend, and reminded him of the agreement to drink ale at the Wolf's head. On the way, he invited several young companions. The ale was excellent, and Alerik told stories and sang songs, which filled the little tavern with roars of laughter. In one of the intervals of merriment, he turned suddenly to the honest old man, and said, "Father Hansen, among the many things I have learned and done in foreign countries, did I ever tell you I had made a league with the devil, and am shot-proof?"

"One might easily believe thou hadst made a league with the devil, before thou wert born," replied Eystein, with a grin at his own wit; "but as for being shot-proof, that is another affair."

"Try and see," rejoined Alerik. "These friends are winesses that I tell you it is perfectly safe to try. Come, I will stand here; fire your pistol, and you will soon see that the Evil One will keep the bargain he made with me."

"Be done with thy nonsense, Alerik," rejoined his old friend.

"Ah, I see how it is," replied Alerik, turning towards the young men. "Father Hansen used to be a famous shot. Nobody was more expert in the bear or the wolf-hunt than he; but old eyes grow dim, and old hands will tremble. No wonder he does not like to have us see how much he fails."

This was attacking honest Eystein Hansen on his weak side. He was proud of his strength and skill in shooting, and he did not like to admit that he was growing old. "I not hit a mark!" exclaimed he, with indignation: "When did I ever miss a thing I aimed at?"

"Never, when you were young," answered one of the company; "but it is no wonder you are afraid to try now."

"Afraid!" exclaimed the old hunter, impatiently. "Who the devil said I was afraid?"

Alerik shrugged his shoulders, and replied carelessly, "It is natural enough that these young men should think so, when they see you refuse to aim at me, though I assure you that I am shot proof, and that I will stand perfectly still."

"But art thou really shot-proof?" inquired the guileless old man. "The devil has helped thee to do so many strange things, that one never knows wha. he will help thee to do next."

"Really, Father Hansen, I speak in earnest. Take up your pistol and try, and you will soon see with your own eyes that I am shot-proof."

Eystein looked round upon the company like one

perplexed. His wits, never very bright, were somewhat muddled by the ale. "What shall I do with this wild fellow?" inquired he. "You see he *will* be shot."

"Try him, try him," was the general response. "He has assured you he is shot-proof; what more do you need?"

The old man hesitated awhile, but after some further parley, took up his pistol and examined it. "Before we proceed to business," said Alerik, "let me tell you that if you do *not* shoot me, you shall have a gallon of the best ale you ever drank in your life. Come and taste it, Father Hansen, and satisfy yourself that it is good."

While they were discussing the merits of the ale, one of the young men took the ball from the pistol. "I am ready now," said Alerik: "Here I stand. Now don't lose your name for a good marksman."

The old man fired, and Alerik fell back with a deadly groan. Poor Eystein stood like a stone image of terror. His arms adhered rigidly to his sides, his jaw dropped, and his great eyes seemed starting from their sockets. "Oh, Father Hansen, how *could* you do it!" exclaimed the young men.

The poor horrified dupe stared at them wildly, and gasping and stammering replied, "Why he said he was shot-proof; and you all told me to do it."

"Oh yes," said they; "but we supposed you would have sense enough to know it was all in fun. But don't take it too much to heart. You will probably forfeit your life; for the government will of course consider it a poor excuse, when you tell them that

you fired at a man merely to oblige him, and because he said he was shot-proof. But don't be too much cast down, Father Hansen. We must all meet death in some way; and if worst comes to worst, it will be a great comfort to you and your good Brenda that you did not intend to commit murder."

The poor old man gazed at them with an expression of such extreme suffering, that they became alarmed, and said, "Cheer up, cheer up. Come, you must drink something to make you feel better." They took him by the shoulders, but as they led him out, he continued to look back wistfully on the body.

The instant he left the apartment, Alerik sprang up and darted out of the opposite door; and when Father Hansen entered the other room, there he sat, as composedly as possible, reading a paper, and smoking his pipe.

"There he is!" shrieked the old man, turning paler than ever.

"Who is there?" inquired the young men.

"Don't you see Alerik Thorild?" exclaimed he, pointing, with an expression of intense horror.

They turned to the landlord, and remarked, in a compassionate tone, "Poor Father Hansen has shot Alerik Thorild, whom he loved so well; and the dreadful accident has so affected his brain, that he imagines he sees him."

The old man pressed his broad hand hard against his forehead, and again groaned out, "Oh, don't you see him?"

The tones indicated such agony, that Alerik had

not the heart to prolong the scene. He sprang on his feet, and exclaimed, "Now for your gallon of ale, Father Hansen! You see the devil did keep his bargain with me."

"And *are* you alive?" shouted the old man.

The mischievous fellow soon convinced him of that, by a slap on the shoulder, that made his bones ache.

Eystein Hansen capered like a dancing bear. He hugged Alerik, and jumped about, and clapped his hands, and was altogether beside himself. He drank unknown quantities of ale, and this time sang loud enough to drown a brace of clarinets in F.

The night was far advanced when he went on board his boat to return to his island home. He pulled the oars vigorously, and the boat shot swiftly across the moon-lighted waters. But on arriving at the customary landing, he could discover no vestige of his white-washed cottage. Not knowing that Alerik, in the full tide of his mischief, had sent men to paint the house with a dark brown wash, he thought he must have made a mistake in the landing; so he rowed round to the other side of the island, but with no better success. Ashamed to return to the mainland, to inquire for a house that had absconded, and a little suspicious that the ale had hung some cobwebs in his brain, he continued to row hither and thither, till his strong muscular arms fairly ached with exertion. But the moon was going down, and all the landscape settling into darkness; and he at last reluctantly concluded that it was best to go back to the village inn.

Alerik, who had expected this result much sooner,

had waited there to receive him. When he had kept him knocking a sufficient time, he put his head out of the window, and inquired who was there.

"Eystein Hansen," was the disconsolate reply. "For the love of mercy let me come in and get a few minutes sleep, before morning. I have been rowing about the bay these four hours, and I can't find my house any where."

"This is a very bad sign," replied Alerik, solemnly. "Houses don't run away, except from drunken men. Ah, Father Hansen! Father Hansen! what *will* the minister say?"

He did not have a chance to persecute the weary old man much longer; for scarcely had he come under the shelter of the house, before he was snoring in a profound sleep.

Early the next day, Alerik sought his old friends in their brown-washed cottage. He found it not so easy to conciliate them as usual. They were really grieved; and Brenda even said she believed he wanted to be the death of her old man. But he had brought them presents, which he knew they would like particularly well; and he kissed their hands, and talked over his boyish days, till at last he made them laugh. "Ah now," said he, "you have forgiven me, my dear old friends. And you see, father, it was all your own fault. You put the mischief into me, by boasting before all those young men that I could never bamboozle you again."

"Ah thou incorrigible rogue!" answered the old man. "I believe thou hast indeed made a league

with the devil; and he gives thee the power to make every body love thee, do what thou wilt."

Alerik's smile seemed to express that he always had a pleasant consciousness of such power. The *luhr* lay on the table beside him, and as he took it up, he asked, "Who plays on this? Yesterday, when I was out in my boat, I heard very wild pretty little variations on some of my old favourite airs."

Brenda, instead of answering, called, "Hilda! Hilda!" and the young girl came from the next room, blushing as she entered. Alerik looked at her with evident surprise. "Surely, this is not your Gunilda?" said he.

"No," replied Brenda, "She is a Swedish orphan, whom the all-kind Father sent to take the place of our Gunilda, when she was called hence."

After some words of friendly greeting, the visitor asked Hilda if it was she who played so sweetly on the *luhr*. She answered timidly, without looking up. Her heart was throbbing; for the tones of his voice were like Magnus the Dane.

The acquaintance thus begun, was not likely to languish on the part of such an admirer of beauty as was Alerik Thorild. The more he saw of Hilda, during the long evenings of the following winter, the more he was charmed with her natural refinement of look, voice, and manner. There was, as we have said, a peculiarity in her beauty, which gave it a higher character than mere rustic loveliness. A deep, mystic, plaintive expression in her eyes; a sort of graceful bewilderment in her countenance, and at

times in the carriage of her head, and the motions of her body; as if her spirit had lost its way, and was listening intently. It was not strange that he was charmed by her spiritual beauty, her simple untutored modesty. No wonder she was delighted with his frank strong exterior, his cordial caressing manner, his expressive eyes, now tender and earnest, and now sparkling with merriment, and his "smile most musical," because always so in harmony with the inward feeling, whether of sadness, fun, or tenderness. Then his moods were so bewitchingly various. Now powerful as the organ, now bright as the flute, now *naive* as the oboe. Brenda said every thing he did seemed to be alive. He carved a wolf's head on her old man's cane, and she was always afraid it would bite her.

Brenda, in her simplicity, perhaps gave as good a description of genius as *could* be given, when she said everything it did seemed to be alive. Hilda thought it certainly was so with Alerik's music. Sometimes all went madly with it, as if fairies danced on the grass, and ugly gnomes came and made faces at them, and shrieked, and clutched at their garments; the fairies pelted them off with flowers, and then all died away to sleep in the moonlight. Sometimes, when he played on flute, or violin, the sounds came mournfully as the midnight wind through ruined towers; and they stirred up such sorrowful memories of the past, that Hilda pressed her hand upon her swelling heart, and said, "Oh, not such strains as that, dear Alerik." But when his soul overflowed with love and happiness, oh, then how the music gushed and nestled!

"The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,
But shook his song together, as he neared
His happy home, the ground."

The old *luhr* was a great favourite with Alerik; not for its musical capabilities, but because it was entwined with the earliest recollections of his childhood. "Until I heard thee play upon it," said he, "I half repented having given it to the good Brenda. It has been in our family for several generations, and my nurse used to play upon it when I was in my cradle. They tell me my grandmother was a foundling. She was brought to my great-grandfather's house by an old peasant woman, on her way to the valley of Westfjordalen. She died there, leaving the babe and the *luhr* in my great-grandmother's keeping. They could never find out to whom the babe belonged; but she grew up very beautiful, and my grandfather married her."

"What was the old woman's name?" asked Hilda; and her voice was so deep and suppressed, that it it made Alerik start.

"Virika Gjetter, they have always told me," he replied. "But my dearest one, what *is* the matter?"

Hilda, pale and fainting, made no answer. But when he placed her head upon his bosom, and kissed her forehead, and spoke soothingly, her glazed eyes softened, and she burst into tears. All his entreaties, however, could obtain no information at that time. "Go home now," she said, in tones of deep despondency. "To-morrow I will tell thee all. I have had many unhappy hours; for I have long felt that I ought to tell thee all my past history; but I was afraid to do

it, for I thought thou wouldst not love me any more; and that would be worse than death. But come tomorrow, and I will tell thee all."

"Well, dearest Hilda, I will wait," replied Alerik; "but what my grandmother, who died long before I was born, can have to do with my love for thee, is more than I can imagine."

The next day, when Hilda saw Alerik coming to claim the fulfilment of her promise, it seemed almost like her death-warrant. "He will not love me any more," thought she, "he will never again look at me so tenderly; and then what can I do, but die?"

With much embarrassment, and many delays, she at last began her strange story. He listened to the first part very attentively, and with a gathering frown; but as she went on, the muscles of his face relaxed into a smile; and when she ended by saying, with the most melancholy seriousness, "So thou seest, dear Alerik, we cannot be married; because it is very likely that I am thy great-grandmother"—he burst into immoderate peals of laughter.

When his mirth had somewhat subsided, he replied, "Likely as not thou art my great-grandmother, dear Hilda; and just as likely I was thy grandfather, in the first place. A great German scholar* teaches that our souls keep coming back again and again into new bodies. An old Greek philosopher is said to have come back for the fourth time, under the name of Pythagoras. If these things are so, how the deuce is a man ever to tell whether he marries his grandmother or not?"

* Lessing.

"But, dearest Alerik, I am not jesting," rejoined she. "What I have told thee is really true. They did put me to sleep for a hundred years."

"Oh, yes," answered he, laughing, "I remember reading about it in the Swedish papers; and I thought it a capital joke. I will tell thee how it is with thee, my precious one. The elves sometimes seize people, to carry them down into their subterranean caves; but if the mortals run away from them, they, out of spite, forever after fill their heads with gloomy insane notions. A man in Drontheim ran away from them, and they made him believe he was an earthen coffee-pot. He sat curled up in a corner all the time, for fear somebody would break his nose off."

"Nay, now thou art joking, Alerik; but really"—

"No, I tell thee, as thou hast told me, it was no joke at all," he replied. "The man himself told me he was a coffee-pot."

"But be serious, Alerik," said she, "and tell me, dost thou not believe that some learned men can put people to sleep for a hundred years?"

"I don't doubt some of my college professors could," rejoined he; "provided their tongues could hold out so long."

"But, Alerik, dost thou not think it possible that people may be alive, and yet not alive?"

"Of course I do," he replied; "the greater part of the world are in that condition."

"Oh, Alerik, what a tease thou art! I mean, is it not possible that there are people now living, or staying somewhere, who were moving about on this earth ages ago?"

"Nothing more likely," answered he; "for instance, who knows what people there may be under the ice-sea of Folgefond? They say the cocks are heard crowing down there, to this day. How a fowl of any feather got there is a curious question; and what kind of atmosphere he has to crow in, is another puzzle. Perhaps they are poor ghosts, without sense of shame, crowing over the recollections of sins committed in the human body. The ancient Egyptians thought the soul was obliged to live three thousand years, in a succession of different animals, before it could attain to the regions of the blest. I am pretty sure I have already been a lion and a nightingale. What I shall be next, the Egyptians know as well as I do. One of their sculptors made a stone image, half woman and half lioness. Doubtless his mother had been a lioness, and had transmitted to him some dim recollection of it. But I am glad, dearest, they sent thee back in the form of a lovely maiden; for if thou hadst come as a wolf, I might have shot thee; and I shouldn't like to shoot my—great-grandmother. Or if thou hadst come as a red herring, Father Hansen might have eaten thee in his soup; and then I should have had no Hilda Silfverling."

Hilda smiled, as she said, half reproachfully, "I see well that thou dost not believe one word I say."

"Oh yes, I do, dearest," rejoined he, very seriously. "I have no doubt the fairies carried thee off some summer's night and made thee verily believe thou hadst slept for a hundred years. They do the strangest things. Sometimes they change babies in the cradle; leave an imp, and carry off the human to the

metal mines, where he hears only clink! clink! Then the fairies bring him back, and put him in some other cradle. When he grows up, how he does hurry skurry after the silver! He is obliged to work all his life, as if the devil drove him. The poor miser never knows what is the matter with him; but it is all because the gnomes brought him up in the mines, and he could never get the clink out of his head. A more poetic kind of fairies sometimes carry a babe to Æolian caves, full of wild dreamy sounds; and when he is brought back to upper earth, ghosts of sweet echoes keep beating time in some corner of his brain, to something which *they* hear, but which nobody else is the wiser for. I know that is true; for I was brought up in those caves myself."

Hilda remained silent for a few minutes, as he sat looking in her face with comic gravity. "Thou wilt do nothing but make fun of me," at last she said. "I do wish I could persuade thee to be serious. What I told thee was no fairy story. It really happened. I remember it as distinctly as I do our sail round the islands yesterday. I seem to see that great bear now, with his paws folded up, on the shelf opposite to me."

"He must have heen a great bear to have staid there," replied Alerik, with eyes full of roguery. "If I had been in his skin, may I be shot if all the drugs and gasses in the world would have kept *me* there, with my paws folded on my breast."

Seeing a slight blush pass over her cheek, he added, more seriously, "After all, I ought to thank that wicked elf, whoever he was, for turning thee into a stone image; for otherwise thou wouldst have been

in the world a hundred years too soon for me, and so I should have missed my life's best blossom."

Feeling her tears on his hand, he again started off into a vein of merriment. "Thy case was not so very peculiar," said he. "There was a Greek lady, named Niobe, who was changed to stone. The Greek gods changed women into trees, and fountains, and all manner of things. A man couldn't chop a walking-stick in those days, without danger of cutting off some lady's finger. The tree might be—his great-grandmother; and she of course would take it very unkindly of him."

"All these things are like the stories about Odin and Frigga," rejoined Hilda. "They are not true, like the Christian religion. When I tell thee a true story, why dost thou always meet me with fairies and fictions?"

"But tell me, best Hilda," said he, "what the Christian religion has to do with penning up young maidens with bears and crocodiles? In its marriage ceremonies, I grant that it sometimes does things not very unlike that, only omitting the important part of freezing the maiden's heart. But since thou hast mentioned the Christian religion, I may as well give thee a bit of consolation from that quarter. I have read in my mother's big Bible, that a man must not marry his grandmother; but I do not remember that it said a single word against his marrying his *great*-grandmother."

Hilda laughed, in spite of herself. But after a pause, she looked at him earnestly, and said, "Dost

thou indeed think there would be no harm in marrying, under these circumstances, if I were really thy great-grandmother? Is it thy earnest? Do be serious for once, dear Alerik!"

"Certainly there would be no harm," answered he. "Physicians have agreed that the body changes entirely once in seven years. That must be because the soul outgrows its clothes; which proves that the soul changes every seven years, also. Therefore, in the course of one hundred years, thou must have had fourteen complete changes of soul and body. It is therefore as plain as daylight, that if thou wert my great-grandmother when thou fell asleep, thou couldst not have been my great-grandmother when they waked thee up."

"Ah, Alerik," she replied, "it is as the good Brenda says, there is no use in talking with thee. One might as well try to twist a string that is not fastened at either end."

He looked up merrily in her face. The wind was playing with her ringlets, and freshened the colour on her cheeks. "I only wish I had a mirror to hold before thee," said he; "that thou couldst see how very like thou art to a—great grandmother."

"Laugh at me as thou wilt," answered she; "but I assure thee I have strange thoughts about myself sometimes. Dost thou know," added she, almost in a whisper, "I am not always quite certain that I have not died, and am now in heaven?"

A ringing shout of laughter burst from the light-hearted lover. "Oh, I like that! I like that!" ex-

claimed he. "That is good! That a Swede coming to Norway does not know certainly whether she is in heaven or not."

"Do be serious, Alerik," said she imploringly. "Don't carry thy jests too far."

"Serious? I am serious. If Norway is not heaven, one sees plainly enough that it must have been the scaling place, where the old giants got up to heaven; for they have left their ladders standing. Where else wilt thou find clusters of mountains running up perpendicularly thousands of feet right into the sky? If thou wast to see some of them, thou couldst tell whether Norway is a good climbing place into heaven."

"Ah, dearest Alerik, thou hast taught me that already," she replied, with a glance full of affection; "so a truce with thy joking. Truly one never knows how to take thee. Thy talk sets everything *in* the world, and *above* it, and *below* it, dancing together in the strangest fashion."

"Because they all do dance together," rejoined the perverse man.

"Oh, be done! be done, Alerik!" she said, putting her hand playfully over his mouth. "Thou wilt tie my poor brain all up into knots."

He seized her hand and kissed it, then busied himself with braiding the wild spring flowers into a garland for her fair hair. As she gazed on him earnestly, her eyes beaming with love and happiness, he drew her to his breast, and exclaimed fervently, "Oh, thou art beautiful as an angel; and here or elsewhere, with thee by my side, it seemeth heaven."

They spoke no more for a long time. The birds

now and then serenaded the silent lovers with little twittering gushes of song. The setting sun, as he went away over the hills, threw diamonds on the bay, and a rainbow ribbon across the distant waterfall. Their hearts were in harmony with the peaceful beauty of Nature. As he kissed her drowsy eyes, she murmured, "Oh, it was well worth a hundred years with bears and crocodiles, to fall asleep thus on thy heart."

* * * * *

The next autumn, a year and a half after Hilda's arrival in Norway, there was another procession of boats, with banners, music and garlands. The little church was again decorated with evergreens; but no clarinet players stood at the door to annoy good Father Hansen. The worthy man had in fact taken the hint, though somewhat reluctantly, and had good-naturedly ceased to disturb modern ears with his clamorous vociferation of the hymns. He and his kind-hearted Brenda were happy beyond measure at Hilda's good fortune. But when she told her husband anything he did not choose to believe, they could never rightly make out what he meant by looking at her so slily, and saying, "Pooh! Pooh! tell that to my——great-grandmother."

ROSENGLORY.

A stranger among strange faces, she drinketh the wormwood of dependence;
She is marked as a child of want; and the world hateth poverty.
She is cared for by none upon earth, and her God seemeth to forsake her.
Then cometh, in fair show, the promise and the feint of affection;
And her heart, long unused to kindness, remembereth her brother, and loveth;
And the traitor hath wronged her trust, and mocked and flung her from him;
And men point at her and laugh, and women hate her as an outcast;
But elsewhere, far other judgment may seat her among the martyrs.

Proverbial Philosophy.

Oh, moralists, who treat of happiness and self-respect in every sphere of life, go into the squalid depths of deepest ignorance, the uttermost abyss of man's neglect, and say can any hopeful plant spring up in air so foul that it extinguishes the soul's bright torch as soon as it is kindled? Oh, ye Pharisees of the nineteen hundredth year of Christian knowledge, who soundingly appeal to human nature, see that it *be* human first. Take heed that during your slumber, and the sleep of generations, it has not been transformed into the nature of the beasts.—*Dickens.*

Jerry Gray and his sister Susan were the children of a drunken father, and of a poor woman, who saved them from starvation by picking up rags in the street, and washing them for the paper-makers. In youth, she had been a rustic belle, observable for her neat and tasteful attire. But she was a weak, yielding character; and sickness, poverty, and toil, gradually broke down the little energy with which nature had endowed her. "What's the use of patching up my old rags?" she used to say to herself; "there's nobody now to mind how I look." But she had a kind, affectionate heart; and love for her children preserved her from intemperance, and sustained her in toiling for their daily bread.

The delight she took in curling her little daughter's glossy brown ringlets was the only remaining indication of early coquetish taste. Though often dirty and ragged herself, Susan was always clean and tidy. She was, in fact, an extremely lovely child; and as she toddled through the streets, holding by her mother's skirts, Napoleon himself could not have been more proud of popular homage to his little King of Rome, than was the poor rag-woman of the smiles and kisses bestowed on her pretty one. Her large chestnut-coloured eyes had been saddened in their expression by the sorrows and privations of her mother, when the same life-blood sustained them both; but they were very beautiful; and their long dark fringes rested on cheeks as richly coloured as a peach fully ripened in the sunshine. Like her mother, she had a very moderate share of intellect, and an extreme love of pretty things. It was a gleam in their souls of that intense love of the beautiful, which makes poets and artists of higher natures, under more favourable circumstances.

A washerwoman, who lived in the next room, planted a Morning-Glory seed in a broken tea-pot; and it bore its first blossom the day Susan was three years old. The sight of it filled her with passionate joy. She danced, and clapped her hands; she returned to it again and again, and remained a long time stooping down, and looking into the very heart of the flower. When it closed, she called out, impatiently, "Wake up! wake up, pretty posy!" When it shrivelled more and more, she cried aloud, and refused to be comforted. As successive blossoms open-

ed day by day, her friendship for the vine increased, and the conversations she held with it were sometimes quite poetic, in her small way.

One day, when her mother was hooking up rags from the dirty gutters of the street, with the little ones trudging behind her, a gentleman passed with a large bouquet in his hand. Susan's eyes brightened, as she exclaimed, "Oh, mammy, look at the pretty posies!"

The gentleman smiled upon her and said, "Would you like one, my little girl?"

She eagerly held out her hand, and he gave her a flower, saying, "There's a rose for you."

"Thank the good gentleman," said her mother. But she was too much occupied to attend to politeness. Her head was full of her pet Morning-Glory, the first blossom she had ever looked upon; and she ran to her brother shouting joyfully, "See my Rosenglory!"

The gentleman laughed, patted her silky curls, and said, "You are a little Rosenglory yourself; and I wish you were mine."

Jerry, who was older by two years, was quite charmed with the word. "Rosenglory," repeated he; "what a funny name! Mammy, the gentleman called our Susy a Rosenglory."

From that day, it became a favourite word in the wretched little household. It sounded there with mournful beauty, like the few golden rays which at sunset fell aslant the dingy walls and the broken crockery. When the weary mother had washed her

basket of rags, she would bring water for Susan's hands, and a wooden comb to smooth her hair, and gazing fondly in that infant face, her only vision of beauty in a life otherwise all dark and dreary, she would say, "Now kiss your poor mammy, my little Rosenglory." Even the miserable father, when his senses were not stupified with drink, would take the pretty little one on his knee, twine her shining ringlets round his coarse fingers, and sigh deeply as he said, "Ah, how many a rich man would be proud to have my little Rosenglory for his own!"

But it was brother Jerry who idolized her most of all. He could not go to bed on his little bunch of straw, unless her curly head was nestled on his bosom. They trudged the streets together, hand in hand, and if charity offered them an apple or a slice of bread, the best half was always reserved for her. A proud boy was he when he received an old tatterdemalion rocking-horse from the son of a gentleman, for whom his father was sawing wood. "Now Rosenglory shall ride," said he; and when he placed her on the horse, and watched her swinging back and forth, his merry shouts of laughter indicated infinite satisfaction. But these pleasant scenes occurred but seldom. More frequently, they came home late and tired, every body was hungry and cross, and they were glad to steal away in silence to their little bed. When the father was noisy in his intoxication, the poor boy guarded his darling with the thoughtfulness of maturer years. He patiently warded off the random blows, or received them him-

self; and if harm accidentally came to her, it was affecting to see his tearful eyes, and hear his grieved whisper, "Mammy! he strück Rosenglory!"

Poor child! her young life was opening in dark and narrow places; though, like the vine in the broken tea-pot, she caught now and then a transient gleam of sunshine. It would be well if men could spare time from the din of theological dispute, and the drowsiness of devotional routine, to reflect whether such ought to be the portion of any of God's little ones, in this broad and beautiful earth, which He created for the good of all.

Many a hungry day, and many a night of pinching cold, this brother and sister went struggling through their blighted youth, till the younger was eight years old. At that period, the father died of delirium tremens, and the mother fell into a consumption, brought on by constant hardship and unvarying gloom. The family were removed to the almshouse, and found it an improvement in their condition. The coarse food was as good as that to which they had been accustomed, there was more air and a wider scope for the eye to range in. Blessed with youthful impressibility to the bright and joyous, Jerry and Susan took more notice of the clear silvery moon and the host of bright stars, than they did of the deformity, paleness, and sad looks around them. The angels watch over childhood, and keep it from understanding the evil that surrounds it, or retaining the gloom which is its shadow.

The poor weak mother was daily wasting away, but they only felt that her tones were more tender,

her endearments more fond. One night, when they were going to bed, she held them by the hand longer than usual. The rough hireling nurse felt the eloquence of her sad countenance, and had not the heart to hurry them away. No one knew what deep thought, what agony of anxious love, was in the soul of the dying one; but she gazed earnestly and tearfully into their clear young eyes, and said, with a troubled voice, "My children, *try* to be good." She kissed them fervently, and spoke no more. The next day, the nurse told them their mother was dead. They saw her body laid in a white pine coffin, and carried away in a cart to the burying ground of the poor. It was piled upon a hundred other nameless coffins, in a big hole dug in the sandy hill side. She was not missed from the jostling crowd; but the orphans wept bitterly, for she was all the world to them.

In a few days, strangers came to examine them, with a view to take them into service. Jerry was bound to a sea-captain, and Susan to a grocer's wife, who wanted her to wait upon the children. She was, indeed, bound; for Mrs. Andrews was entirely forgetful that anything like freedom or enjoyment might be necessary or useful to servants. All day long she lugged the heavy baby, and often sat up late at night, to pacify its fretfulness as she best could, while her master and mistress were at balls, or the Bowery. While the babe was sleeping, she was required to scour knives, or scrub the pavement. No one talked to her, except to say, "Susy do this;" or "Susy, why didn't you do as I bade you?"

Now and then she had a visit from Jerry, when his

master was in port. He was always very affectionate, and longed for the time when he should be a man, and able to have his sister live with him. But after a few years, he came no more; and as neither of them could write, they had no means of communication.

When Susan grew older, and there were no more babes to tend, she was mostly confined to the cellar kitchen, from which she looked out upon stone steps and a brick wall. Her mistress had decided objections to her forming acquaintances in the neighbourhood, and for several years the young girl scarcely held communion with any human being, except the old cook. Even her beauty made her less a favourite; for when company came in, it was by no means agreeable to Mrs. Andrews to observe that the servant attracted more attention than her own daughter. Her husband spent very little of his time at home, and when there, was usually asleep. But one member of the family was soon conscious of a growing interest in the orphan. Master Robert, a year older than herself, had been a petulant, over-indulged boy, and was now a selfish, pleasure-seeking lad. In juvenile days, he had been in the habit of ordering the little servant to wash his dog, and of scolding at her, if she did not black his shoes to his liking. But as human nature developed within him, his manners toward her gradually softened; for he began to notice that she was a very handsome girl.

Having obtained from his sister a promise not to reveal that he had said anything, he represented that Susy ought to have better clothes, and be allowed to go to meeting sometimes. He said he was sure the

neighbours thought she was very meanly clad, and he had heard that their servants made remarks about it. He was not mistaken in supposing that his mother would be influenced by such arguments. She had never thought of the alms-house child in any other light than as a machine for her convenience; but if the neighbours talked about her meanness, it was certainly necessary to enlarge Susy's privileges. In answer to her curious inquiries, her daughter repeated that Mrs. Jones's girl had said so and so, and that Mrs. Smith, at the next door, had made a similar remark to Mrs. Dickson. Whether this gossip was, or was not, invented by Robert, it had the effect he desired.

Susan, now nearly sixteen years of age, obtained a better dress than she had ever before possessed, and was occasionally allowed to go to meeting on Sunday afternoon. As Mrs. Andrews belonged to a very genteel church, she could not, of course, take a servant girl with her. But the cook went to a Methodist meeting, where "the *poor* had the gospel preached to them," and there a seat was hired for Susan also. Master Robert suddenly became devotional, and was often seen at the same meeting. He had no deliberately bad intentions; but he was thoughtless by nature, and selfish by education. He found pleasant excitement in watching his increasing power over the young girl's feelings; and sometimes, when he queried within himself whether he was doing right to gain her affections, and what would come of it all, he had floating visions that he might possibly educate Susan, and make her his wife. These very vague

ideas he impressed so definitely on the mind of the old cook, aided by occasional presents, that she promised to tell no tales. Week after week, the lovers sat together in the same pew, and sang from the same hymn-book. Then came meetings after the family had retired to rest, to which secresy gave an additional charm. The concealment was the only thing that troubled Susan with a consciousness of wrong; and he easily persuaded her that this was a duty, in order to screen him from blame. "Was it his fault that he loved her?" he asked; "he was sure he could not help it."

She, on her part, could not help loving *him* deeply and fervently. He was very handsome, and she delighted in his beauty, as naturally as she had done in the flower, when her heart leaped up and called it a Rosenglory. Since her brother went away, there was no other human bosom on which she could rest her weary head; no other lips spoke lovingly to her, no other eye-beams sent warmth into her soul. If the gay, the prosperous, and the flattered find it pleasant to be loved, how much more so must it be to one whose life from infancy had been so darkened? Society reflects its own pollution on feelings which nature made beautiful, and does cruel injustice to youthful hearts by the grossness of its interpretations. Thus it fared with poor Susan. Late one summer's night, she and Robert were sitting by the open window of the breakfast-room. All was still in the streets; the light of the moon shone mildly on them, and hushed their souls into quiet happiness. The thoughtless

head of sixteen rested on the impressible heart of seventeen, and thus they fell asleep.

Mrs. Andrews had occasion for some camphor, in the course of the night, and it chanced to be in the closet of that room. When she entered in search of it, she started back, as if she had heard the report of a pistol. No suspicion of the existing state of things had ever crossed her mind; and now that she discovered it, it never occurred to her that she herself was much to blame. Her own example, and incidental remarks not intended as education, but which in fact were so, had taught her son that the world was made for him to get as much pleasure in as possible, without reference to the good of others. She had cautioned him against the liability of being cheated in money matters, and had instructed him how to make the cheapest bargains, in the purchase of clothing or amusement; but against the most inevitable and most insidious temptations of his life, he had received no warning. The sermons he heard were about publicans and pharisees, who lived eighteen hundred years ago; none of them met the wants of his own life, none of them interpreted the secrets of his own heart, or revealed the rational laws of the senses.

As for Susan, the little fish, floated along by the tide, were not more ignorant of hydrostatics, than she was of the hidden dangers and social regulations, in the midst of which she lived. Robert's love had bloomed in her dreary monotonous life, like the Morning-Glory in the dark dismal court; and she welcomed it, and gazed into it, and rejoiced in it, much after the same fashion.

All these thoughts were, however, foreign to the mind of Mrs. Andrews. She judged the young couple as if they had her experience of forty years, and were encased in her own hard crust of worldly wisdom. The dilemma would have been a trying one, even for a sensible and judicious mother; and the management of it required candour and delicacy altogether beyond her shallow understanding and artificial views. She wakened them from their dream with a storm of indignation. Her exaggerated statements were in no degree adapted to the real measure of wrong doing, and therefore, instead of producing humility and sorrow, they roused resentment against what was felt to be unjust accusation. The poor heedless neglected child of poverty was treated as if she were already hardened in depravity. No names were too base to be bestowed upon her. As the angry mistress drove her to her garret, the concluding words were, "You ungrateful, good-for-nothing hussy, that I took out of the alms-house from charity! You vile creature, you, thus to reward all my kindness by trying to ruin and seduce my only son!"

This was reversing matters strangely. Susan was sorely tempted to ask for what kindness she was expected to be grateful; but she did not. She was ashamed of having practised concealment, as every generous nature is; but this feeling of self-reproach was overpowered by a consciousness that she did not deserve the epithets bestowed upon her, and she timidly said so. "Hold your tongue," replied Mrs Andrews. "Leave my house to-morrow morning and never let me see you again. I always expected

you'd come to some bad end, since that fool of a painter came here and asked to take your likeness, sweeping the side-walk. This comes of setting people up above their condition."

After talking the matter over with her husband, Mrs. Andrews concluded to remain silent about Robert's adventure, to send him forthwith into the country, to his uncle the minister, and recommend Susan to one of her friends, who needed a servant, and had no sons to be endangered. At parting, she said, "I shall take away the cloak I gave you last winter. The time for which you were bound to me isn't up by two years; and the allowance Mr. Jenkins makes to me isn't enough to pay for my disappointment in losing your services just when you are beginning to be useful, after all the trouble and expense I have had with you. He has agreed to pay you every month, enough to get decent clothing; and that's more than you deserve. You ought to be thankful to me for all the care I have taken of you, and for concealing your bad character; but I've done expecting any such thing as gratitude in this world." The poor girl wept, but she said nothing. She did not know what to say.

No fault was found with the orphan in the family of Mr. Jenkins, the alderman. His wife said she was capable and industrious; and he himself took a decided fancy to her. He praised her cooking, he praised the neatness with which she arranged the table, and after a few days, he began to praise her glossy hair and glowing cheeks. All this was very pleasant to the human nature of the young girl. She thought it was very kind and fatherly, and took it all in good

part. She made her best courtesy when he presented her with a handsome calico gown; and she began to think she had fallen into the hands of real friends. But when he chucked her under the chin, and said such a pretty girl ought to dress well, she blushed and was confused by the expression of his countenance, though she was too ignorant of the world to understand his meaning. But his demonstrations soon became too open to admit of mistake, and ended with offers of money. She heard him with surprise and distress. To sell herself without her affections, had never been suggested to her by nature, and as yet she was too little acquainted with the refinements of high civilization, to acquire familiarity with such an idea.

Deeming it best to fly from persecutions which she could not avoid, she told Mrs. Jenkins that she found the work very hard, and would like to go to another place as soon as possible. "If you go before your month is up I shall pay you no wages," replied the lady; "but you may go if you choose." In vain the poor girl represented her extreme need of a pair of shoes. The lady was vexed at heart, for she secretly suspected the cause of her departure; and though she could not in justice blame the girl, and was willing enough that she should go, she had a mind to punish her. But when Susan, to defend herself, hinted that she had good reasons for wishing to leave, she brought a storm on her head, at once. "You vain, impertinent creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, "because my husband gave you a new gown, for shame of the old duds you brought from Mrs. Andrews, do you pre-

sume to insinuate that his motives were not honourable? And he a gentleman of high respectability, an alderman of the city! Leave my house; the sooner the better; but don't expect a cent of wages."

Unfortunately, a purse lay on the work table, near which Susan was standing. She had no idea of stealing; but she thought to herself, "Surely I have a right to a pair of shoes for my three weeks of hard labour." She carried off the purse, and went into the service of a neighbour, who had expressed a wish to hire. That very evening she was arrested, and was soon after tried and sentenced to Blackwell's Island. A very bold and bad woman was sentenced at the same time, and they went in company. From her polluting conversation and manners, poor Susan received a new series of lessons in that strange course of education, which a Christian community had from the beginning bestowed upon her. Her residence on the Island rapidly increased her stock of evil knowledge. But she had no natural tendencies to vice; and though her ideas of right and wrong were inevitably confused by the social whirlpool into which she was born, she still wished to lead a decent and industrious life. When released from confinement, she tried to procure a situation at service; but she had no references to give, except Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Jenkins. When she called a second time, she uniformly met the cold reply, "I hear you have been on Blackwell's Island. I never employ people who have lost their character."

From the last of these attempts, she was walking away hungry and disconsolate, doubtful where to ob-

tain shelter for the night, when she met the magistrate, who had sentenced her and the other woman. He spoke to her kindly, gave her a quarter of a dollar, and asked her to call upon him that evening. At parting, he promised to be a friend to her, if she behaved herself, and then murmured something in a lower tone of voice. What were his ideas of behaving herself were doubtless implied by the whisper; for the girl listened with such a smile as was never seen on her innocent face, before he sent her to improve her education on the Island. It is true she knew very little, and thought still less, about the machinery of laws, and regulations for social protection; but it puzzled her poor head, as it does many a wiser one, why men should be magistrates, when they practise the same things for which they send women to Blackwell's Island. She had never read or heard anything about "Woman's Rights;" otherwise it might have occurred to her that it was because men made all the laws, and elected all the magistrates.

The possible effect of magisterial advice and protection is unknown; for she did not accept the invitation to call that evening. As she walked away from the tempter, thinking sadly of Robert Andrews, and her dear brother Jerry, she happened to meet the young man who had gained her first youthful love, unmixed with thoughts of evil. With many tears, she told him her adventures since they parted. The account kindled his indignation and excited his sympathy to a painful degree. Had he lived in a true and rational state of society, the impulse then given

to his better feelings might have eventually raised his nature to noble unselfishness and manly frankness. But as it was, he fell back upon deception and false pride. He hired apartments for Susan, and, by some pretence, wheedled his mother out of the means of paying for them. Those who deem the poor girl unpardonable for consenting to this arrangement, would learn mercy if they were placed under similar circumstances of poverty, scorn, and utter loneliness.

* * * * *

Ten years passed since Jerry last parted with his blooming sister, then fourteen years old. He had been shipwrecked twice, and returned from sea in total blindness, caused by mismanagement of the small pox. He gained a few coppers by playing a clarinet in the street, led by a little ragged boy. Everywhere he inquired for his sister, but no one could give him any tidings of her. One day, two women stopped to listen, and one of them put a shilling into the boy's hand. "Why, Susy, what possesses you to give so much to hear that old cracked pipe?" said one.

"He looks a little like somebody I knew when I was a child," replied the other; and they passed on.

The voices were without inflexions, rough and animal in tone, indicating that the speakers led a merely sensual existence. The piper did not recognise either of them; but the name of Susy went through his heart, like a sunbeam through November clouds. Then she said he looked like somebody she had known! He inquired of the boy whether the woman called Susy was handsome.

He replied, "No. She is lean and pale; her cheek-bones stand out, and her great staring dark eyes look crazy."

The blind man hesitated a moment, and then said, "Let us walk quick and follow them." They did go, but lost sight of the women at the turning of a dirty alley. For six weeks, the blind piper kept watch in the neighbourhood, obviously a very bad one. In many houses he inquired if any one knew a woman by the name of Susan Gray; but he always received an answer in the negative. At last an old woman said that a girl named Susan Andrews boarded with her for a while; that she was very feeble, and lived in a street near by. He followed the directions she gave, and stopped before the house to play. People came to the door and windows, and in a few minutes the boy pressed his hand and said, "There is the woman you want to find."

He stopped abruptly, and exclaimed, "Susy!" There was an anxious tenderness in his tones, which the bystanders heard with loud laughter. They shouted, "Susy, you are called for! Here's a beau for you!" and many a ribald jest went round.

But she, in a sadder voice than usual, said, "My poor fellow, what do you want of me?"

"Did you give me a shilling a few weeks ago?" he asked.

"Yes, I did; but surely that was no great thing.

"Had you ever a brother named Jerry?" he inquired.

"Oh, Heavens! tell me if you know any thing of *him!*" she exclaimed.

He fell into her arms, sobbing, "My sister! My poor sister!"

The laughter hushed instantly, and many eyes were filled with tears. There were human hearts there also; and they felt at once the poor piper was Susy's long-lost brother, and that he had come home to her blind.

For an instant, she clasped him convulsively to her heart. Then thrusting him away with a sudden movement, she said, "Don't touch me, Jerry! Don't touch me!"

"Why not? dear sister," he asked. But she only replied, in a deep, hollow tone of self-loathing, "Don't touch me!"

Not one of the vicious idlers smiled. Some went away weeping; others, with affectionate solicitude, offered refreshments to the poor blind wanderer. Alas, he would almost have *wished* for blindness, could he have seen the haggard spectre that stood before him, and faintly recognised, in her wild melancholy eyes, his own beloved Rosenglory.

From that hour, he devoted himself to her with the most assiduous attention. He felt that her steps trembled when she leaned on his arm, he observed that her breath came with difficulty, and he knew that she spoke truly when she said she had not long to live. A woman, who visited the house, told him of a charitable institution in Tenth Avenue, called the Home, where women who have been prisoners, and sincerely wish to reform, can find shelter and employment. He went and besought that his sister might be allowed to come there and die.

There, in a well ventilated room, on a clean and comfortable bed, the weary pilgrim at last reposed in the midst of true friends. "Oh, if I had only met with such when my poor mother first died, how different it might all have been," she was wont to say. The blind brother kissed her forehead, and said, "Don't grieve for that now, dear. It was not your fault that you had no friends."

One day, a kind sympathizing lady gave him a bunch of flowers for his sister. Hitherto an undefined feeling of delicacy had restrained him, when he thought of using the pet word of their childhood. But thinking it might perhaps please her, he stepped into the room, and said, cheerfully, "Here, Rosenglory! See what I have brought you!" It was too much for the poor nervous sufferer. "Oh, don't call me *that!*" she said; and she threw herself on his neck, sobbing violently.

He tried to soothe her; and after awhile, she said in a subdued voice, "I am bewildered when I think about myself. They tell me that I am a great sinner: and so I am. But I never injured any human being; I never hated any one. Only once, when Robert married that rich woman, and told me to keep out of his way, and get my living as others in my situation did —then for a little while, I hated him; but it was not long. Dear Jerry, I did not mean to be wicked; I never wanted to be wicked. But there seemed to be no place in the world for me. They all wronged me; and my heart dried up. I was like a withered leaf, and the winds blew me about just as it happened."

He pressed her hand to his lips, and hot tears fell

upon it. "Oh, bless you, for your love!" she said. "Poor outcast as I am, *you* do not think I have sinned beyond forgiveness. Do you?"

Fervently he embraced her, and answered, "I too have sinned; but God only knows the secret history of our neglected youth, our wrongs, sufferings, and temptations; and say what they will, I am sure He will not judge u so harshly as men have done."

He knelt down by the bed-side in silent prayer, and with her hand clasped in his, they both fell asleep. He dreamed that angels stood by the pillow and smiled with sad pitying love on the dying one. It was the last night he watched with her. The next day, her weary spirit passed away from this world of sin and suffering. The blind piper was all alone.

As he sat holding her emaciated hand, longing once more to see that dear face, before the earth covered it forever, a visitor came in to look at the corpse. She meant to be kind and sympathizing; but she did not understand the workings of the human heart. To the wounded spirit of the mourner, she seemed to speak with too much condescension of the *possibility* of forgiveness *even* to so great a sinner. He rose to leave the room, and answered meekly, "She was a good child. But the paths of her life were dark and tangled, and she lost her way."

A LEGEND

OF THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

Founded on Indian Tradition.

From all its kind
  This wasted heart,
This moody mind
  Now drifts apart;
It longs to find
  The tideless shore,
Where rests the wreck
  Of Heretofore—
The great heart-break
  Of loves no more.

I drift alone,
For all are gone,
Dearest to me;
And hail the wave
That to the grave
  On hurrieth me:
Welcome, thrice welcome, then,
  Thy wave, Eternity.

MOTHERWELL.

WEE-CHUSH-TA-DOO-TA was a powerful Sioux chief. He numbered many distinguished warriors among his ancestors, and was as proud of his descent as was ever feudal noble. His name simply signified The Red Man; but he was "a great brave," and the poet of his tribe, whose war-songs were sung on all great occasions. In one of the numerous battles of the

Sioux with their enemies the Chippewas, he took prisoner a very handsome little girl. A widowed woman begged to adopt her, to supply the place of a daughter, who had gone to the spirit-land; and thus the pretty young creature was saved from the general massacre of prisoners. As she approached womanhood, the heart of the poet-chieftain inclined towards her, and he made her his wife.

Their first-born was a daughter. When she was two years old, the mother, struck by a peculiarity in the expression of her eyes, named her Zah-gah-see-ga-quay, which, in her own language, signified Sunbeams breaking through a Cloud. As she grew older, this poetic name became more and more appropriate; for when she raised her large deeply-shaded eyes, their bright lucid expression was still more obviously veiled with timidity and sadness. Her voice, as usual with young Indian women, was low and musical, and her laugh was gentle and childlike.

There was a mixed expression in her character, as in her eyes. She was active, buoyant, and energetic, in her avocations and amusements; yet from childhood she was prone to serious moods, and loved to be alone in sequestered places, watching the golden gleam of sunset on the green velvet of the hills, till it passed away, and threw their long twilight-shadows across the solitude of the prairies.

Her father, proud of her uncommon intelligence and beauty, resolved to mate her with the most renowned of warriors, and the most expert of hunters. In the spring of 1765, when she had just passed her fourteenth birth-day, she attracted the attention of one

worthy to claim the prize. Nee-hee-o-ee-woo, The Wolf of the Hill, was a noble-looking young chief, belonging to the neighbouring tribe of Shiennes. He was noted for bold exploits, superb horsemanship, and the richness of his savage attire. The first time he saw the beautiful Sioux, he looked at her with earnest eyes; and he soon after returned, bringing Wee-chush-ta-doo-ta a valuable present of furs. The maiden understood very well why his courting-flute was heard about the wigwam till late into the night, but the sounds excited no lively emotions in her heart. The dashing young warrior came too late. The week previous, a Frenchman, drawn thither by thirst for new adventures, had arrived with a company of fur traders from Quebec. He was a handsome man; but Zah-gah-see-ga-quay was less attracted by his expressive face and symmetrical figure, than by his graceful gallantry toward women, to which she had been hitherto unaccustomed. His power of fascinating was increased by the marked preference bestowed upon herself. She received his attentions with childish delight and pretty bashfulness, like a coy little bird. The lustrous black hair, which he praised, was braided more neatly than ever; her dress of soft beaver-skins was more coquetishly garnished with porcupine quill-work, and her moccasons were embroidered in gayer patterns.

The beauty of this forest nymph pleased the Frenchman's fancy, and his vanity was flattered by the obvious impression he had made on her youthful imagination. He was incapable of love. A volatile temperament, and early dissipation, had taken from

him that best happiness of human life. But Indian lands were becoming more and more desirable to his ambitious nation, and Wee-chush-ta-doo-ta had the disposal of broad and valuable tracts. He had an aversion to marriage; but this he knew would be but the shadow of a fetter; for he could dissolve the bond at any moment, with as little loss of reputation as if it were a *liaison* in Paris. Thus reasoned civilized man, while the innocent child of the woods was as unconscious of the possibility of such selfish calculations, as is a robin in the mating season.

Her father had encountered white men, and was consequently more on his guard. When Jerome de Rancé offered rich presents, and asked his daughter in marriage, he replied, "Zah-gah-see-ga-quay must mate with a chieftain of her own people. If a pale-face marries an Indian woman, he calls her his wife while he likes to look upon her, but when he desires another, he walks away and says she is not his wife. Such are not the customs of the red men."

Though Jerome de Rancé had secretly rejoiced over the illegality of an Indian marriage, being highly civilized, he of course made the most solemn protestations of undying love and everlasting good faith. But the proud chieftain had set his heart upon an alliance with the magnificent Wolf of the Hill, and he listened coldly. Obstacles increased the value of the prize, and the adventurous Frenchman was determined to win his savage bride at any price. With the facility of his pliant nation, he accommodated himself to all the customs of the tribe; he swore to adopt all their friendships and all their enmities;

he exercised himself in all performances requiring strength and skill, and on all possible occasions he exhibited the most reckless courage. These things made him very popular, and gained the admiration of the chief more than was shown by his grave countenance and indifferent manner. Still he could not easily overcome a reluctance to mix his proud race with foreign blood.

De Rancé, considering himself the one who stooped in the proposed alliance, was piqued by what seemed to him a ridiculous assumption of superiority. Had it not been for the tempting Indian lands, of which he hoped to come in possession, he would have gained the loving maiden on his own terms, and left her when he chose, without seeking to conciliate her father. But the fulfilment of his ambitious schemes required a longer probation. With affected indifference, he made arrangements for departure. He intended to re-appear among them suddenly, in a few weeks, to test his power over the Clouded Sunbeam; but he said he was going to traffic with a neighbouring tribe, and it was doubtful whether he should see them again, or return to Canada by a different route. That she would pine for him, he had no doubt; and he had observed that Wee-chush-ta-doo-ta, though bitter and implacable to his enemies, was tender-hearted as a child toward his own family.

He was not mistaken in his calculations. Zah-gah-see-ga-quay did not venture to dispute the will of her father; but her sweet voice was no more heard in songs; the sunbeam in her eyes went more and more behind the cloud, and the bright healthy

colour of her cheek grew pale. Her listless movements and languid glance pained her mother's heart, and the stern father could not endure the mournfulness of their beseeching looks. He spoke no words, but called together a few of his companions, and went forth apparently to hunt in the forest. Before the moon had traversed half her monthly orbit, he and Jerome entered the wigwam together. Zah-gar-see-ga-quay was seated in a dark corner. Her head leaned despondingly on her hand, and her basket-work lay tangled beside her. As she looked up, a quick blush mantled her face, and her eyes shone like stars. Wee-chush-ta-doo-ta noticed the sudden change, and, in tones of deep tenderness, said, "My child, go to the wigwam of the stranger; that your father may again see you love to look on the rising sun and the opening flowers." There was mingled joy and modesty in the upward glance of The Clouded Sunbeam, and when she turned away bashfully from his triumphant gaze, the Frenchman smiled with a consciousness of unlimited power over her simple heart.

That evening, they rambled alone, under the friendly light of the moon. When they returned, a portion of the scarlet paint from her brown cheek was transferred to the face of her lover. Among his Parisian acquaintance, this would have given rise to many a witty jest; but the Indians, with more natural politeness, observed it silently. A few days after, the gentle daughter of the Sioux passed into the tent of the stranger, and became his wife.

Years passed on, and she remained the same devoted, submissive friend. In all domestic avocations

of the Indians, she was most skilful. No one made more beautiful matting, or wove into it such pretty patterns. The beaver skins she dressed were as soft and pliable as leather could be. She rowed her canoe with light and vigorous stroke, and the flight of her arrow was unerring. Her husband loved her as well as was possible for one of his butterfly temperament and selfish disposition; but the deferential courtesy of the European lover gradually subsided into something like the lordly indifference of the men around him. He was never harsh; but his affectionate bride felt the change in his manner, and sometimes wept in secret. When she nestled at his feet, and gazed into his countenance with her peculiarly pleading plaintive look, she sometimes obtained a glance such as he had given her in former days. Then her heart would leap like a frolicsome lamb, and she would live cheerfully on the remembrance of that smile through wearisome days of silence and neglect. Her love amounted to passionate idolatry. If he wished to cross the river, she would ply the oar, lest he should suffer fatigue. She carried his quiver and his gun through the forest, and when they returned at twilight, he lounged indolently on the bottom of the boat, while she dipped her oars in unison with her low sweet voice, soothing him with some simple song, where the same plaintive tones perpetually came, and went away in lullaby-cadence.

To please him, she named her son and daughter Felicie and Florimond, in memory of his favourite brother and sister. On these little ones, she could lavish her abundant love without disappointment or

fear. The children inherited their parents' beauty; but Felicie, the eldest, was endowed with a double portion. She had her mother's large lucid eye, less deeply shaded with the saddening cloud; but her other features resembled her handsome father. Her oval cheeks had just enough of the Indian tint to give them a rich warm colouring. At thirteen years old, her tall figure combined the graceful elasticity of youth, with the rounded fulness of womanhood. She inherited her father's volatile temperament, and was always full of fun and frolic. As a huntress, she was the surest eye, and the fleetest foot; and her pretty canoe skimmed the waters like a stormy petrel. It was charming to see this young creature, so full of life, winding about among the eddies of the river, or darting forward, her long black hair streaming on the wind, and her rich red lips parted with eagerness. She sported with her light canoe, and made it play all manner of gambols in the water. It dashed and splashed, and whirled round in pirouettes, like an opera-dancer; then, in the midst of swift circles, she would stop at once, and laugh, as she gracefully shook back the hair from her glowing face. Jerome de Rancé had never loved anything, as he did this beautiful child. But something of anxiety and sadness, mingled with his pride, when he saw her caracoling on her swift little white horse of the prairies, or leaping into the chase, or making her canoe caper like a thing alive. Buoyant and free was her Indian childhood; but she was approaching the period, when she would be claimed as a wife; and he could not endure the thought, that the toilsome life of a squaw, would be

the portion of his beautiful daughter. He taught her to dance to his flute, and hired an old Catholic priest to instruct her in reading and writing. But these lessons were irksome to the Indian girl, and she was perpetually eluding her father's vigilance, to hunt squirrels in the woods, or sport her canoe among the eddies. He revolved many plans for her future advancement in life; and sometimes, when he turned his restless gaze from daughter to mother, the wife felt troubled, by an expression she did not understand. In order to advance his ambitious views, it was necessary to wean Felicie from her woodland home; and he felt that his Clouded-Sunbeam, though still beautiful, would be hopelessly out of place in Parisian saloons. Wee-chush-ta-doo-ta and his wife were dead, and their relatives were too much occupied with war and hunting, to take particular notice of the white man's movements. The acres of forest and prairie, which he had received, on most advantageous terms, from his Indian father-in-law, were sold, tract after tract, and the money deposited in Quebec. Thither, he intended to convey first his daughter, and then his son, on pretence of a visit, for the purposes of education, but in reality, with the intention of deserting his wife, to return no more.

According to Indian custom, the mother's right to her offspring amounts to unquestioned law. If her husband chooses to leave the tribe, the children must remain with her. It was therefore necessary to proceed artfully. De Rancé became more than usually affectionate; and Zah-gah-see-ga-quay, grateful for such gleams of his old tenderness, granted his earnest

prayer, that Felicie might go to Quebec, for a few moons only. The Canadian fur-traders made their annual visit at this juncture, and he resolved to accept their escort for himself and daughter. His wife begged hard to accompany them; humbly promising, that she would not intrude among his white friends, but would remain with a few of her tribe, hidden in neighbouring woods, where she could now and then get a glimpse of their beloved faces. Such an arrangement, was by no means pleasing to the selfish European. The second time she ventured to suggest it, he answered briefly and sternly, and the beautiful shaded eyes filled with unnoticed tears. Felicie was the darling of her heart; she so much resembled the handsome Frenchman, as she had first known him. When the parting hour came, she clung to her daughter with a passionate embrace, and then starting up with convulsive energy, like some gentle animal when her young is in danger, she exclaimed, "Felicie is *my* child, and I will not let her go." De Rancé looked at her, as he had never looked before, and raised his arm to push her away. Frightened at the angry expression of his eye, she thought he intended to strike her; and with a deep groan she fell on the earth, and hid her face in the long grass.

Felicie sobbed, and stretched out her arms imploringly towards her mother; but quick as a flash, her father lifted her on the horse, swung himself lightly into the same saddle, and went off at a swift gallop. When the poor distracted mother rose from the ground, they were already far off, a mere speck on the wide prairie. This rude parting would perhaps have kill-

ed her heart, had it not been for her handsome boy of seven summers. With a sad countenance, he gravely seated himself by her side. She spoke no word to him, but the tears rolled slowly down, as she gazed at him, and tried to trace a resemblance to his unkind father.

The promised period of return arrived; but moon after moon passed away, and nothing was heard from the absent ones. A feeling that she had been intentionally deceived gradually grew strong within the heart of the Indian mother; and the question often arose, "Will he seek to take my boy away also?" As time passed on, and suspicion changed into certainty, she became stern and bitter. She loved young Florimond intensely; but even this love was tinged with fierceness, hitherto foreign to her nature. She scornfully abjured his French name, and called him Mah-to-chee-ga, The Little Bear. Her strongest wish seemed to be to make him as hard and proud as his grandfather had been, and to instil into his bosom the deadliest hatred of white men. The boy learned her lessons well. He was the most inveterate little savage that ever let fly an arrow. Already, he carried at his belt the scalp of a boy older and bigger than himself, the son of a chief, with whom his tribe were at war. The Sioux were proud of his vigour and his boldness, and considered his reckless courage almost a sufficient balance to the disadvantage of mixed blood.

Such was the state of things, when Jerome de Rancé returned to the shores of the Mississippi, after an absence of three years. He was mainly induced

to make this visit by a wish to retain some hold upon his Indian boy, and preserve a good understanding with the tribe, as an advantage in future speculations. He had some dread of meeting the Clouded Sunbeam, and was not without fear that she might have exasperated her people against him. But he trusted much to her tenderness for him, and still more to his own adroitness. He was, however, surprised at the cold indifference with which she met him. He had expected deep resentment, but he was not prepared for such perfect apathy. He told a mournful and highly-wrought story of Felicie's sudden death, by being thrown from her horse, in their passage through the forest; and sought to excuse his long absence, by talking of his overwhelming grief, and his reluctance to bring sad tidings. The bereaved mother listened without emotion; for she did not believe him. She thought, and thought truly, that Felicie was in her father's native land, across the wide ocean. All his kind glances and endearing epithets were received with the same stolid indifference. Only when he talked with her Little Bear, did she rouse from this apparent lethargy. She watched over him like a she-wolf, when her young are in danger. She hoped that the hatred of white men, so carefully instilled, would prove a sufficient shield against all attempts to seduce him from her. But in the course of a few weeks, she saw plainly enough that the fascinating and insidious Frenchman was gaining complete power over the boy, as he had over her own youthful spirit. She was maddened with jealousy at her own diminished influence; and when Mah-to-chee-ga at last ex-

pressed a wish to go to Canada with his father, the blow was too severe for her deeply lacerated soul. The one thought that he would be enticed away from her took complete possession of her mind, and night and day she brooded over plans of vengeance. More than once, she nearly nerved her hand to murder the father of her son. But his features recalled the image of the handsome young Frenchman, who had carried her arrows through the woods, and kissed the moccason he stooped to tie; and she could not kill him.

As the time approached for de Rancé to return to Canada with the traders, her intense anxiety increased almost to frenzy. One day, when he had gone to a neighbouring tribe to traffic for furs, she invited Mah-to-chee-ga to go up the river with her, to fish. She decked herself in her most richly embroidered skins, and selected the gaudiest wampum-belt for her Little Bear. When the boy asked why they were dressed so carefully, she replied, "Because we are going to meet your grandfather, who was a great brave, and a mighty hunter." He was puzzled by the answer, but when he questioned of her meaning, she remained silent. When they came to the waterside, she paused and looked back on the forest, where she had spent her happy childhood, and enjoyed her brief dream of love. The beautiful past, followed by a long train of dark shadows, rushed through memory, and there seemed no relief for her but death.

She entered the boat with a calm countenance, and began to chant one of those oppressively mournful songs, which must have been suggested to her people by the monotonous minor cadences of the rustling

forest. As they approached the Falls of St. Anthony, and heard more and more plainly the rush of waters, she gazed on her child with such a wild expression of vehement love, that the boy was frightened. But his eye was spell-bound to hers, and he could not escape its concentrated magnetic power. At length, his attention was roused by the violent motions of the boat; and he screamed, "Mother! mother! the canoe is going over the rapids!"

"We go to the spirit-land together," she replied: "he cannot come there to separate us."

With whirl and splash, the boat plunged down the cataract. The white foam leaped over it, and it was seen no more.

The sky soon after darkened, and the big rain fell in torrents.

The Indians believe that the spirits of the drowned ones, veiled in a winding-sheet of mist, still hover over the fatal spot. When they see the vapour rising, they say, "Let us not hunt to-day; a storm will certainly come; for Zah-gah-see-ga-quay and her son are going over the Falls of St. Anthony."

Felicie was informed of the death of her mother and brother, and wept for them bitterly, though she never knew the painful circumstances of their exit. She married a wealthy Frenchman, and was long pointed out in society as "*La Belle Indienne.*"

THE BROTHERS.

Three pure heavens opened, beaming in three pure hearts, and nothing was in them but God, love, and joy, and the little tear-drop of earth which hangs upon all our flowers.—*Richter.*

FEW know how to estimate the precious gem of friendship at its real worth; few guard it with the tender care which its rarity and excellence deserves. Love, like the beautiful opal, is a clouded gem, which carries a spark of fire in its bosom; but true friendship, like a diamond, radiates steadily from its transparent heart.

This sentiment was never experienced in greater depth and purity than by David and Jonathan Trueman, brothers, of nearly the same age. Their friendship was not indeed of that exciting and refreshing character, which is the result of a perfect accord of very different endowments. It was unison, not harmony. In person, habits, and manners, they were as much alike as two leaves of the same tree. They were both hereditary members of the Society of Friends, and remained so from choice. They were acquainted in the same circle, and engaged in similar pursuits. "Their souls wore exactly the same frock-coat and morning-dress of life; I mean two bodies with the same cuffs and collars, of the same colour, button-holes, trimmings and cut."

Jonathan was a little less sedate than his older brother; he indulged a little more in the quiet, elderly sort of humour of the "Cheeryble Brothers." But it was merely the difference between the same lake perfectly calm, or faintly rippled by the slightest breeze. They were so constantly seen together, that they were called the Siamese Twins. Unfortunately, this similarity extended to a sentiment which does not admit of partnership. They both loved the same maiden.

Deborah Winslow was the only daughter of one of those substantial Quakers, whom a discriminating observer would know, at first sight, was "well to do in the world;" for the fine broadcloth coat and glossy hat spoke that fact with even less certainty than the perfectly comfortable expression of countenance. His petted child was like a blossom planted in sunny places, and shielded from every rude wind. All her little lady-like whims were indulged. If the drab-coloured silk was not exactly the right shade, or the Braithwaite muslin was not sufficiently fine and transparent, orders must be sent to London, that her daintiness might be satisfied. Her countenance was a true index of life passed without strong emotions. The mouth was like a babe's, the blue eyes were mild and innocent, and the oval face was unvarying in the delicate tint of the Sweet Pea blossom. Her hair never straggled into ringlets, or played with the breeze; its silky bands were always like molasses-candy, moulded to yellowish whiteness, and laid in glossy braids.

There is much to be said in favour of this unvarying

serenity; for it saves a vast amount of suffering. But all natures cannot thus glide through an unruffled existence. Deborah's quiet temperament made no resistance to its uniform environment; but had I been trained in her exact sect, I should inevitably have boiled over and melted the moulds.

She had always been acquainted with the Trueman brothers. They all attended the same school, and they sat in sight of each other at the same meeting; though Quaker custom, ever careful to dam up human nature within safe limits, ordained that they should be seated on different sides of the house, and pass out by different doors. They visited the same neighbours, and walked home in company. She probably never knew, with positive certainty, which of the brothers she preferred; she had always been in the habit of loving them both; but Jonathan happened to ask first, whether she loved him.

It was during an evening walk, that he first mentioned the subject to David; and he could not see how his limbs trembled, and his face flushed. The emotion, though strong and painful, was soon suppressed; and in a voice but slightly constrained, he inquired, "Does Deborah love thee, brother?"

The young man replied that he thought so, and he intended to ask her, as soon as the way opened.

David likewise thought, that Deborah was attached to him; and he had invited her to ride the next day, for the express purpose of ascertaining the point. Never had his peaceful soul been in such a tumult. Sometimes he thought it would be right and honourable, to tell Deborah that they both loved her, and

ask her to name her choice. "But then if she should prefer *me*," he said to himself," it will make dear Jonathan very unhappy; and if she should choose *him*, it will be a damper on their happiness, to known that I am disappointed. If she accepts him, I will keep my secret to myself. It is a heavy cross to take up; but William Penn says, 'no cross, no crown.' In this case, I would be willing to give up the crown, if I could get rid of the cross. But then if I lay it down, poor Jonathan must bear it. I have always found that it brought great peace of mind to conquer selfishness, and I will strive to do so now. As my brother's wife, she will still be a near and dear friend; and their children will seem almost like my own."

A current of counter thoughts rushed through his mind. He rose quickly and walked the room, with a feverish agitation he had never before experienced. But through all the conflict, the idea of saving his brother from suffering remained paramount to his own pain.

The promised ride could not be avoided, but it proved a temptation almost too strong for the good unselfish man. Deborah's sweet face looked so pretty under the shadow of her plain bonnet; her soft hand remained in his so confidingly, when she was about to enter the chaise, and turned to speak to her mother; she smiled on him so affectionately, and called him Friend David, in such winning tones, that it required all his strength to avoid uttering the question, which for ever trembled on his lips: "Dost thou love me, Deborah?" But always there rose between

them the image of that dear brother, who slept in his arms in childhood, and shared the same apartment now. "Let him have the first chance," he said to himself. If he is accepted, I will be resigned, and will be to them both a true friend through life. A very slight pressure of the hand alone betrayed his agitation, when he opened the door of her house, and said, "Farewell, Deborah."

In a few days, Jonathan informed him that he was betrothed; and the magnanimous brother wished him joy with a sincere heart, concealing that it was a sad one. His first impulse was to go away, that he might not be daily reminded of what he had lost; but the fear of marring their happiness enabled him to choose the wiser part of making at once the effort that must be made. No one suspected the sacrifice he laid on the altar of friendship. When the young couple were married, he taxed his ingenuity to furnish whatever he thought would please the bride, by its peculiar neatness and elegance. At first, he found it very hard to leave them by their cozy pleasant fireside, and go to his own solitary apartment, where he never before had dwelt alone; and when the bride and bridegroom looked at each other tenderly, the glance went through his heart like an arrow of fire. But when Deborah, with gentle playfulness, apologized for having taken his brother away from him, he replied, with a quiet smile, "Nay, my friend, I have not lost a brother, I have only gained a sister." His self-denial seemed so easy, that the worldly might have thought it cost him little effort, and deserved no praise; but the angels loved him for it.

By degrees he resumed his wonted serenity, and became the almost constant inmate of their house. A stranger might almost have doubted which was the husband; so completely were the three united in all their affections, habits, and pursuits. A little son and daughter came to strengthen the bond; and the affectionate uncle found his heart almost as much cheered by them, as if they had been his own. Many an agreeable young Friend would have willingly superintended a household for David; but there was a natural refinement in his character, which rendered it impossible to make a marriage of convenience. He felt, more deeply than was apparent, that there was something wanting in his earthly lot; but he could not marry, unless he found a woman whom he loved as dearly as he had loved Deborah; and such a one never again came to him.

Their years flowed on with quiet regularity, disturbed with few of the ills humanity is heir to. In all the small daily affairs of life, each preferred the other's good, and thus secured the happiness of the whole. Abroad, their benevolence fell with the noiseless liberality of dew. The brothers both prospered in business, and Jonathan inherited a large portion of his father-in-law's handsome property. Never were a family so pillowed and cushioned on the carriage-road to heaven. But they were so simply and naturally virtuous, that the smooth path was less dangerous to them than to others.

Reverses came at last in Jonathan's affairs. The failure of others, less careful than himself, involved him in their disasters. But David was rich, and the

idea of a separate purse was unknown between them; therefore the gentle Deborah knew no change in her household comforts and elegancies, and felt no necessity of diminishing their large liberality to the poor.

At sixty-three years old, the younger brother departed this life, in the arms of his constant friend. The widow, who had herself counted sixty winters, had been for some time gradually declining in health. When the estate was settled, the property was found insufficient to pay debts. But the kind friend, with the same delicate disinterestedness which had always characterized him, carefully concealed this fact. He settled a handsome fortune upon the widow, which she always supposed to be a portion of her husband's estate. Being executor, he managed affairs as he liked. He borrowed his own capital; and every quarter, he gravely paid her interest on his own money. In the refinement of his generosity, he was not satisfied to support her in the abundance to which she had been accustomed; he wished to have her totally unconscious of obligation, and perfectly free to dispose of the funds as she pleased.

His goodness was not limited to his own household. If a poor seamstress was declining in health, for want of exercise and variety of scene, David Trueman was sure to invite her to Niagara, or the Springs, as a particular favour to him, because he needed company. If there was a lone widow, peculiarly friendless, his carriage was always at her service. If there was a maiden lady uncommonly homely, his arm was always ready as an escort to public places. Without talking at all upon the subject, he practical-

ly devoted himself to the mission of attending upon the poor, the unattractive, and the neglected.

Thus the good old bachelor prevents his sympathies from congealing, and his heart from rusting out. The sunlight was taken away from his landscape of life; but little birds sleep in their nests, and swee flowers breathe their fragrance lovingly through the bright moonlight of his tranquil existence.

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